

S.L.M.

SONG OF THE ANGEL MESSENGER:

I come, I come from the Land of Song,  
And I bear on my lightsome wings  
The fragrant breath of the flowers that bloom  
By the bright perennial springs.

S.L.M.

CHORUS FOR THE MILLIONS

S.L.M.

Sweet Song Land Messenger:  
Dear Song Land Messenger:

Fair Song Land Messenger:  
Welcome! God Speed!

# SONG-LAND MESSENGER

COMPLETE.

A NEW SONG BOOK  
For Revivals, Praise and Prayer Meetings,  
Singing and Sunday Schools, and Churches,  
and for the Home Circle.

By H. N. LINCOLN.

J. M. ARMSTRONG, DESIGNER

For sale by Music Dealers everywhere, and by the Author,  
at Brownwood, Texas, in the Music Department  
of Howard Payne College.

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Published by H. N. LINCOLN, Dallas, Texas.

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Benson

# SONG-LAND MESSENGER

COMPLETE.

BY H. N. LINCOLN.

A New Song Book

FOR

USE IN ALL PUBLIC GATHERINGS WHERE  
SELECT MUSIC IS DESIRED.

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PUBLISHED BY

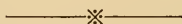
**H. N. LINCOLN, Dallas, Texas.**

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# PREFACE.



IN preparing this book we have traversed up and down our "Song Land" by correspondence and otherwise and secured what we deem as some very valuable acquisitions to the world of song.

The imagination of a song-writer soars away to song land and brings back the message.

We send this "Messenger" out to the world laden with some of these messages, and trust its journey may not be in vain.

In 1889, was published "The Song-Land Messenger" which was the title of Book 1 of the Song-Land Messenger series. In 1890, was added Book 2, which combined with Book 1 was entitled "The New Song-Land Messenger." In 1892 was added Book 3, which combined with Books 1 and 2, is called "SONG-LAND MESSENGER COMPLETE."

Thanking the many eminent composers whose names and contributions adorn the pages of this book—and the musical public for the generous reception of Books 1 and 2 combined, and bespeaking a grand welcome in thousands of hearts, homes, schools and churches—for Song-Land Messenger Complete; the author sends it forth on its mission. May God add His blessing.

Your servant in song,  
H. N. LINCOLN.

(The following table shows the key letter and place of Do in all the major keys.)

C      G      D      A      E      B      F#

Guide Sentence to the    God    Doth    All    Earthly    Beings    Feed.

Keys by Sharps.

F      B $\flat$       E $\flat$       A $\flat$       D $\flat$       G $\flat$

Sentence    Faithful    Business    Ever    Adds    Daily    Gain.

for Flats.



# SONG-LAND MESSENGER.



No. 1.

America. 6s. & 4s.

HANDEL.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,  
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee— Land of the no - ble, free—

Of thee I sing; Land where my Fath - ers died, Land of the  
Thy name I love. I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and

pilgrim's pride, From ev - 'ry mountain side Let free dom ring.  
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.

3 Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song;  
Let mortal tongues awake;  
Let all that breathe partake;  
Let rocks their silence break—  
The sound prolong.

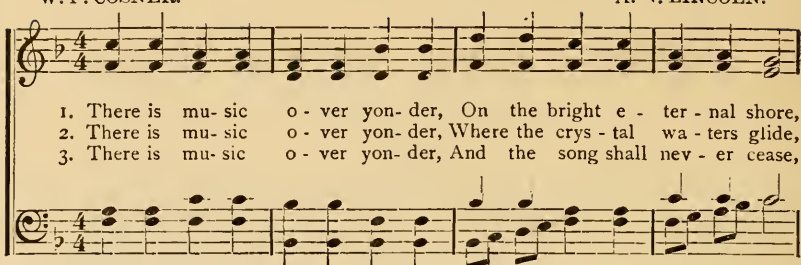
4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To Thee we sing;  
Long may our land be bright,  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by Thy might,  
Great God, our King.

# No. 2.

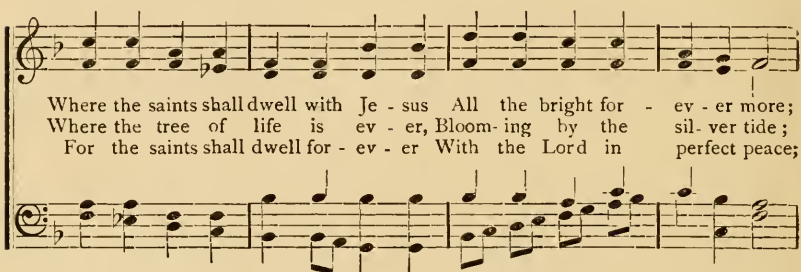
# Music In Heaven.

W. F. COSNER.

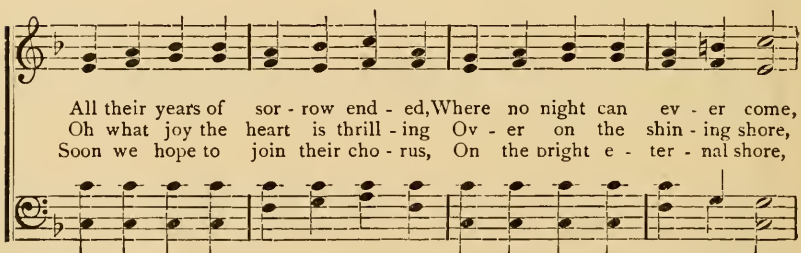
H. J. LINCOLN.



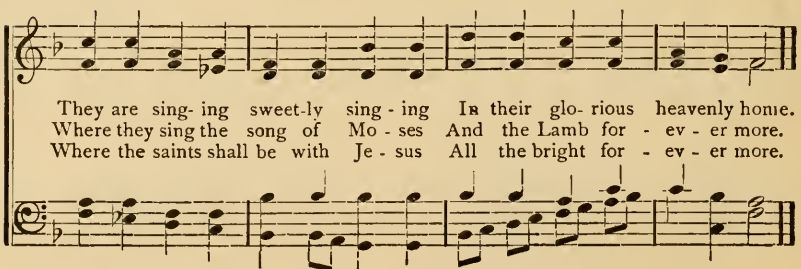
1. There is mu- sic o - ver yon- der, On the bright e - ter - nal shore,  
 2. There is mu- sic o - ver yon- der, Where the crys - tal wa - ters glide,  
 3. There is mu- sic o - ver yon- der, And the song shall nev - er cease,



Where the saints shall dwell with Je - sus All the bright for - ev - er more;  
 Where the tree of life is ev - er, Bloom - ing by the sil - ver tide;  
 For the saints shall dwell for - ev - er With the Lord in perfect peace;



All their years of sor - row end - ed, Where no night can ev - er come,  
 Oh what joy the heart is thrill - ing Ov - er on the shin - ing shore,  
 Soon we hope to join their cho - rus, On the bright e - ter - nal shore,



They are sing - ing sweet - ly sing - ing In their glo - rious heavenly home.  
 Where they sing the song of Mo - ses And the Lamb for - ev - er more.  
 Where the saints shall be with Je - sus All the bright for - ev - er more.

## No. 3.

## Precious Fountain.

Music and Chorus by J. M. HUNT, by per.

1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins;  
 2. The dy-ing thief re-joic'd to see That fount-ain in his day;  
 3. Thou dy-ing Lamb! Thy precious blood Shall nev-er lose its power

And sin-ners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.  
 And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.  
 Till all the ransom'd Church of God Are sav'd to sin no more.

## CHORUS.

Precious fount-ain, precious fount-ain, Fountain that cleanseth ev'ry stain,  
 Stain every stain

Up-on the tree His blood was shed, That we a crown might gain.  
 a crown might gain.

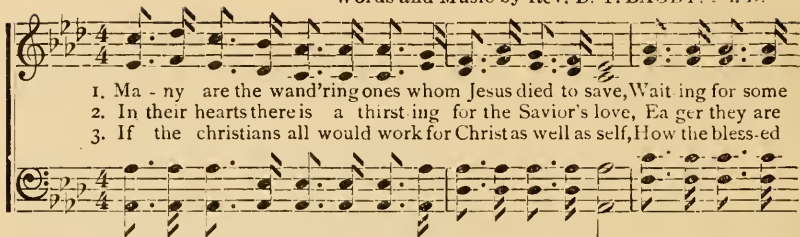
4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
 Thy flowing wounds supply,  
 Redeeming love has been my theme,  
 And shall be, till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
 I'll sing Thy power to save,  
 When this poor lisping stamm'ring tongue  
 Lies silent in the grave.

# No. 4.

# Gather Them In.

Words and Music by Rev. D. Y. BAGBY, Ph. D.

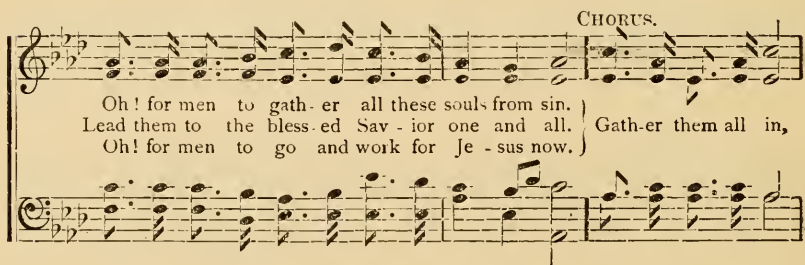


1. Ma - ny are the wand'ring ones whom Jesus died to save, Wait ing for some  
 2. In their hearts there is a thirst ing for the Savior's love, Ea ger they are  
 3. If the christians all would work for Christ as well as self, How the bless-ed



one to ask them in, Longing for the blessings of a Savior's precious love;  
 wait ing for your call, Go and speak a word to them and take them by the hand,  
 cause of Christ would grow, What a gath'ring there would be of dear ones for the Lord;

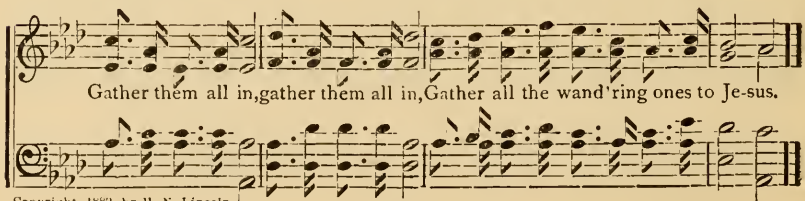
CHORUS.



Oh! for men to gath-er all these souls from sin.  
 Lead them to the bless-ed Sav-ior one and all. } Gath-er them all in,  
 Oh! for men to go and work for Je-sus now. }



gath-er them all in, Gather all the wand'ring ones, gather the repenting ones,



Gather them all in, gather them all in, Gather all the wand'ring ones to Je-sus.

## No. 5.

## Dennis. S. M.

Rev. JOHN FAWCETT, 1772.

From H. G. NAGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christ-ian love;  
 2. Be - fore our Fath - er's throne, We pour our ar - dent pray'r;  
 3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear,  
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain,

The fel - low-ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.  
 Our fears our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.  
 And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.  
 But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

## No. 6.

## I am Coming to the Cross.

Rev. WM. McDONALD.

WM. G. FISHER, by per.

1. I am com-ing to the cross, I am poor, and weak, and blind;  
 2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned with-in;  
 3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earth ly store;  
*Cho.—I am trust-ing, Lord, in Thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;*

I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.  
 Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me, — "I will cleanse you from all sin.  
 Soul and bod - y, Thine to be, Whol - ly Thine for ev - er - more.  
 Humbly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

4 In Thy promises I trust,  
 Now I feel the blood applied;  
 I am prostrate in the dust,  
 I with Christ am crucified.—CHO.

5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!  
 Perfected in Him I am;  
 I am every whit made whole,  
 Glory, glory to the Lamb.—CHO.

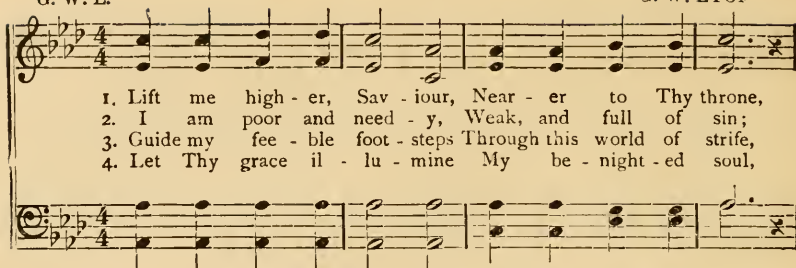


# No. 7.

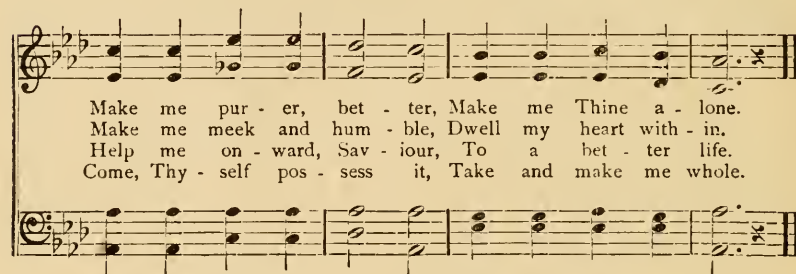
# Lift me Higher.

G. W. L.

G. W. LYON



1. Lift me high - er, Sav - iour, Near - er to Thy throne,  
2. I am poor and need - y, Weak, and full of sin;  
3. Guide my fee - ble foot - steps Through this world of strife,  
4. Let Thy grace il - lu - mine My be - night - ed soul,



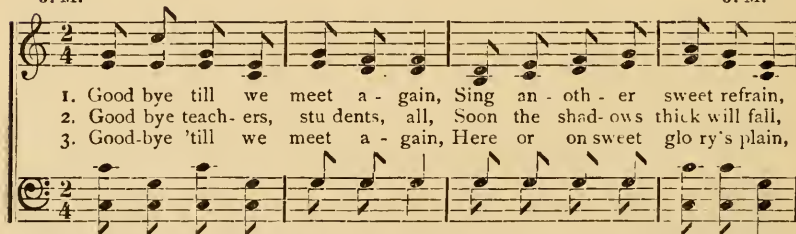
Make me pur - er, bet - ter, Make me Thine a - lone.  
Make me meek and hum - ble, Dwell my heart with - in.  
Help me on - ward, Sav - iour, To a bet - ter life.  
Come, Thy - self pos - sess it, Take and make me whole.

# No. 8.

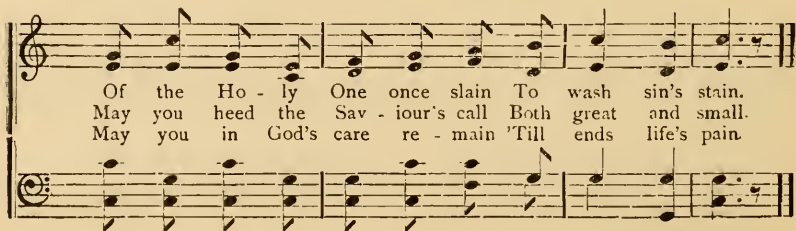
# Lincoln.

J. M.

J. M.



1. Good bye till we meet a - gain, Sing an - oth - er sweet refrain,  
2. Good bye teach - ers, stu - dents, all, Soon the shad - ows thick will fall,  
3. Good - bye 'till we meet a - gain, Here or on sweet glo ry's plain,



Of the Ho - ly One once slain To wash sin's stain.  
May you heed the Sav - iour's call Both great and small.  
May you in God's care re - main 'Till ends life's pain.

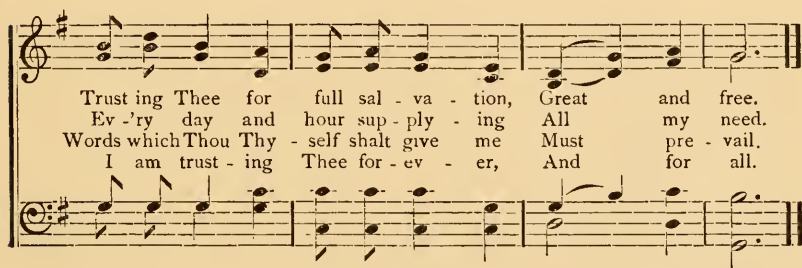
## No. 9.

## I am Trusting Thee.

H. N. LINCOLN.



1. I am trust - ing Thee Lord Je - sus, Trust - ing on - ly Thee;  
 2. I am trust - ing Thee to guide me Thou a - lone shalt lead;  
 3. I am trust - ing Thee for pow - er, Thine can nev - er fail;  
 4. I am trust - ing Thee Lord Je - sus, I shall nev - er fall;



Trust ing Thee for full sal - va - tion, Great and free.  
 Ev - 'ry day and hour sup - ply - ing All my need.  
 Words which Thou Thy - self shalt give me Must pre - vail.  
 I am trust - ing Thee for - ev - er, And for all.

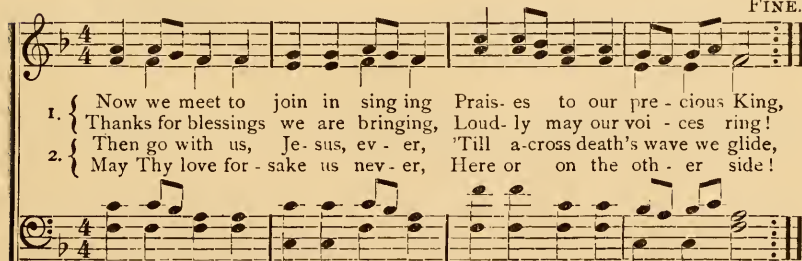
## No. 10.

## Greenville.

JOHN McPHERSON.

ROUSSEAU.

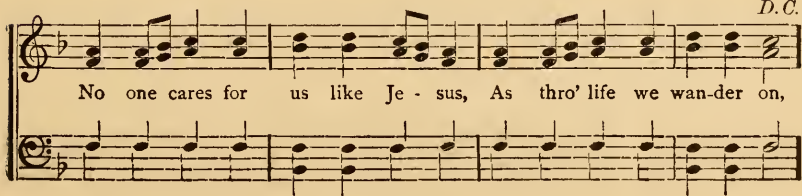
FINE.



1. { Now we meet to join in sing ing Prais - es to our pre - cious King,  
 Thanks for blessings we are bringing, Loud - ly may our voi - ces ring!  
 2. { Then go with us, Je - sus, ev - er, 'Till a - cross death's wave we glide,  
 May Thy love for - sake us nev - er, Here or on the oth - er side!

D.C.—For He heal-eth our dis - eas - es, And is with us in each song.

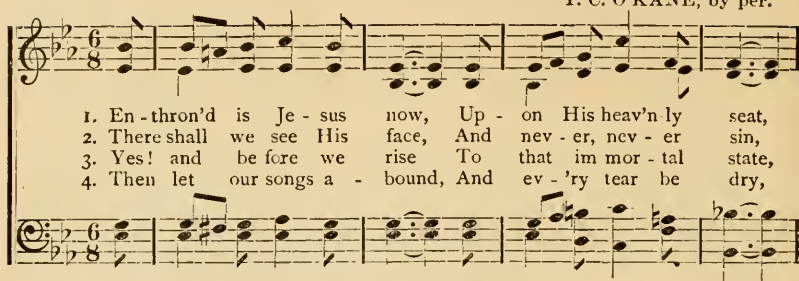
D.C.



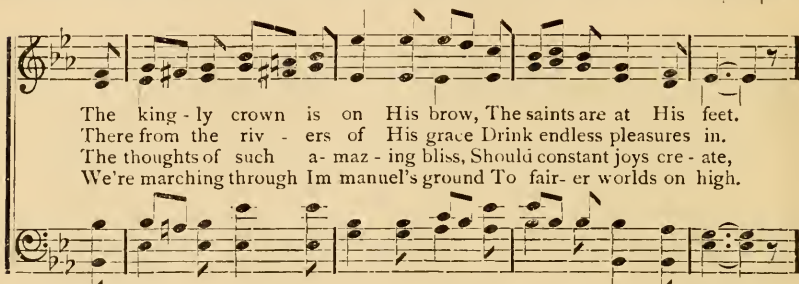
No one cares for us like Je - sus, As thro' life we wan - der on,

# No. 11. We shall be Satisfied By and By.

T. C. O'KANE, by per.

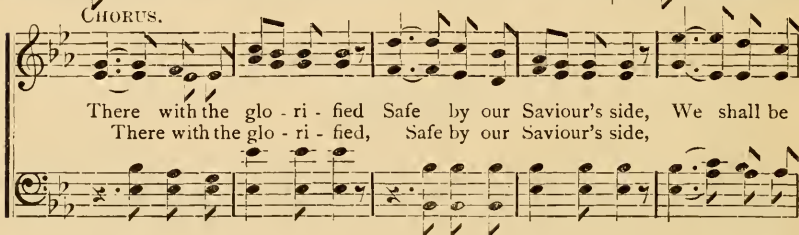


1. En - thron'd is Je - sus now, Up - on His heav'n ly seat,  
 2. There shall we see His face, And nev - er, nev - er sin,  
 3. Yes! and be fore we rise To that im mor - tal state,  
 4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry,

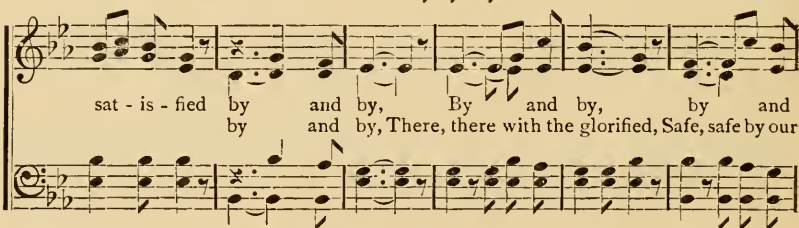


The king - ly crown is on His brow, The saints are at His feet.  
 There from the riv - ers of His grace Drink endless pleasures in.  
 The thoughts of such a - maz - ing bliss, Should constant joys cre - ate,  
 We're marching through Im manuel's ground To fair - er worlds on high.

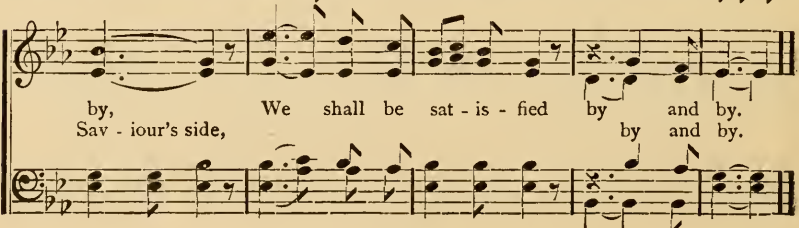
CHORUS.



There with the glo - ri - fied Safe by our Saviour's side, We shall be  
 There with the glo - ri - fied, Safe by our Saviour's side,



sat - is - fied by and by, By and by, by and  
 by and by, There, there with the glorified, Safe, safe by our

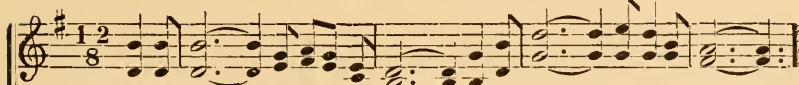


by, We shall be sat - is - fied by and by.  
 Sav - iour's side, by and by.

# No. 12. The new Jesus Lover of my Soul.

I. C. M.

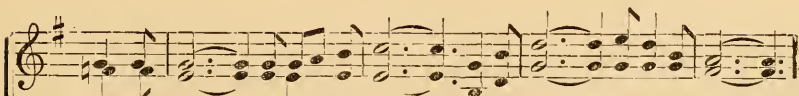
J. E. THOMAS, Arr. by H. N. L.



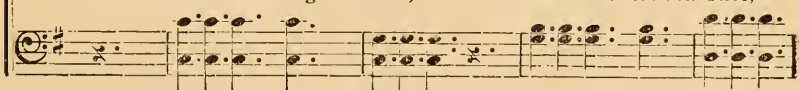
1. "Je-sus lov - er of my soul," Bids me in His bosom stay,
2. "Other ref - uge have I none," He my hab - i - ta - tion is;
3. "Thou, O Christ, art all I want," Rests my help - less soul in Thee;
4. "Thou of Life the fountain art," Thou dost wash me white as snow;



And though billows round me roll, I am safe - ly hid a - way;  
 Here no e - vil can be - fall, I am kept in per - fect peace.  
 Thou wilt nev - er leave a - lone, Nor for - get to com - fort me.  
 I'm con - tent to dwell a - part From all else, Thy love to know.



For He holds me in His arms, Quite be yond the tempest's reach;  
 I am cov - ered all day long, With the shad - ow of His wing;  
 Thou hast saved my soul from death, Thou hast scat - tered doubts and fears,  
 Bless - ed Son of Righteousness, I so love to look on Thee,



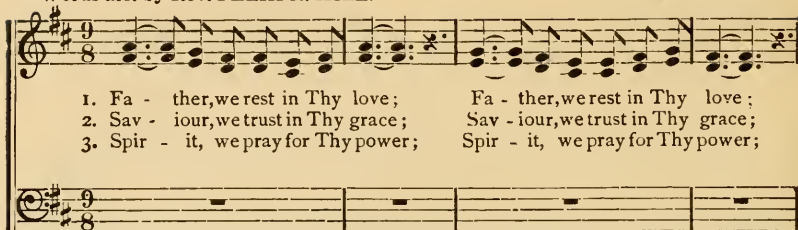
And He whis - pers in my heart Words un - known to hu - man speech.  
 Dwell in safe - ty through the night, Wak - ing, this is what I sing.  
 And the sun - shine of Thy face Sweet ly, dri - eth all my tears.  
 That my eyes are growing blind To the things once dear to me.



# No. 13. Father, we Rest in Thy Love.

Words arr. by Rev. FELIX R. HILL.

R. M. McINTOSH.



1. Fa - ther, we rest in Thy love;      Fa - ther, we rest in Thy love;  
 2. Sav - iour, we trust in Thy grace;      Sav - iour, we trust in Thy grace;  
 3. Spir - it, we pray for Thy power;      Spir - it, we pray for Thy power;



Fa-ther, we rest,      Fa-ther, we rest,      we rest in Thy love;  
 Saviour, we trust,      Saviour, we trust,      we trust in Thy grace;  
 Spir- it, we pray,      Spir- it, we pray,      we pray for Thy power;



Fa - ther, we rest in Thy love;      We rest, we  
 Sav - iour, we trust in Thy grace;      We trust, we  
 Spir - it, we pray for Thy power;      We pray, we  
    Fath-er, we rest, we rest,



rest in Thy love;      Fath-er, we rest, we rest in Thy love.  
 trust in Thy grace;      Saviour, we trust, we trust in Thy grace.  
 pray for Thy power;      Spir- it, we pray, we pray for Thy power.

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# No. 14.

# Now and Then.

H. N. LINCOLN.

1. On - ly a few more years, On - ly a few more cares,  
 2. On - ly a few more wrongs, On - ly a few more sighs,  
 3. Then an e - ter - nal stay, Then an e - ter - nal throng,

On - ly a few more smiles and tears, On - ly a few more prayers.  
 On - ly a few more earth - ly songs, On - ly a few good - byes.  
 Then an e - ter - nal hap - py day, Then an e - ter - nal song.

Sopranos sing the first verse alone, sopranos and tenors second verse, all the parts on the third verse.

# No. 15.

# Allison.

H. N. L.

H. N. LINCOLN.

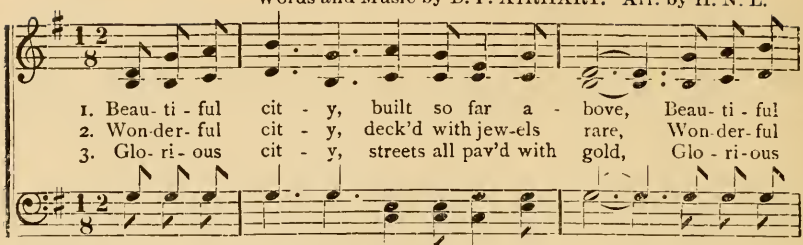
1. Dear Lord I look to Thee, Thou art my all in all;  
 2. No voice can cheer like Thine, No hand like Thine can lead;  
 3. Dear Je - sus near me stand, As thro' this land I go;

I pray Thee look on me, When tri - als sore be - fall.  
 I trust Thy power-di-vine, To help in ev - ery need.  
 And guide me to that land, Where qui - et wa - ters flow.

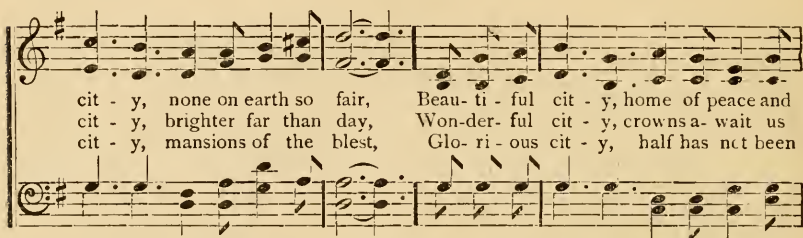
## No. 16.

## Saints Immortal Home.

Words and Music by D. P. AIRHART. Arr. by H. N. L.



1. Beau - ti - ful cit - y, built so far a - bove, Beau - ti - ful  
 2. Won - der - ful cit - y, deck'd with jew - els rare, Won - der - ful  
 3. Glo - ri - ous cit - y, streets all pav'd with gold, Glo - ri - ous



cit - y, none on earth so fair, Beau - ti - ful cit - y, home of peace and  
 cit - y, brighter far than day, Won - der - ful cit - y, crowns a - wait us  
 cit - y, mansions of the blest, Glo - ri - ous cit - y, half has not been

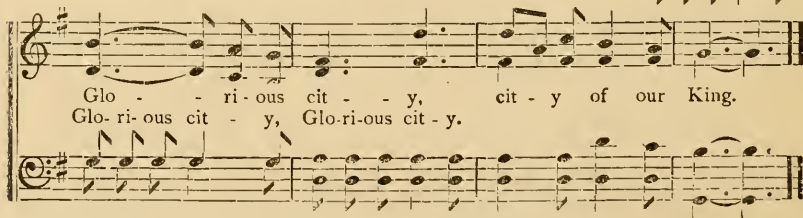


love, Beau - ti - ful cit - y, saints of earth shall share.  
 there, Won - der - ful cit - y, where we'll dwell for aye.  
 told, Glo - ri - ous cit - y, saints e - ter - nal rest.

## CHORUS.



Beau - - ti - ful cit - y, Won - - der ful cit - y,  
 Beau - ti - ful cit - y, Beau - ti - ful cit - y, Won - der - ful cit - y, Won - der - ful cit - y,



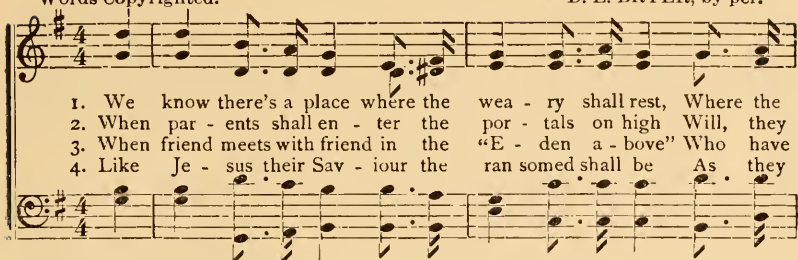
Glo - - ri - ous cit - y, cit - y of our King.  
 Glo - ri - ous cit - y, Glo - ri - ous cit - y.

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# No. 17. Do They Know Each Other There?

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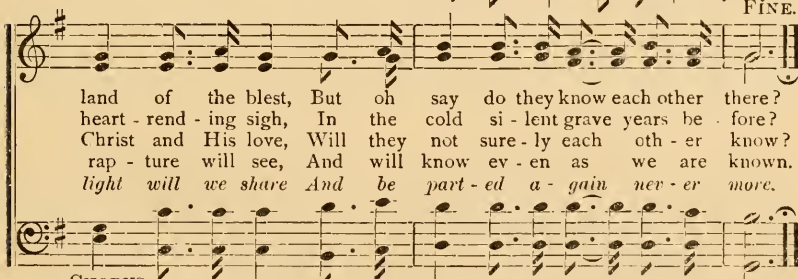
D. E. BRYER, by per.



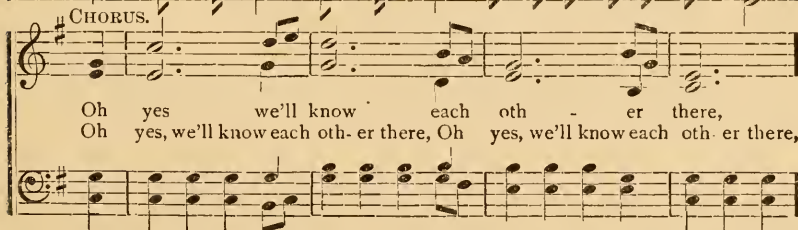
1. We know there's a place where the wea - ry shall rest, Where the  
 2. When par - ents shall en - ter the por - tals on high Will, they  
 3. When friend meets with friend in the "E - den a - bove" Who have  
 4. Like Je - sus their Sav - iour the ran somed shall be As they



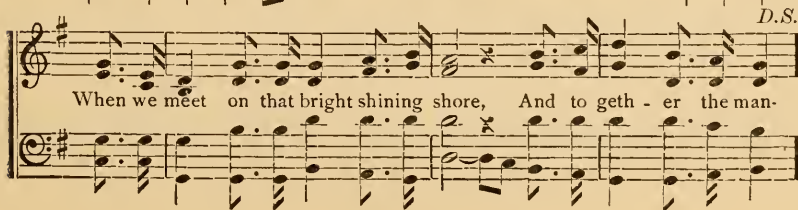
skies are e - ter - nal - ly fair, 'Tis the home of the pil - grim the  
 know on that heav - en - ly shore, All the dear ones they laid with a  
 walk'd side by side here be - low, As they join in the sing - ing of  
 wor - ship en - cir - cling the throne, All our loved ones if blood - wash'd with  
*D.S. — stions of*



land of the blest, But oh say do they know each other there?  
 heart - rend - ing sigh, In the cold si - lent grave years be - fore?  
 Christ and His love, Will they not sure - ly each oth - er know?  
 rap - ture will see, And will know ev - en as we are known.  
 light will we share And be part - ed a - gain nev - er more.



**CHORUS.**  
 Oh yes we'll know each oth - er there,  
 Oh yes, we'll know each oth - er there, Oh yes, we'll know each oth - er there,



*D.S.*  
 When we meet on that bright shining shore, And to geth - er the man -

## No. 18.

## Softly and Tenderly.

"Come unto me." — Matt. 11: 28.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

*Slow.*

1. Soft-ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Calling for you and for me;  
 2. Why should we tarry when Je-sus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?  
 3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;  
 4. Oh, for the wonderful love He has promis'd, Promis'd for you and for me;

See on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.  
 Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me?  
 Shadows are gathering, death-beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.  
 Tho' we have sinn'd He has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

*m* CHORUS. *cres.*  
 Come home, Come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home;  
 Come home, Come home,

*p* *rit.*  
 Earnestly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Calling, O sin-ner, come home!

By permission of Will L. Thompson &amp; Co., E. Liverpool. O.

## No. 19.

## Our Other Home.

MILDRED MERLE in "Musical Million."  
*Duet ad lib.*

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. It lies be-yond earth's vis-ion, Be-yond the star-ry sky,  
 2. 'Tis in a gol-den cit-y Fair cit-y of the blest,  
 3. The tree of life is grow-ing In rich lux-u-riance there,  
 4. Bright crowns of life are wait-ing In man-sions fair a-bove,  
 5. There will be ev-'ry treas-ure Our hearts on earth may share,

Be-yond the ra-diant sun-set We'll reach it by and by.  
 With-in its walls of jas-per Earth's wea-ry toil-ers rest.  
 The stream of life is flow-ing, So crys-tal-ine and fair.  
 There gol-den harps are tun-ing To sweet-est songs of love.  
 Then with what bliss-ful pleas-ure Shall we en-joy them there.

Our home, sweet home,  
 CHORUS.

Our home, sweet home, Our home, sweet home, Beyond the starry sky, starry sky,

Our home, our hap-py home,

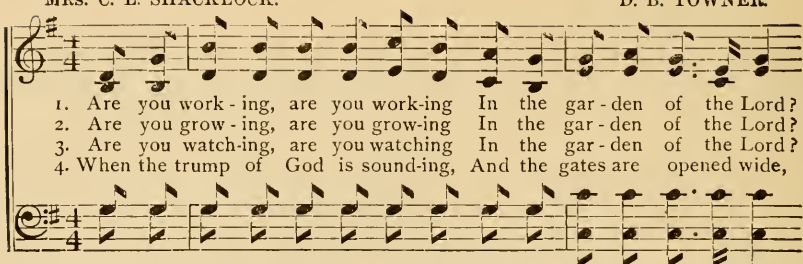
Our home, sweet home, Our hap-py home, We'll reach it by and by.



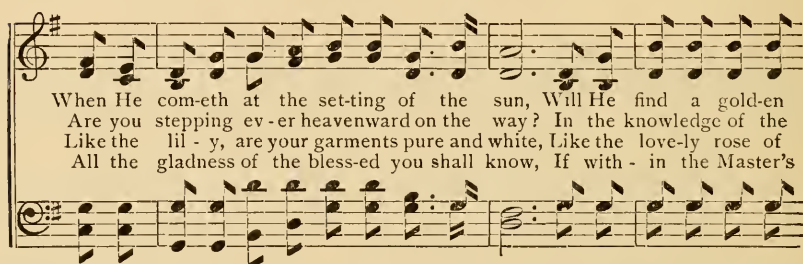
# No. 20. The Garden of the Lord.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

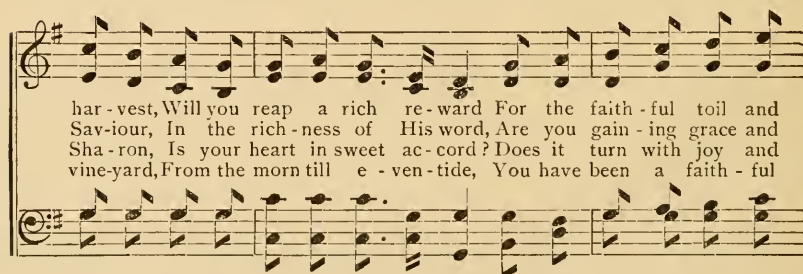
D. B. TOWNER.



1. Are you work-ing, are you work-ing In the gar-den of the Lord?  
 2. Are you grow-ing, are you grow-ing In the gar-den of the Lord?  
 3. Are you watch-ing, are you watch-ing In the gar-den of the Lord?  
 4. When the trump of God is sound-ing, And the gates are opened wide,

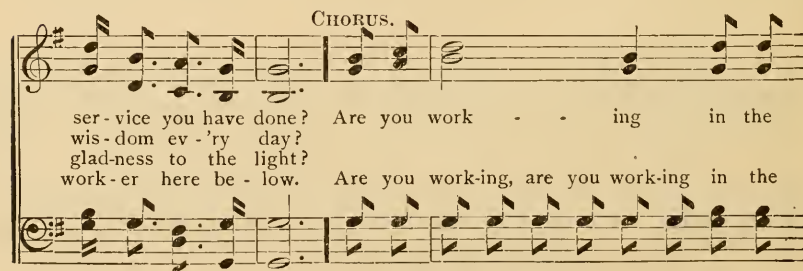


When He com-eth at the set-ting of the sun, Will He find a gold-en  
 Are you stepping ev-er heavenward on the way? In the knowledge of the  
 Like the lil-y, are your garments pure and white, Like the love-ly rose of  
 All the gladness of the bless-ed you shall know, If with-in the Master's



har-vest, Will you reap a rich re-ward For the faith-ful toil and  
 Sav-iour, In the rich-ness of His word, Are you gain-ing grace and  
 Sha-ron, Is your heart in sweet ac-cord? Does it turn with joy and  
 vine-yard, From the morn till e-ven-tide, You have been a faith-ful

CHORUS.



ser-vice you have done? Are you work-ing in the  
 wis-dom ev-'ry day? glad-ness to the light?  
 work-er here be-low. Are you work-ing, are you work-ing in the

# The Garden of the Lord. Concluded.

gar - - - den? When He com-eth at the set-ting of the  
gar-den of the Lord?

sun, Will He find a gold-en har-vest? Will you  
Are you working?

*ritard.*  
reap a rich re-ward For the faith-ful toil and ser-vice you have done?

## No. 21. Come to Jesus, just now.

1. Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus just now,  
Just now come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus just now.

- 2 He will save you.
- 3 He is able.
- 4 He is willing.
- 5 He is waiting.

- 6 O believe Him.
- 7 O receive Him.
- 8 Jesus loves you.
- 9 He will bless you.

- 10 He will cleanse you.
- 11 Only trust Him.
- 12 Let us praise Him.
- 13 Hallelujah. Amen.

## No. 22.

## The Fountain.

COWPER.

A. J. BUCHANAN.

1. There is a fount - ain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,  
 2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see, That foun - tain in his day.  
 3. Dear dy - ing Lamb! Thy pre - cious blood Shall nev - er lose its power,  
 4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,  
 5. Then in a no - bler, sweet - ersong, I'll sing Thy power to save,

And sin - ners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.  
 And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.  
 Till all the ran - somed church of God Be saved, to sin no more.  
 Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.  
 While this poor, lisp - ing, stamm - 'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.

CHORUS.

Sav - iour wash me in the blood, To the  
 Sav - iour wash me in the blood in the blood the blood of the Lamb To the

foun - - tain let me go; Wash me in the crimson  
 fountain let me go to the fountain let me go Wash me in the crimson flood, Wash me

flood, And I shall be whiter than the snow (the snow.)  
 in the crimson flood And I shall be whiter whit - er than the snow.

# No. 23. Because my Dear Saviour so Loves me.

D. Y. B.

Rev. D. Y. BAGBY, Ph. D.

DUET.

SEMI CHORUS.

1. Why am I so hap-py and free from all sin? Be-cause my dear  
 2. When I was a sin-ner why was I His choice; Be-cause my dear  
 3. And still I re-joice, when much old-er I'm grown, Be-cause my dear

SEMI CHO.

Saviour so loves me. Why do I re-joice and am hap-py with-in? Be-  
 Saviour so loved me. When I'm in af-flic-tion, why do I rejoice? Be-  
 Saviour so loves me. My poor heart re-joice-es with pleasures unknown Be-

REFRAIN.

cause my dear Sav-iour so loves me. 'Tis Je-sus, my Saviour, all  
 cause my dear Sav-iour so loves me.  
 cause my dear Sav-iour so loves me.

blessings bestows, 'Tis Je-sus relieves me from all of my woes, My sins He for-

gives, for my weakness He knows, Because my dear Saviour so loves me.

## No. 24.

## Come to Jesus.

E. R. LATTA.

J. H. TENNEY. By per.

1. Come to Je - sus! He will save you, Tho' your sins as crim-son glow;  
 2. Come to Je - sus! do not tar - ry; En - ter in at mer - cy's gate;  
 3. Come to Je - sus, dy - ing sin - ner! Oth - er Sav-iour there is none;

If you give your hearts to Je - sus, He will make them white as snow.  
 Oh, de - lay not till the mor - row, Lest thy com - ing be too late.  
 He will share with you His glo - ry, When your pil-grim-age is done.

## CHORUS.

Come to Je - - sus! Come to Je - - sus! Come to  
 Come, come to - day! Come, come to - day! Come to

*pp*  
 Je - sus! come to - day! Come to Je - - sus!  
 Je - sus! come, yes, come, come to-day! Come, come to-day!

Come to Je - - sus! Come to Je - sus! come, come to - day!  
 Come, come to - day!



## No. 25.

## Cling.

H. N. LINCOLN.

*Slow, with feeling. \**

1. Cling to the Migh - ty One, *Ps. 89: 19.* Cling in thy grief; *Heb. 12: 11.*  
 2. Cling to the Liv - ing One, *Heb. 7: 25.* Cling in thy woe; *Ps. 86: 7.*  
 3. Cling to the Bleeding One, *1 John, 1: 7.* Cling to His side; *John, 20: 27.*

Cling to the Ho - ly One, *Heb. 7: 26.* He gives re - lief; *Ps. 116: 5.*  
 Cling to the Lov - ing One, *1 John 4: 16.* Thro' all be - low; *Rom. 8: 38, 39.*  
 Cling to the Ris - ing One, *Rom. 6: 9.* In Him a - bide; *John, 15: 4.*

Cling to the Gracious One, *Ps. 116: 6.* Cling in thy pain; *Ps. 55: 4.*  
 Cling to the Pard'ning One, *Isa. 55: 7.* He speaketh peace; *John, 14: 27.*  
 Cling to the Com - ing One, *Rev. 22: 20.* Hope shall a - rise; *Titus, 2: 13.*

Cling to the Faithful One, *1 Thess. 5: 24.* He will sus - tain. *Ps. 55: 22.*  
 Cling to the Healing One, *Exod. 15: 25.* An - guish shall cease. *Ps. 147: 3.*  
 Cling to the Reigning One, *Ps. 97: 1.* Joy lights thine eyes. *Ps. 16: 11.*

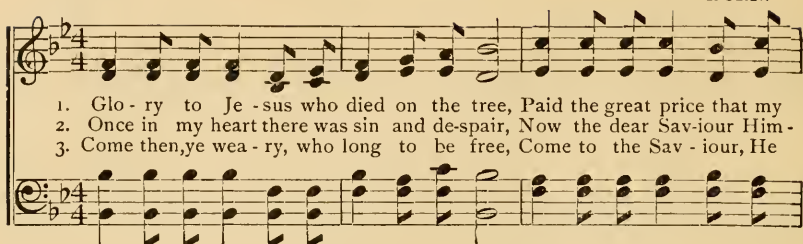
\* This poem is formed from the Bible references at the close of each line. It will make a good exercise to have the texts selected beforehand and read them after each phrase of the music, which occurs every two measures.

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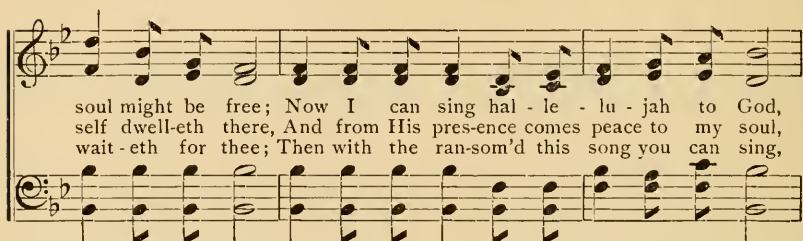
# No. 26. Glory to Jesus, He Saves.

P. B.

P. BILHORN.

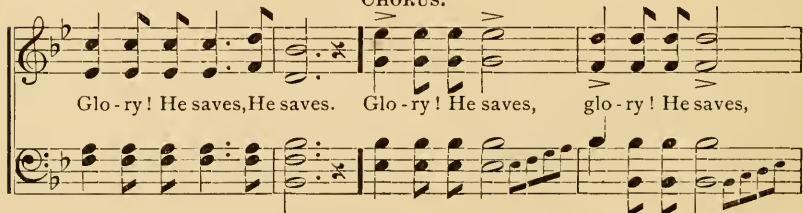


1. Glo - ry to Je - sus who died on the tree, Paid the great price that my  
2. Once in my heart there was sin and de-spair, Now the dear Sav-iour Him-  
3. Come then, ye wea - ry, who long to be free, Come to the Sav - iour, He

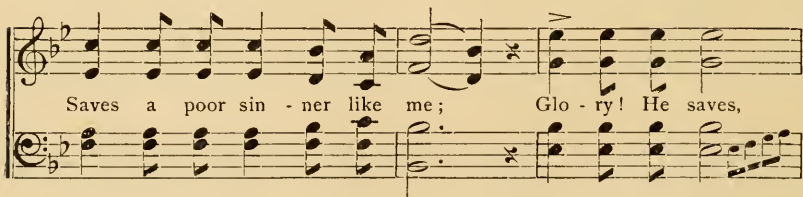


soul might be free; Now I can sing hal - le - lu - jah to God,  
self dwell-eth there, And from His pres-ence comes peace to my soul,  
wait-eth for thee; Then with the ran-som'd this song you can sing,

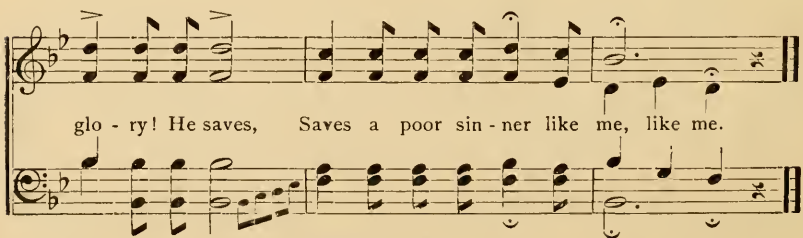
## CHORUS.



Glo - ry! He saves, He saves. Glo - ry! He saves, glo - ry! He saves,



Saves a poor sin - ner like me; Glo - ry! He saves,



glo - ry! He saves, Saves a poor sin - ner like me, like me.

## The Child of a King.

HATTIE E. BUEL.

REV. JOHN B. SUMNER.

1. My Fa-ther is rich in houses and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the  
 2. My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men, Once wander'd o'er earth as the  
 3. I once was an out-cast-stranger on earth, A sin-ner by choice, and an  
 4. A tent or a cot-tage, why should I care? They're building a palace for

world in His hands! Of ru-bies and diamonds, of sil-ver and gold, His  
 poor-est of them; But now He is reign-ing in glo-ry on high, And will  
 al-ien by birth! But I've been a-do-pt-ed, my name's written down,—An  
 me o-ver there! Tho' ex-iled from home, yet, still I may sing: All

CHORUS.

cof-ers are full, He has rich-es un-told. I'm the child of a King, The  
 give me a home when He comes by and by.  
 heir to a man-sion, a robe, and a crown.  
 glo-ry to God, I'm the child of a King.

child of a King; With Je-sus my Saviour, I'm the child of a King.

## No. 28.

## Walking with Jesus.

D. Y. B.

Rev. D. Y. BAGBY, Ph. D.

1. We will walk in the foot-steps of our Lord, We will walk where the  
 2. There is work for each one of us to do, There's no time now to  
 3. While we walk in the way we'll trust our Lord, We will trust in His

Sav- iour leads the way, We will walk where we're guid-ed by His word,  
 loi- ter on the way, If we fol- low the foot-steps of our Lord,  
 ev- er will- ing arm, And we know that His pow- er and His word,

D.S.—We will fol- low the bless- ed one who leads,

FINE. CHORUS.

We will fol- low Je- sus, yes, ev- 'ry day.  
 We must la- bor for Him each pass- ing day. } Yes, our Sav- iour com-  
 Will pro- tect us from all dan- ger and harm. }

We will fol- low Je- sus then all the way.

D. S.

mands us all to come un- to Him, And to take up our crosses ev- 'ry day.

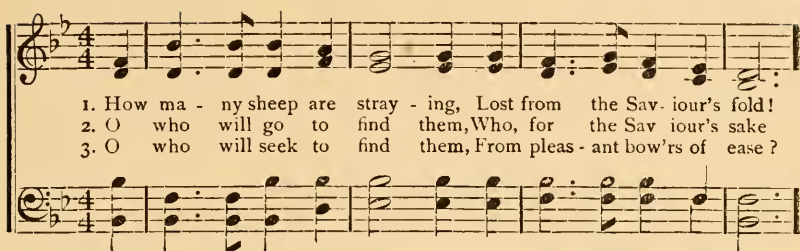
# No. 29.

# Seeking the Lost Sheep.

"To-day, if ye will hear His voice."—Heb. 3: 15.

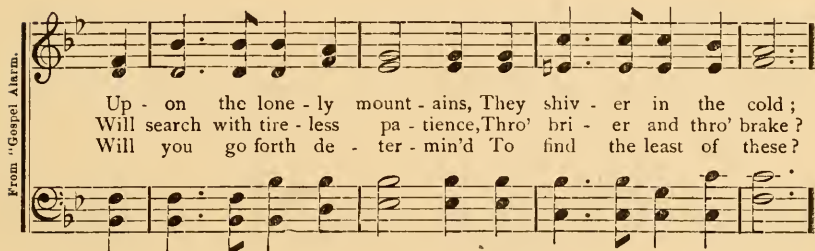
G. A.

J. M. HUNT, by per.

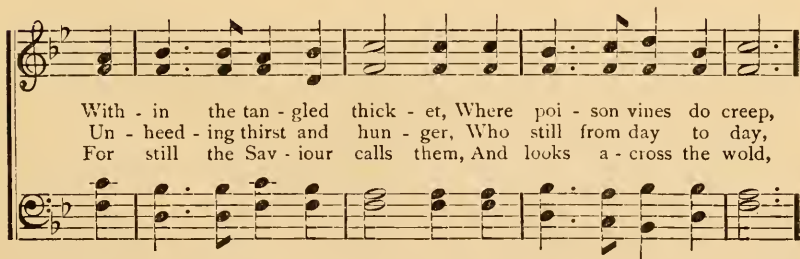


1. How ma - ny sheep are stray - ing, Lost from the Sav - iour's fold!  
 2. O who will go to find them, Who, for the Sav iour's sake  
 3. O who will seek to find them, From pleas - ant bow'rs of ease?

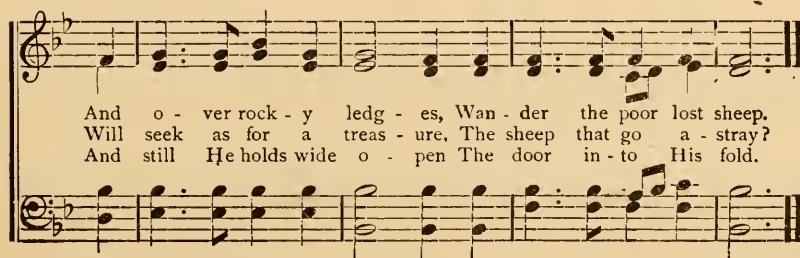
From "Gospel Alarm."



Up - on the lone - ly mount - ains, They shiv - er in the cold;  
 Will search with tire - less pa - tience, Thro' bri - er and thro' brake?  
 Will you go forth de - ter - min'd To find the least of these?



With - in the tan - gled thick - et, Where poi - son vines do creep,  
 Un - heed - ing thirst and hun - ger, Who still from day to day,  
 For still the Sav - iour calls them, And looks a - cross the wold,



And o - ver rock - y ledg - es, Wan - der the poor lost sheep.  
 Will seek as for a treas - ure, The sheep that go a - stray?  
 And still He holds wide o - pen The door in - to His fold.

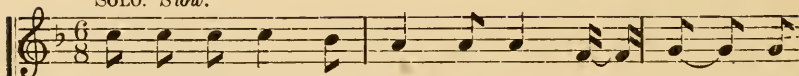


# No. 30. Pray for Your Boy, To-night.

Mrs. T. M. GRIFFIN.

GEO. ROBT. CAIRNS.

SOLO. *Slow.*



1. Once I was pure as dew that fall From the morn - ing  
 2. Wea - ry the world, and dark and wild, And with ma - ny a  
 3. Moth - er, my heart is hard and cold, And is blight - ed with  
 4. Tho' in the toils of sin, your boy, Yet is wan - der - ing

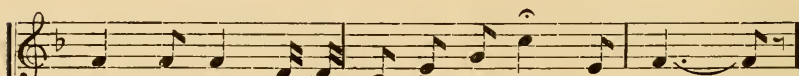
ACCOMP.\*

\* Play the Accomp. for the right hand an octave higher than it is written.




clouds a - bove; . . . Now I am held, in the  
 fa - tal snare; . . . As on - ward sweeps the  
 grief and care; . . . Pray for your boy! as  
 far from home, . . . Oft - en he yearns for

Copyrighted, 1885, by Geo. Rob't. Cairns.



worlds dark thrall, A - way from the Fa - ther's love. . .  
 surg - ing tide, Far a - way from God and pray'r. . .  
 oft! of old, When a child be - side your chair. . .  
 old - en joy, Be - fore he be - gan to roam. . .

CHORUS.



Then pray for your boy, to - night, . . . To - night, Oh!

# Pray for Your Boy, To-night.—Concluded.

for me, . . . .

pray, Oh, pray for me, Pray God to give your  
boy the light, To lead him to heav - en, and Thee.

No. 31.

Servoss. S. M.

T. DWIGHT.  
*Andante.*

F. L. ARMSTRONG.

1. I love Thy church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand  
2. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'n-ly ways,  
3. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n

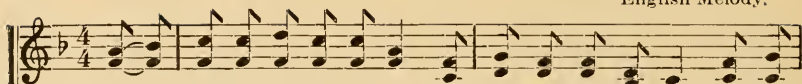
*ritard.*

Dear as the ap - ple of thine eye, And gra - ven on thy hand.  
Her sweet communion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.  
The bright - est glo - ries earth can yield, And bright - er bliss of heav'n.

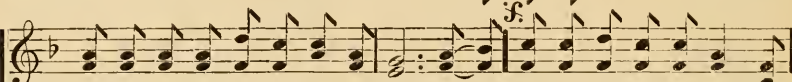
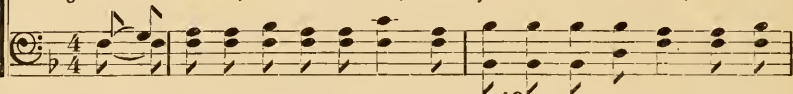
## No. 32.

## The Lily of the Valley.

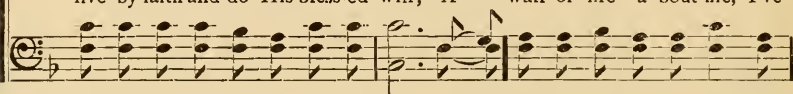
English Melody.



1. I have found a friend in Je - sus, He's ev - 'ry - thing to me, He's the
2. He all my griefs has ta - ken, and all my sor - rows borne; In temp -
3. He will nev - er, nev - er leave me, nor yet for - sake me here, While I



fair - est of ten thou - sand to my soul; The Lil - y of the Val - ley, in  
ta - tion He's my strong and mighty tow'r; I have all for Him for - sa - ken, and  
live by faith and do His bless - ed will; A wall of fire a - bout me, I've

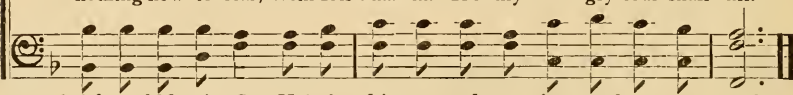


D.S.—Lil - y of the Val - ley, the

FINE.



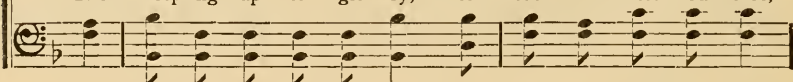
Him a - lone I see All I need to cleanse and make me ful - ly whole.  
all my i - dols torn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His power,  
nothing now to fear, With His man - na He my hun - gry soul shall fill.



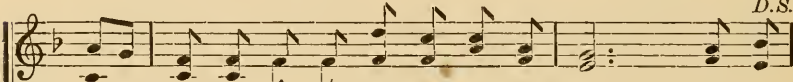
bright and Morning Star, He's the fair - est of ten thou - sand to my soul.



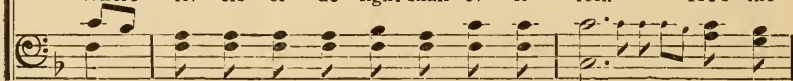
In sor - row He's my com - fort, in troub - le He's my stay,  
Tho' all the world for - sake me, and Sa - tan tempts me sore.  
Then sweep - ing up to glo - ry, to see His bless - ed face,



D.S.



He tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll. He's the  
Thro' Je - sus I shall safe - ly reach the goal. He's the  
Where riv - ers of de - light shall ev - er roll. He's the

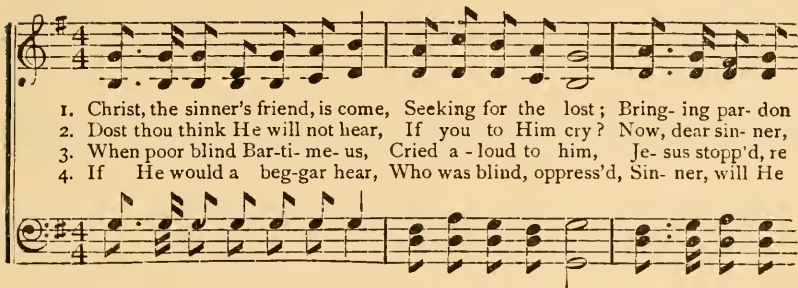


# No. 33. The Sinner's Friend is Come.

*Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.—1 Tim. i: 15.*

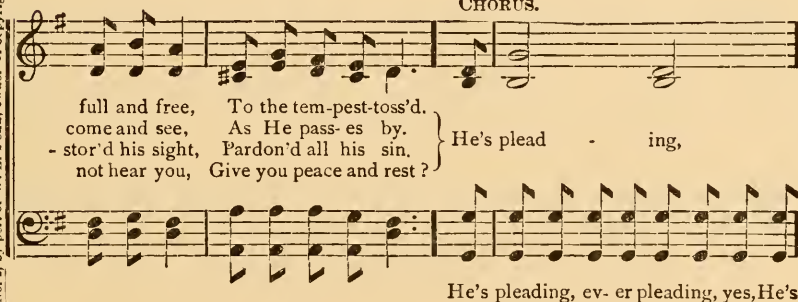
J. M. HUNT.

J. M. HUNT.



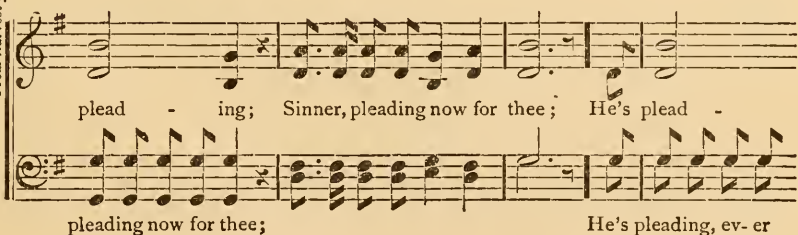
1. Christ, the sinner's friend, is come, Seeking for the lost; Bring- ing par- don  
 2. Dost thou think He will not hear, If you to Him cry? Now, dear sin- ner,  
 3. When poor blind Bar-ti- me- us, Cried a- loud to him, Je- sus stopp'd, re  
 4. If He would a beg- gar hear, Who was blind, oppress'd, Sin- ner, will He

## CHORUS.

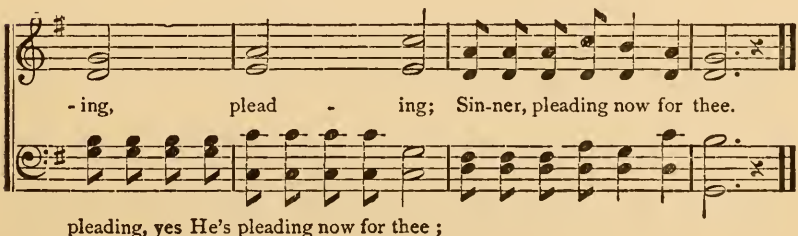


full and free, To the tem-pest-toss'd.  
 come and see, As He pass-es by.  
 - stor'd his sight, Pardon'd all his sin. } He's plead - ing,  
 not hear you, Give you peace and rest?

He's pleading, ev- er pleading, yes, He's



plead - ing; Sinner, pleading now for thee; He's plead -  
 pleading now for thee; He's pleading, ev- er



- ing, plead - ing; Sin-ner, pleading now for thee.  
 pleading, yes He's pleading now for thee;

## No. 34.

## Tell it Again.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. In - to the tent where a gip - sy boy lay, Dy - ing a - lone, at the  
 2. "Did he so love me, a poor lit - tle boy? Send un - to me the good  
 3. Bending, we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he en - tered the  
 4. Smil - ing he said, as his last sigh was spent, "I am so glad that for

close of the day, News of sal - va - tion we car - ried,—said he  
 tid - ings of joy? Need I not per - ish?—my hand will he hold?  
 val - ley of death; "God send his Son!—who - so - ev - er!" said he:  
 me he was sent!" Whispered, while low sank the sun in the west:

By per. of R. M. McIntosh, owner of Copyright.

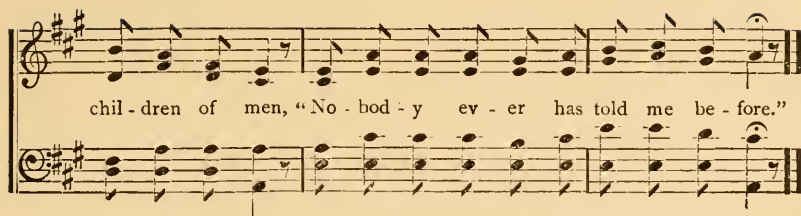
REFRAIN.

"No - bod - y ev - er has told it to me!" Tell it a - gain! tell it a - gain!  
 "No - bod - y ev - er the sto - ry has told!" Tell it a - gain! tell it a - gain!  
 "Then I am sure that he sent him for me!" Tell it a - gain! tell it a - gain!  
 Lord, I be - lieve! tell it now to the rest!" Tell it a - gain! tell it a - gain!

Sal - va - tion's sto - ry re - peat o'er and o'er, Till none can say of the



## Tell it Again.—Concluded.



### No. 35.

The Ninety and Nine.  
Key A.

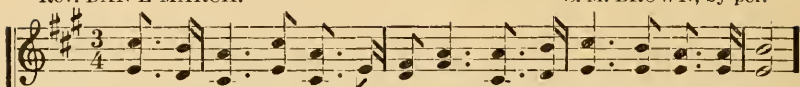
- 1 There were ninety and nine that safely lay  
     In the shelter of the fold,  
     But one was out on the hills away,  
     Far off from the gates of gold—  
     Away on the mountains wild and bare,  
     Away from the tender Shepherd's care,  
     Away from the tender Shepherd's care.
  
- 2 "Lord, Thou hast here thy ninety and nine;  
     Are they not enough for Thee?"  
     But the Shepherd made answer, "'Tis of mine  
     Has wandered away from me,"  
     "And although the rocks be rough and steep,  
     I go to the desert to find my sheep"  
     I go to the desert to find my sheep.
  
- 3 But none of the ransomed ever knew  
     How deep were the waters crossed;  
     Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through  
     Ere He found the sheep that was lost.  
     Out in the desert He heard its cry,  
     Sick and helpless and ready to die,  
     Sick and helpless and ready to die.
  
- 4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way  
     That mark out the mountain's track?"  
     "They were shed for one who had gone astray  
     Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."  
     "Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and torn?"  
     "They're pierced to-night by many a thorn."  
     "They're pierced to-night by many a thorn."
  
- 5 But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,  
     And up from the rocky steep,  
     There rose a glad cry to the gates of heaven,  
     "Rejoice I have found my sheep."  
     And the angels echoed around the throne,  
     "Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own,"  
     "Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own."

## No. 36.

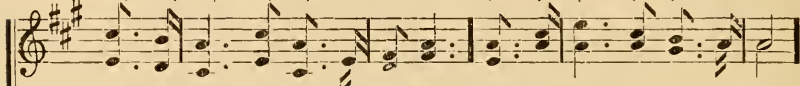
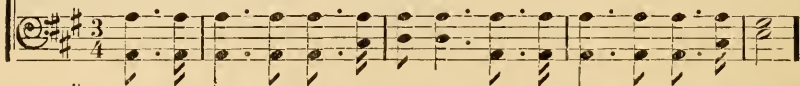
## Here am I, send me.

Rev. DAN'L MARCH.

S. M. BROWN, by per.

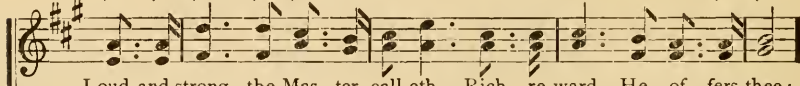
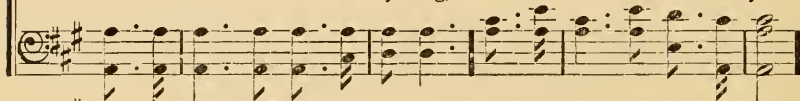


1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus cry-ing, "Who will go and work to-day?
2. If you can - not cross the o - cean, And the heath - en lands ex - plore,
3. If you can - not speak like an - gels, If you can - not preach like Paul,
4. If you can - not be the watchman, Standing high on Zi - on's wall,
5. If a - mong the old - er peo - ple, You may not be apt to teach;
6. Let none hear you i - dly saying, "There is noth - ing I can do,"

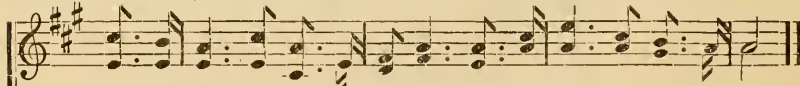
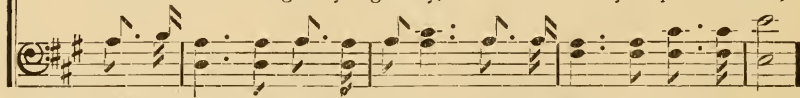


Fields are white and har - vest wait-ing, Who will bear the sheaves a-way?"  
 You can find the heath - en near - er, You can help them at your door.  
 You can tell the love of Je - sus, You can say He died for all.  
 Point - ing out the path to heav-en, Off - 'ring life and peace to all.  
 "Feed my Lambs," said Christ, our shepherd, "Place the food with-in their reach."  
 While the souls of men are dy - ing, And the Mas - ter calls for you.

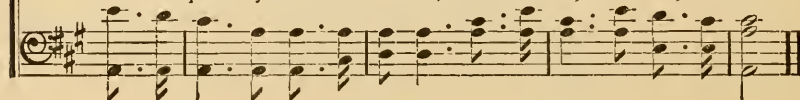
From "Gospel Alarm."



Loud and strong the Mas - ter call-eth, Rich re - ward He of - fers thee:  
 If you can - not give your thousands, You can give the wi - dow's mite,  
 If you can - not rouse the wick - ed With the judgment's dread a-larms,  
 With your pray'rs and with your bounties You can do what heav'n demands;  
 And it may be that the children You have led with trembling hand,  
 Take the task He gives you glad - ly, Let His work your pleas - ure be;



Who will an - swer, glad - ly say-ing, "Here am I; send me, send me?"  
 And the least you do for Je - sus, Will be pre - cious in His sight.  
 You can lead the lit - tle children To the Sav - iour's wait - ing arms.  
 You can be like faith - ful Aa - ron, Hold - ing up the prophet's hands.  
 Will be found a - mong your jew - els, When you reach the bet - ter land.  
 An swer quick - ly when He call-eth, "Here am I; send me, send me!"



# No. 37. A poor Sinner like Me.

C. I. BUTLER.

H. N. LINCOLN.

1. I was once far a-way from the Sav- iour, And as vile as a  
2. But there in the dark lone- ly hour, A voice sweet-ly

sin- ner could be, I wondered if Christ the Re-deemer Would  
*D.S.*—And the thought filled my heart with sadness There's no  
whispered to me, Saying "Christ the Redeem-er hath power, To  
*D.S.*—I cried "I'm the chief of sin-ners," Thou canst

**FINE.**  
save a poor sin-ner like me. I wan- dered on in the  
hope for a sin-ner like me.  
save a poor sin-ner like thee,' I lis- tened, and lo ! 'twas my  
save a poor sin-ner like me.

*D.S.*  
dark- ness Not a ray of light could I see,  
Sav- iour That was speak- ing so kind- ly to me,

3 Then fully I trusted in Jesus,  
And oh, what a joy came to me ;  
My heart then was full of praises,  
For he saved a poor sinner like me.  
No longer in darkness I'm dwelling,  
For the light now is shining on me,  
And the story to others I'm telling,  
How he saved a poor sinner like me.

4 And when my life's journey is ended,  
And I my dear Saviour shall see ;  
I'll praise him forever and ever,  
For saving a sinner like me.  
I'll sing the sweet song of redemption,  
With loved on es who passed on before ;  
I'll drink of life's fountain forever,  
On that beautiful, beautiful shore.

## No. 38.

## Over Jordan.

F. A. B.

E. A. BLACKMER.

1. In that coun-try which lies o-ver Jor-dan, In that sweet par-a-  
 2. O-ver there are the beau-ti-ful man-sions That the Sav-iour has  
 3. All the dear ones we lov'd, and who lov'd us, We shall meet on that  
 4. We shall there see the face of the Fa-ther, Who for mor-tals such

-dise o-ver there, We are go-ing to dwell with the Sav-iour, And with  
 gone to pre-pare; And the cit-y of God, bright and gold-en With its  
 sor-row-less shore Glo-ri-fied, made im-mor-tal and tear-less; We shall  
 won-ders has done; Who to die for us while we were reb-els, Sent His

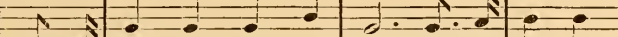
## CHORUS.

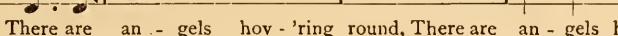
Him end-less glo-ry share.  
 walls deck'd with jew-els rare. } O-ver Jor-dan, O-ver  
 meet there to part no more.  
 on-ly be-got-ten Son.

Jor-dan, In that sweet par-a-dise o-ver there, We are

go-ing to dwell with the Sav-iour, And with Him endless glo-ry share.

## Angels Hovering Round.


  
 I. There are an - gels hov - 'ring round, There are an - gels hov - 'ring


  
 round, There are an - - - gels, an - - - gels hov - 'ring round.

2 To carry the tidings home, etc.      4 Poor sinners are coming home, etc.  
 3 To the New Jerusalem, etc.      5 And Jesus bids them come, etc.  
 6 There's glory all around, etc.

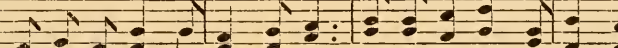
## No. 40.

II. BONAR. (arr.).  
" *Slow*.

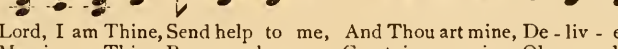
## Thine, Mine.

H. N. LINCOLN. By per.

*Slow.*



1. Lord, I am Thine, Send help to me, And Thou art mine, De - liv - er me.  
2. Mercies are Thine, Re - mem - ber me, Great sins are mine, Oh, par - don me.  
3. All light is Thine, Shine now on me, Darkness is mine, En - light - en me.  
4. True life is Thine, Oh breathe on me, All death is mine, Lord, quicken me.



No. 41.

We Praise Thee, O God.  
Key of G.

- 1 We praise Thee, God! for the Son of Thy  
love,  
For Jesus who died, and is now gone  
above!

CHO.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory, Hal-  
lallelujah, amen,  
Hallelujah! Thine the glory, re-  
vive us again.

- 2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit  
of light,  
Who has shown us our Saviour, and  
scattered our night.

- 3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was  
slain,  
Who has borne all our sins, and cleansed  
every stain.

- 4 All glory and praise to the God of all  
grace,  
Who has bought us, and sought us, and  
guided our ways.

No. 42.

Happy Day,  
Key of G.

- 1 O happy day, that fixed my choice  
On Thee my Saviour and my God!  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice  
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHO.—Happy day, happy day,  
When Jesus washed my sins away;  
He taught me how, to watch and  
pray,  
And live rejoicing every day;  
Happy day, happy day,  
When Jesus washed my sins away.

- 2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done—  
I am my Lord's and He is mine;  
He drew me, and I followed on,  
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
- 3 Now rest my long divided heart:  
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;  
Nor ever from thy Lord depart.  
With Him of every good possessed.

## No. 43.

Come, Ye Disconsolate.  
Key of D.

- 1 Come, ye disconsolate! where'er ye languish,  
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;  
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;  
Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.
- 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,  
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure!  
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,  
Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot cure.



## No. 44.

*I'm Thine, Forever Thine.*

"My beloved is mine, and I am His." Cant. ii. 16.

WARREN W. BENTLEY.

1. No more my own, Lord Je - sus, Bought with thy pre - cious blood;  
 2. I give the life Thou gav - est, My pres ent fu - ture, past,  
 3. I give the love, the sweet - est Thy goodness grants to me;  
 4. Out - side the camp to suf - fer, With - in the vale to meet,

I give Thee but Thine own, Lord, That long Thy love with - stood.  
 My joys, my fears, my sor - rows, My first hope and my last.  
 Oh, take and make it meet, Lord, For of - fer - ing to Thee.  
 And hear the soft - est whis - per, From out the mer - cy - seat.

## CHORUS.

Now fash - ion, form, and fill me With light and love di - vine;

So, one with Thee, Lord, Je - sus, I'm Thine, for - ev - er Thine.

**No. 45.**

Work for the Night.  
Key of F.

- 1 Work for the night is coming;  
Work through the morning hours;  
Work, while the dew is sparkling;  
Work, 'mid springing flowers;  
Work, when the day grows brighter;  
Work, in the glowing sun;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man's work is done.
- 2 Work, for the night is coming;  
Work through the sunny noon.  
Fill brightest hours with labor;  
Rest comes sure and soon.  
Give every flying minute  
Something to keep in store;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man works no more.
- 3 Work for the night is coming,  
Under the sunset skies;  
While their bright tints are glowing,  
Work, for daylight flies.  
Work, till the last beam fadeth,  
Fadeth to shine no more:  
Work, while the night is darkening,  
When man's work is o'er.

**No. 46.**

Martyn.  
Key of F.

- 1 Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high;  
Hide me, oh, my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
Oh, receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;  
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me.  
All my trust on thee is stayed,  
All my help from thee I bring;  
Cover my defenseless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
More than all in thee I find:  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
Just and holy is thy name,  
I am all unrighteousness;  
Vile, and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

**No. 47.**

Cross and Crown.  
Key of A.

- 1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,  
And all the world go free?  
No, there's a cross for every one,  
And there's a cross for me.
- 2 The consecrated cross I'll bear,  
Till death shall set me free:  
And then go home my crown to wear,  
For there's a crown for me.

- 3 Upon the crystal pavement, down  
At Jesus' pierced feet,  
With joy I'll cast my golden crown,  
And His dear name repeat.
- 4 O precious cross! O glorious crown!  
O resurrection day!  
Ye angels, from the stars come down,  
And bear my soul away.

**No. 48.**

What a Friend we have in Jesus.  
Key of F.

- 1 What a friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear;  
What a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer,  
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,  
Oh, what needless pain we bear—  
All because we do not carry  
Everything to God in prayer.
- 2 Have we trials and temptations?  
Is there trouble anywhere?  
We should never be discouraged,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Can we find a Friend so faithful,  
Who will all our sorrows share?  
Jesus knows our every weakness,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,  
Cumbered with a load of care?  
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?  
Take it to the Lord in prayer:  
In His arms He'll take and shield thee  
Thou wilt find a solace there.

**No. 49.**

The Soldier of the Cross.  
Key of A.

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,  
A follower of the Lamb?  
And shall I fear to own his cause,  
Or blush to speak his name.
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies,  
On flowery beds of ease?  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vain world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God.
- 4 Since I must fight, if I would reign,  
Increase my courage, Lord!  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by Thy Word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,  
Shall conquer, though they die;  
They see the triumph from afar,  
With faith's discerning eye.

**No. 50.**

Doxology.  
Key of E.

- Praise God from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him all creatures here below;  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## No. 51.

## Shall we Meet?

Words and Music by A. J. BUCHANAN.

1. Shall we meet with one a - noth - er When the march of life is o'er,  
 2. Ma - ny loved ones have pass'd o - ver, To that home of all the blest,  
 3. When at last by that bright riv - er With the shin - ing ones we stand,

With im - mor - tals dwell for - ev - er On the hap - py glo - ry shore?  
 Shall we meet them at the riv - er In the land of peace and rest?  
 Shall we meet no more to sev - er In the glo - rious heav - 'nly land?

\*CHORUS.

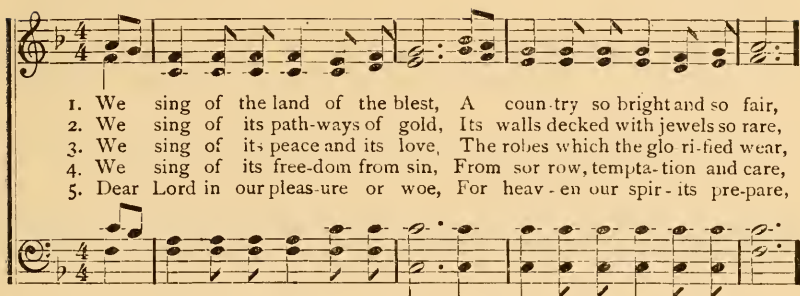
Shall we meet? Shall we meet?  
 Shall we meet a - gain? Shall we meet a - gain? All the lov'd ones o - ver there,

Shall we know? When we meet? On that hap - py glo - ry shore,  
 Shall we know them all When we meet up there?

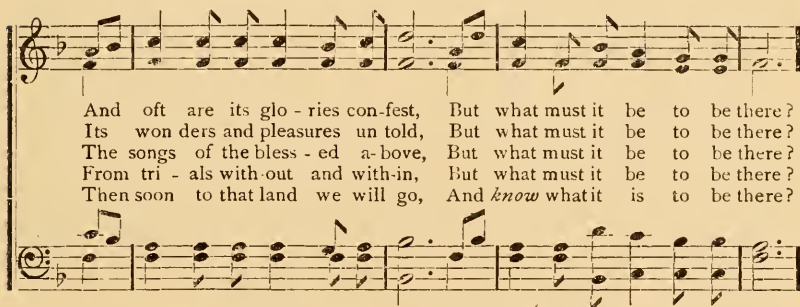
# No. 52. What must it be to be There?

Mrs. ELIZABETH MILLS.

A. J. BUCHANAN.

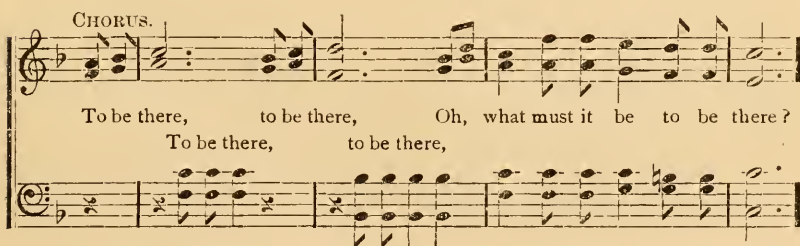


1. We sing of the land of the blest, A coun-try so bright and so fair,  
 2. We sing of its path-ways of gold, Its walls decked with jewels so rare,  
 3. We sing of its peace and its love, The robes which the glo-ri-fied wear,  
 4. We sing of its free-dom from sin, From sor-row, tempta-tion and care,  
 5. Dear Lord in our pleas-ure or woe, For heav-en our spir-its pre-pare,

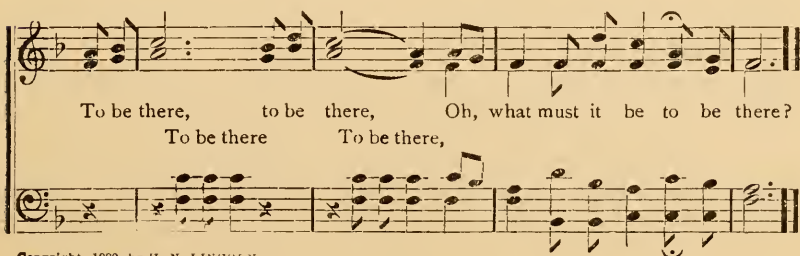


And oft are its glo-ries con-fest, But what must it be to be there?  
 Its won-ders and pleasures un told, But what must it be to be there?  
 The songs of the bless-ed a-bove, But what must it be to be there?  
 From tri-als with-out and with-in, But what must it be to be there?  
 Then soon to that land we will go, And *know* what it is to be there?

CHORUS.



To be there, to be there, Oh, what must it be to be there?  
 To be there, to be there,



To be there, to be there, Oh, what must it be to be there?  
 To be there To be there,

## No. 53.

## Consecration.

HAVERGAL.  
*Earnestly.*

H. N. LINCOLN.



1. Take my life, and let it be Con-se-crat-ed, Lord to thee;  
 2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti-ful for thee;  
 3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes-sag-es for thee;  
 4. Take my mo-ments, and my days, Let them flow in end-less praise;  
 5. Take my will, and make it thine: It shall be no long-er mine;  
 6. Take my love, my Lord, I pour At thy feet its treas-ure store!

Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of thy love.  
 Take my voice and let me sing Al-ways, on-ly, for my King.  
 Take my sil-ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold.  
 Take my in-tel-lect, and use Ev-'ry-pon'r as thou shalt choose.  
 Take my heart, it is thine own, It shall be thy roy-al throne.  
 Take my-self and I will be Ev-er, on-ly, all for thee!

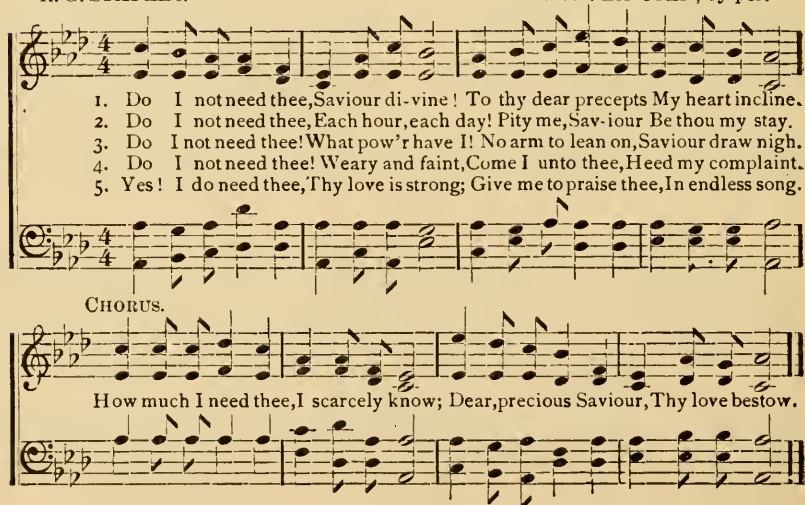
## No. 54.

## Do I not need Thee?

R. G. STAPLES.

"Without me ye can do nothing." John 15: 5.

H. N. LINCOLN, by per.



1. Do I not need thee, Saviour di-vine! To thy dear precepts My heart incline.  
 2. Do I not need thee, Each hour, each day! Pity me, Sav-iour Be thou my stay.  
 3. Do I not need thee! What pow'r have I! No arm to lean on, Saviour draw nigh.  
 4. Do I not need thee! Weary and faint, Come I unto thee, Heed my complaint.  
 5. Yes! I do need thee, Thy love is strong; Give me to praise thee, In endless song.

CHORUS.  
 How much I need thee, I scarcely know; Dear, precious Saviour, Thy love bestow.



# No. 55. While the Days are Going by.

GEO. COOPER.

A. J. BUCHANAN.



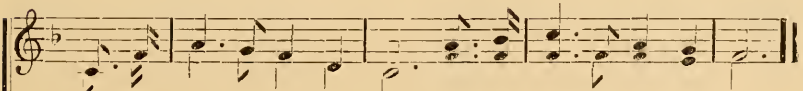
1. There are lone - ly hearts to cher-ish, While the days are go - ing by,
2. There's no time for i - dle scorn-ing While the days are go - ing by,
3. All the lov - ing links that bind us While the days are go - ing by.



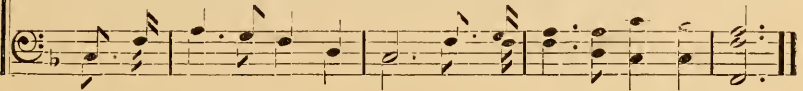
There are ma - ny souls who per - ish While the days are go - ing by;  
 Let your face be like the morn ing While the days are go - ing by;  
 One by one we leave be-hind us While the days are go - ing by;



If a smile we can re - new, While our jour ney we pur - sue:  
 Oh, the world is full of sighs Full of sad and weep-ing eyes,  
 But the seeds of good we sow Both in shade and shine will grow,



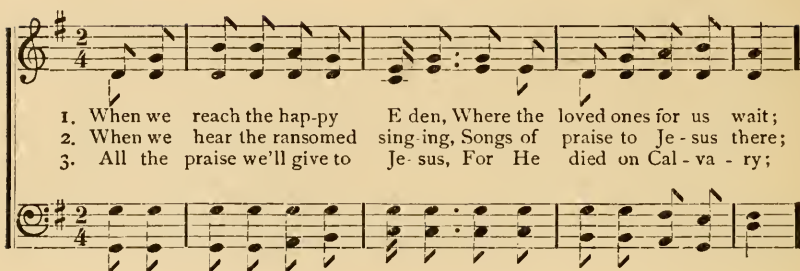
Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are go - ing by.  
 Help a fal - len broth - er rise While the days are go - ing by.  
 And will keep our hearts a - glow While the days are go - ing by.



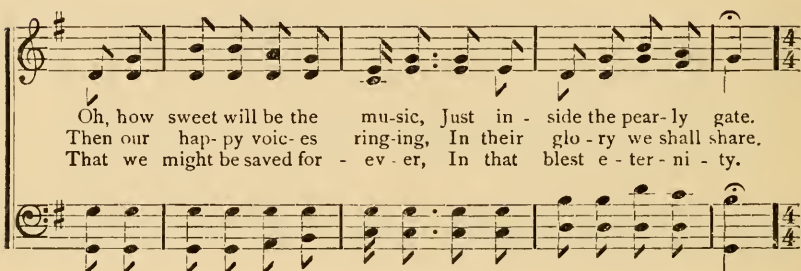
## No. 56.

## The Beautiful Eden Above.

Words and Music by A. J. BUCHANAN.

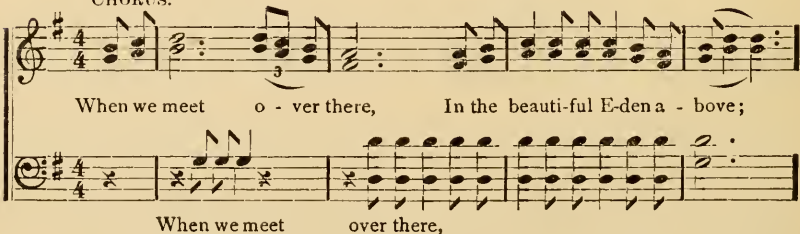


1. When we reach the hap-py E den, Where the loved ones for us wait;  
 2. When we hear the ransomed sing-ing, Songs of praise to Je-sus there;  
 3. All the praise we'll give to Je-sus, For He died on Cal-va-ry;



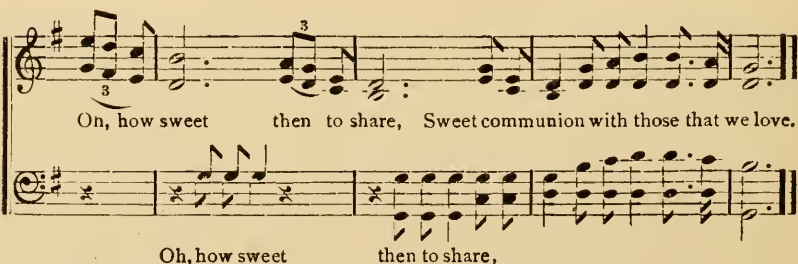
Oh, how sweet will be the mu-sic, Just in-side the pear-ly gate.  
 Then our hap-py voic-es ring-ing, In their glo-ry we shall share.  
 That we might be saved for-ev-er, In that blest e-ter-ni-ty.

## CHORUS.



When we meet o-ver there, In the beau-ti-ful E-den a-bove;

When we meet over there,



Oh, how sweet then to share, Sweet communion with those that we love.

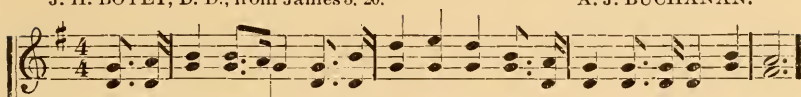
Oh, how sweet then to share,

## No. 57.

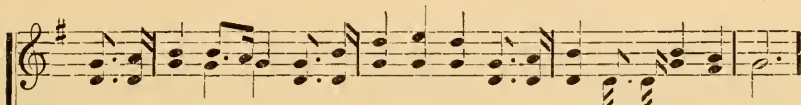
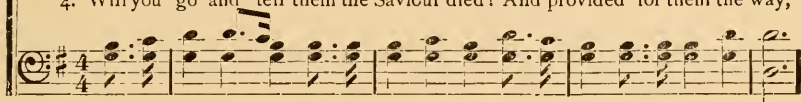
## Seeking The Lost.

Written after hearing a sermon by  
J. H. BOYET, D. D., from James 5, 20.

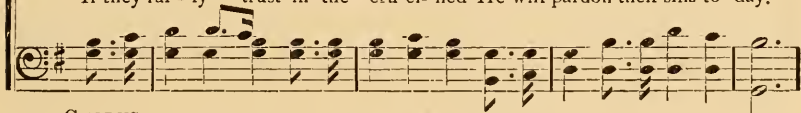
Words and Music by  
A. J. BUCHANAN.



1. Will you go and speak to the lost ones here? To the ones who have gone astray,
2. Will you go and speak to the sinners blind? And who walk in midnight gloom,
3. Will you tell them all if they will believe? That their souls will be truly blest,
4. Will you go and tell them the Saviour died? And provided for them the way,



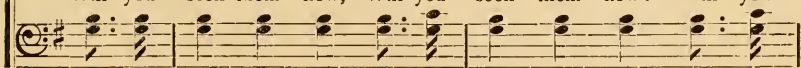
Will you lead them back to the Shepherd's fold? From their wand'rings in sin's dark way.  
Will you bear some light to their darken'd mind? Will you tell them their coming doom?  
For the Saviour said that they shall receive Precious blessings of peace and rest.  
If they ful-ly trust in the cru-ci-fied He will pardon their sins to-day.



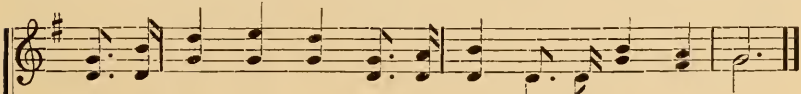
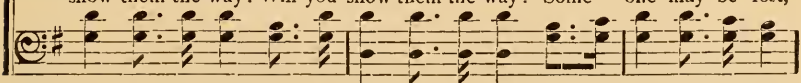
## CHORUS.



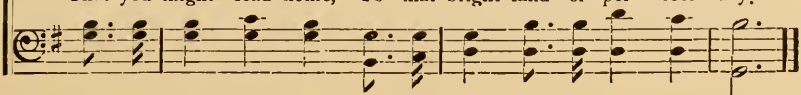
Will you seek them now? Will you seek them now? Will you  
Will you seek them now, Will you seek them now? Will you



show them the way?  
show them the way? Will you show them the way? Some one may be lost,



That you might lead home, To that bright land of per-fect day.



# No. 58. As Doves to their Windows.

W. E. PENN.

H. N. LINCOLN, by per.

*Quartette legato.*

1. As doves to their win-dows, when darkness draws nigh My souls in its longings to  
2. The win- dows of heav - en stand open and wide Where earth's weary pilgrims may  
3. The storm clouds are gath'ring the tempest is high The day is far spent and the  
4. Then come trembling sin-ner, no long- er de- lay, As doves to their windows fly

Je - sus would fly, When dark waves of sor - row would o - ver me roll, In  
ev - er a-bide, Why then do we tar - ry in dark- ness and sin, When  
dark night is nigh Why then stand we i - dle' mid dan- gers so great, We  
quick - ly a - way, A - way from the sins that will sink thy poor soul, Where

*p* REFRAIN. *cres.*  
Je - sus my Saviour, there's rest for my soul. As doves to their win - dows, when  
Je - sus is wait ing to welcome us in. know that this moment may close mercy's gate. As doves to their windows when  
dark waves of death must eter-na- ly roll.

*dim.* *p* *m*  
dark - ness is nigh, As doves to their win - - dows, when  
darkness is nigh when darkness is nigh, As doves to their windows when

# As Doves to their Windows. Concluded.

*cres.* . . . . . *ff* *dim.* *f*

tem - - pests are high There's ref - uge in Je - sus for  
tempests are high when tempests are high

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The tempo/mood markings are *cres.*, *ff*, *dim.*, and *f*. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

*con express ad lib.* *m*

each wear-y soul When dark waves of sorrow, would o - ver me roll,  
o - ver me roll.

The musical score continues with two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat. The tempo/mood marking is *con express ad lib.* and *m*. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

No. 59.

## Thy will be Done.

LYDIA SIGOURNEY.

H. N. LINCOLN, by per.

1. When with unclouded ray Shines the bright Sun, When sum-mer streamlets play,  
2. Yes when the flow'rs of love Fade one by one, When in its blast-ed grove,

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat. The time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

And all a-round seems gay Then shall the spir - it say, Thy will be done.  
Each with'ring heart doth rove Then say and look a-bove, Thy will be done.

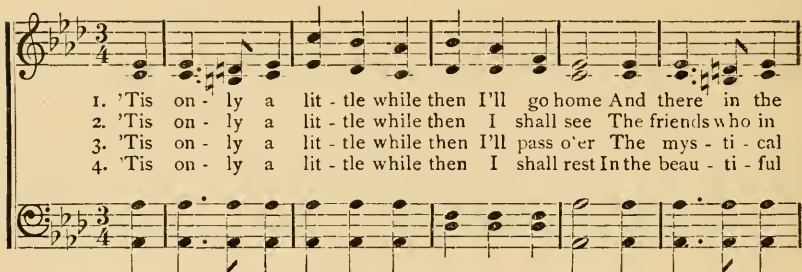
The musical score continues with two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat. The time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.



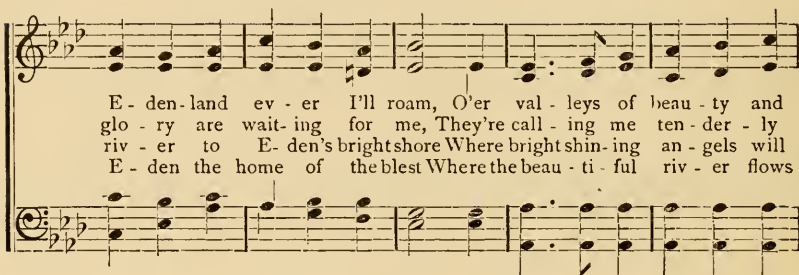
## No. 60.

## Only a Little While.

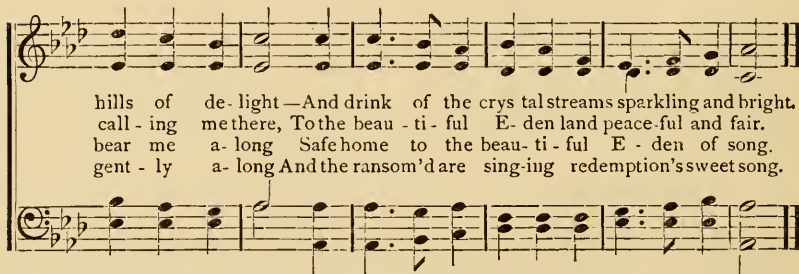
Words and Music by A. J. BUCHANAN.



1. 'Tis on - ly a lit - tle while then I'll go home And there in the  
 2. 'Tis on - ly a lit - tle while then I shall see The friends who in  
 3. 'Tis on - ly a lit - tle while then I'll pass o'er The mys - ti - cal  
 4. 'Tis on - ly a lit - tle while then I shall rest In the beau - ti - ful



E - den - land ev - er I'll roam, O'er val - leys of beau - ty and  
 glo - ry are wait - ing for me, They're call - ing me ten - der - ly  
 riv - er to E - den's bright shore Where bright shin - ing an - gels will  
 E - den the home of the blest Where the beau - ti - ful riv - er flows



hills of de - light—And drink of the crys - tal streams sparkling and bright,  
 call - ing me there, To the beau - ti - ful E - den land peace - ful and fair.  
 bear me a - long Safe home to the beau - ti - ful E - den of song.  
 gent - ly a - long And the ransom'd are sing - ing redemption's sweet song.

Copyright, 1889, by H. N. LINCOLN.

## No. 61.

Sweet Hour of Prayer.  
Key of D.

- 1 Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r!  
 That calls me from a world of care,  
 And bids me at my Father's throne  
 Make all my wants and wishes known;  
 In seasons of distress and grief,  
 My soul has often found relief,  
 ||: And oft escaped the tempter's snare,  
 By thy return, sweet hour of prayer. :||
- 2 Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r!  
 Thy wings shall my petition bear  
 To Him whose truth and faithfulness  
 Engage the waiting soul to bless.

And since He bids me seek His face,  
 Believe His word, and trust His grace,  
 ||: I'll cast on Him my ever care,  
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r! :||

- 3 Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r!  
 May I thy consolation share,  
 'Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,  
 I view my home and take my flight;  
 This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise  
 To seize the everlasting prize,  
 ||: And shout, while passing thro' the air,  
 Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r. :||

Words and Music by A. J. BUCHANAN.

1. Sin - ner, come to Je - sus, He waits to wel - come thee.  
 2. Sin - ner, come to Je - sus, He waits to ran - som thee.  
 3. Sin - ner, come to Je - sus, He waits to give to thee.  
 4. Sin - ner, come to Je - sus, He waits to car - ry thee.

Hear Him gent - ly plead - ing, Oh sin - ner, come to me.  
 On - ly come and trust Him, From sin He'll set you free.  
 Peace that pass - eth knowledge, A par - don full and free.  
 In His lov - ing bos - om, Safe o'er the Jas - per sea.

*D.S. Oh, the sad, sad end - ing, Of a soul that's lost.*

## CHORUS.

Can you slight His mer - cy? Stop and count the cost.

Copyright, 1889, by H. N. LINCOLN.

## No. 63.

Amazing Grace.

- 1 Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,  
 That saved a wretch like me!  
 I once was lost, but now am found;  
 Was blind, but now I see.

CHO.—O how I love Jesus, O how I love  
 Jesus,  
 O how I love Jesus, because He  
 first loved me.

- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
 And grace my fears relieved;

How precious did that grace appear,  
 The hour I first believed.

- 3 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,  
 I have already come:  
 'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far,  
 And grace that leads me home.
- 4 The Lord has promised good to me,  
 His word my hope secures;  
 He will my shield and portion be,  
 As long as life endures.

## No. 64.

## Already Condemned.

He that believeth not, is condemned already. John 3: 18.

FANNY CROSBY. Suggested by H. N. L.

H. N. LINCOLN.

1. God so loved the world that in mer - cy He gave, His Son as a  
 2. Al - read - y condemned in the sight of the Lord, Be - cause thou art  
 3. Al - read - y condemned un - be - liev - er thou art, O think what a  
 4. Al - read - y condemned wilt thou turn from thy sin! Then list to the

ran - som lost sin - ners to save, O thou who hast nev - er be -  
 turn - ing a - way from His word, Thou choos - est the e - vil re -  
 sen - tence hangs o - ver thy heart, Yet why wilt thou per - ish? when  
 spir - it now plead - ing with - in Thro' faith and re - pen - tance yield

- lieved on His name, Re - mem - ber the truth that the scriptures pro - claim.  
 - ject - est the right, Thou lov - est the dark ness far bet - ter than light.  
 thou can'st be free, If thou wilt ac - cept it there's par - don for thee.  
 Je - sus thy heart, De - lay not a mo - ment but come as thou art.

Con - demned, con - demned, On Je - sus the Saviour thou hast not believed,  
 Condemned, condemned, Already condemned,

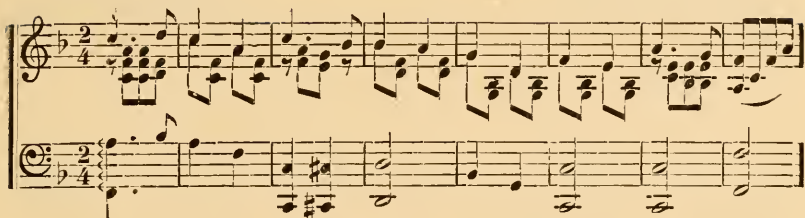
Con - demned, con - demned, The life that He off - ers thou hast not received.  
 Condemned, condemned, Already condemned,

# No. 65.

# Evening Prayer.

Arr. by per. from  
ANNIE HARRISON.

Music arr. and Words by  
H. N. LINCOLN.



1. When the toil - some day is o - ver, To my Fa - ther I re - pair,  
2. Tho' I'm sin - ful and un - worth - y, Yet a bless - ing I would claim,

And in hum - ble, true de - vo - tion, Breathe to Him my eve - ning pray'r.  
Not thro' self nor hu - man mer - it, But thro' Thy Al - might - y name:

SOLO.

Bless - ed Fa - ther I am thank - ful For thy bless - ings thro' this day,  
May Thy spir - it guard and guide me, While I sleep and when I wake,

All I've done a - miss for give me, Take my na - ny sins a - way.  
And at last in heav - en crown me, All I ask for Je - sus' sake. A - MEN.

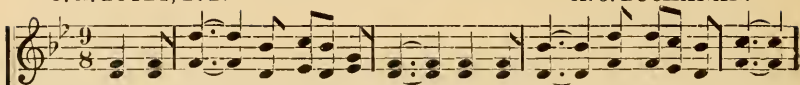


## No. 66.

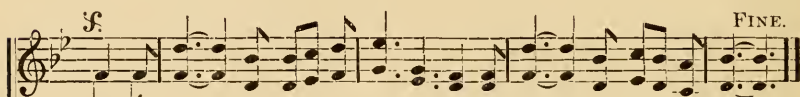
## Blessed Shepherd.

J. H. BOYET, D. D.

A. J. BUCHANAN.



1. Blessed Shep-herd of my soul, Let me in Thy presence be;  
 2. Mighty Shep-herd of my life, In Thy arms I help less fall;  
 3. Blessed Shep-herd of my soul, Let me on Thy bos-om rest;  
 4. Shepherd Bish-op of the sheep, Dost Thou love the one a-stray?



If in sor-row I should wander, Blessed Shep-herd be with me.  
 Leave one not a-lone to per-ish, Save me when on Thee I call.  
 Lean ing there and sweet-ly trusting, I shall be for-ev-er blest.  
 On the mount-ain wild and drear-y, Bring him to Thy fold to-day.

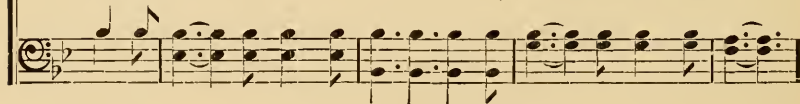


*D.S.—Till this wear-y life is end ed, And these tears are wiped a-way.*

## CHORUS.

*D.S.*

Blessed Shep-herd ev-er lead me, Be my com-fort day by day;



## No. 67.

Come, Holy Spirit,  
 Ortonville,  
 Key of B $\flat$ .

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,  
 With all thy quick'ning powers;  
 Kindle a flame of sacred love  
 In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 In vain we tune our formal songs  
 In vain we strive to rise:  
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
 And our devotion dies.

- 3 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live  
 At this poor dying rate;  
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
 And thine to us so great?

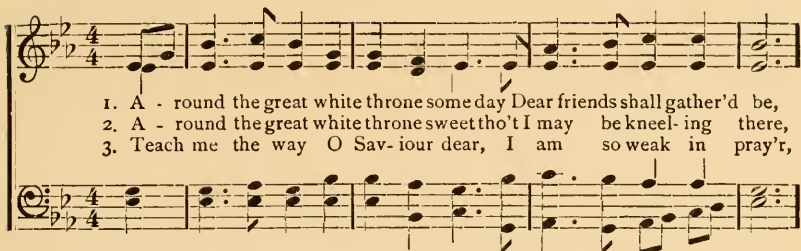
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
 With all Thy quick'ning powers;  
 Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
 And that shall kindle ours.



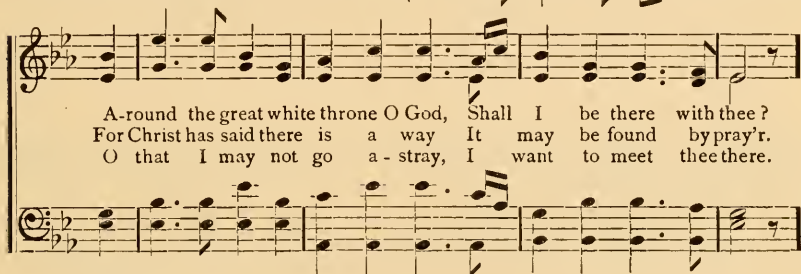
# No. 68. Around the Great White Throne.

ABBIE C. MCKEEVER.

H. N. LINCOLN.

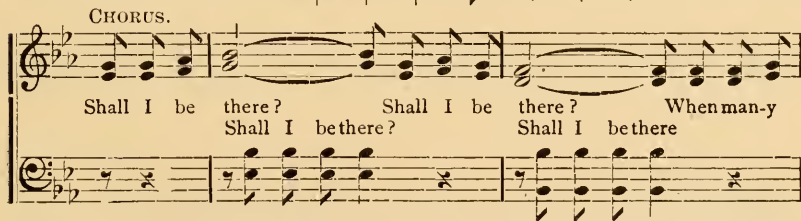


1. A - round the great white throne some day Dear friends shall gather'd be,  
 2. A - round the great white throne sweet tho't I may be kneel- ing there,  
 3. Teach me the way O Sav- iour dear, I am so weak in pray'r,




A-round the great white throne O God, Shall I be there with thee?  
 For Christ has said there is a way It may be found by pray'r.  
 O that I may not go a - stray, I want to meet thee there.

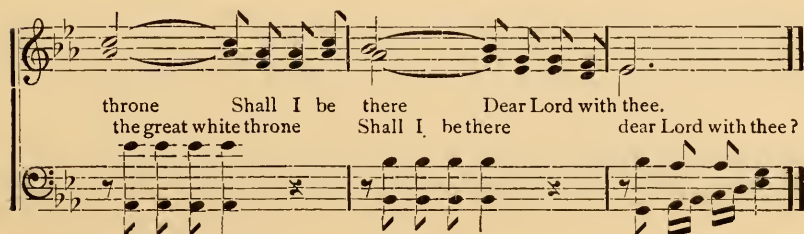
CHORUS.



Shall I be there? Shall I be there? When man-y  
 Shall I be there? Shall I be there



friends Shall gather'd be Around the throne The great white  
 When many friends Shall gather'd be Around the throne

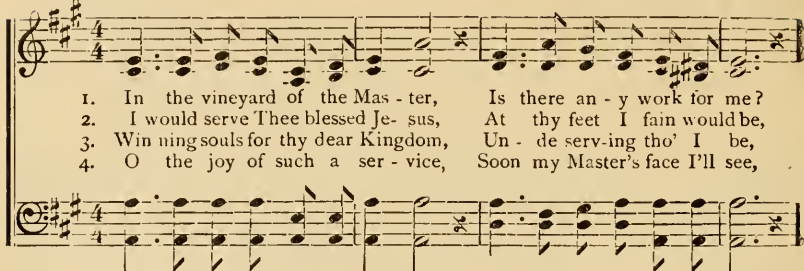


throne Shall I be there Dear Lord with thee.  
 the great white throne Shall I be there dear Lord with thee?

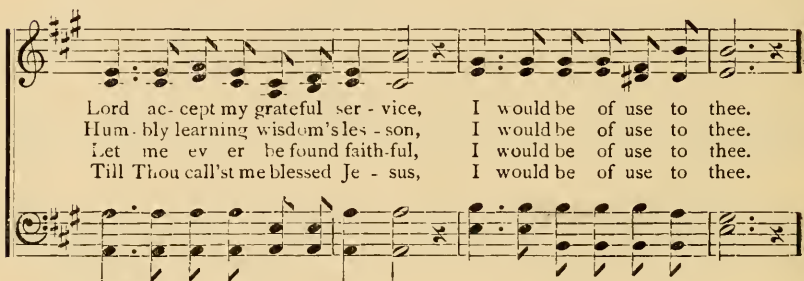
# No. 69. I would Be of use to Thee.

H. N. LINCOLN

F. A. BLACKMER.

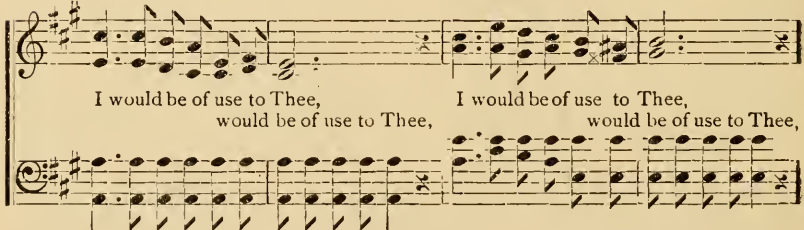


1. In the vineyard of the Mas - ter, Is there an - y work for me?  
 2. I would serve Thee blessed Je - sus, At thy feet I fain would be,  
 3. Win ning souls for thy dear Kingdom, Un - de serv - ing tho' I be,  
 4. O the joy of such a ser - vice, Soon my Master's face I'll see,

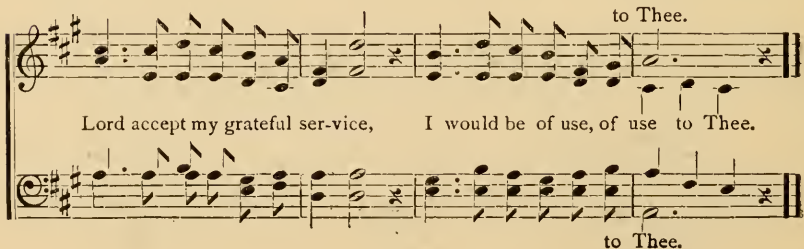


Lord ac - cept my grateful ser - vice, I would be of use to thee.  
 Hum - bly learning wisdom's les - son, I would be of use to thee.  
 Let me ev - er be found faith - ful, I would be of use to thee.  
 Till Thou call'st me blessed Je - sus, I would be of use to thee.

## CHORUS.



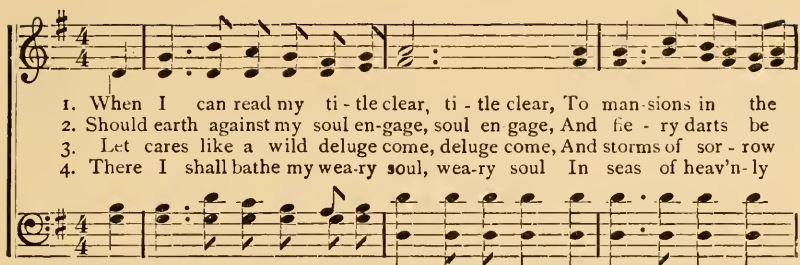
I would be of use to Thee, I would be of use to Thee,  
 would be of use to Thee, would be of use to Thee,



Lord accept my grateful ser - vice, I would be of use, of use to Thee.  
 to Thee.

# No. 70. When I can read my Title Clear.

Arr. by H. N. LINCOLN.

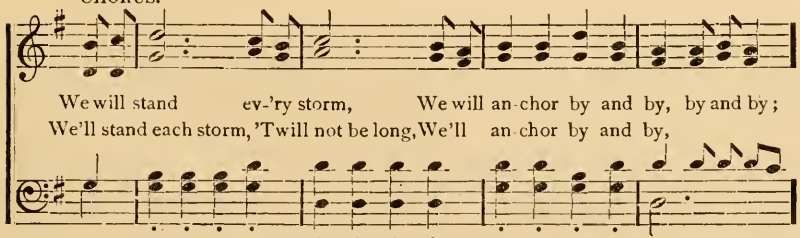


1. When I can read my ti - tle clear, ti - tle clear, To man - sions in the  
 2. Should earth against my soul en - gage, soul en gage, And fie - ry darts be  
 3. Let cares like a wild deluge come, deluge come, And storms of sor - row  
 4. There I shall bathe my wea - ry soul, wea - ry soul In seas of heav'n - ly

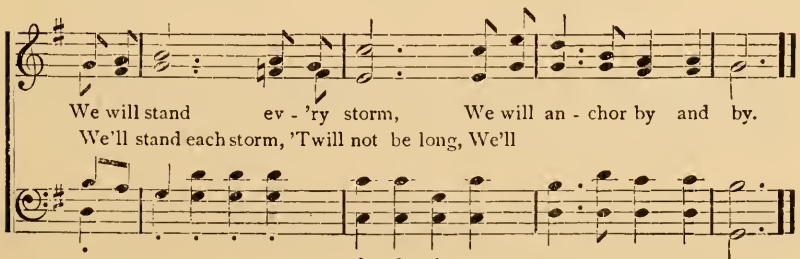


skies, in the skies, I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.  
 hurled, darts be hurled, Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frowning world.  
 fall, sorrow fall, May I but safely reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.  
 rest, heav'nly rest, And not a wave of trouble roll A - cross my peaceful breast.

## CHORUS.



We will stand ev'ry storm, We will an - chor by and by, by and by;  
 We'll stand each storm, 'Twill not be long, We'll an chor by and by,



We will stand ev - 'ry storm, We will an - chor by and by.  
 We'll stand each storm, 'Twill not be long, We'll

## No. 71.

## Some Day.

And they sing the song of Moses and the Lamb. Rev. 15 : 3.

E. E. REXFORD.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

DUET.

*Slow. with expression.*

1. I hear a song, a song so sweet, I try all vain - ly to re -  
 2. Some day my jour - ney will be done, Earth will be lost and heav en  
 3. "Some day" I say con tent to wait The ope - ning of the jas - per  
 4. When comesthe time for me to go, The homeward path I may not

- peat, Its mel - o - dy and feel - ing say, I'll sing it if God will someday.  
 won; And when the long rough way is trod, I shall be - hold the face of God.  
 gate, Come soon or late that day will be The dawn of end - less rest to me.  
 know, But in God's hand my own I'll lay, And He will lead me home "some day."

## CHORUS.

Some day some happy, day to be, My voice will learn its mel - o - dy.  
 Some happy day, a day to be My voice will learn its melody.

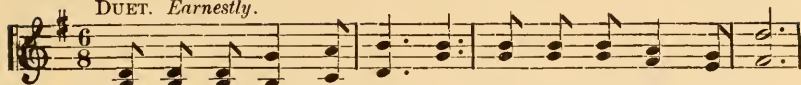
*cres.* *ritard.*  
 And I shall sing the songs so sweet, Of rest and heav'n at Je - sus' feet.

# No. 72. Seek first the Kingdom of God.

Words and Music by H. N. LINCOLN, by per.

*Moderato.*

DUET. *Earnestly.*



1. Trav-'ler on life's great high-way, Striv-ing for earth-ly dross,
2. See to it now my broth-er, Be not de-ceived I pray,
3. Vain are the world's al-lur-ments, Fleet-ing the joys of sin,



Though you a-mass a for-tune, Yet it may prove a loss,  
Shun the broad road of fol-ly, En-ter the nar-row way,  
Fail not to seek God's King-dom, Je-sus will let you in,

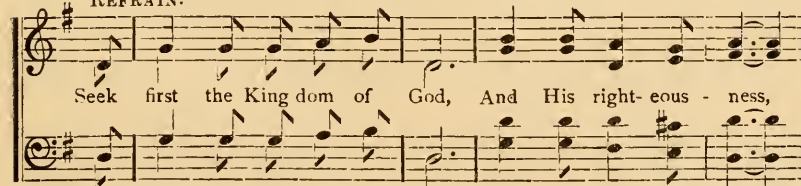


Come to our Fa-ther's King-dom, En-ter His peace-ful fold,  
Look to your fu-ture wel-fare, While the bright mo-ments roll,  
Then to you shall be add-ed, Rich-es in earth-ly store,

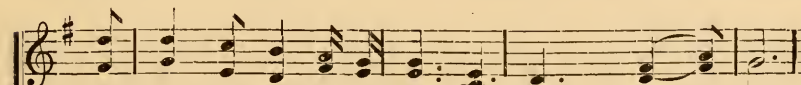


Here you will find a treas-ure, More to be sought than gold,  
When this brief life is end-ed, How then will fare your soul?  
All that you need He'll give you, How could you wish for more?

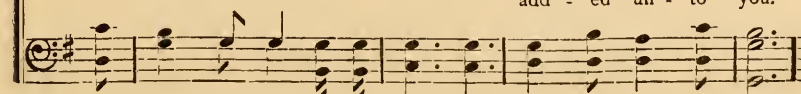
REFRAIN.



Seek first the King dom of God, And His right-eous-ness,



And all these things Shall be add-ed un-to you.  
add-ed un-to you.



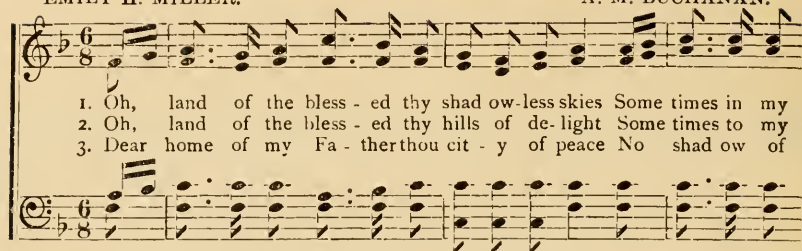
From "Harvest Bells," No. 3.



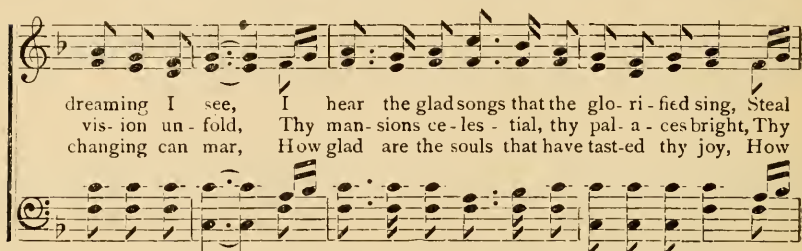
# No. 73. Oh Land of the Blessed.

EMILY H. MILLER.

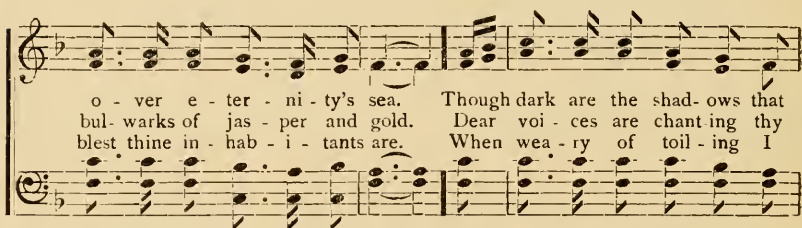
A. M. BUCHANAN.



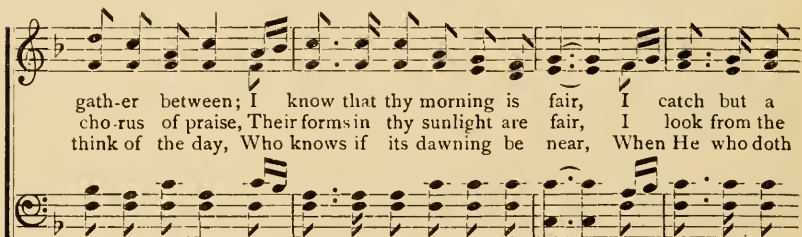
1. Oh, land of the bless - ed thy shad ow-less skies Some times in my  
 2. Oh, land of the bless - ed thy hills of de-light Some times to my  
 3. Dear home of my Fa - therthou cit - y of peace No shad ow of



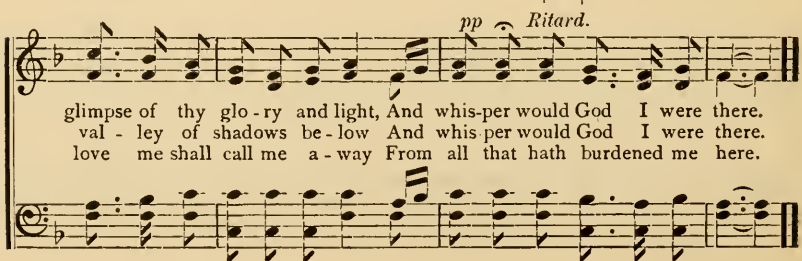
dreaming I see, I hear the glad songs that the glo - ri - fied sing, Steal  
 vis - ion un - fold, Thy man - sions ce - les - tial, thy pal - a - ces bright, Thy  
 changing can mar, How glad are the souls that have tast - ed thy joy, How



o - ver e - ter - ni - ty's sea. Though dark are the shad - ows that  
 bul - warks of jas - per and gold. Dear voi - ces are chant ing thy  
 blest thine in - hab - i - tants are. When wea - ry of toil - ing I



gath - er between; I know that thy morning is fair, I catch but a  
 cho - rus of praise, Their forms in thy sunlight are fair, I look from the  
 think of the day, Who knows if its dawning be near, When He who doth

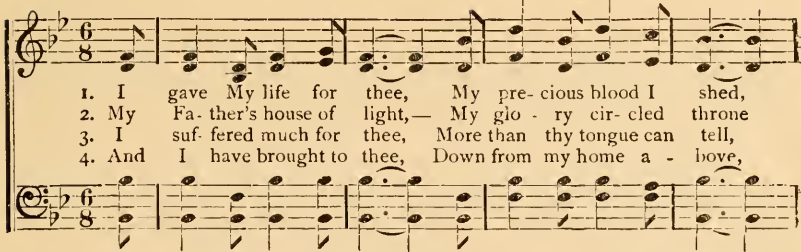


*pp Ritard.*  
 glimpse of thy glo - ry and light, And whis - per would God I were there.  
 val - ley of shadows be - low And whis - per would God I were there.  
 love me shall call me a - way From all that hath burdened me here.

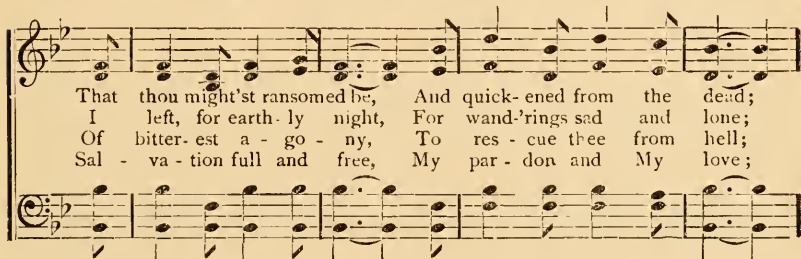
# No. 74. I gave My Life for Thee.

F. R. HAVERGAL,

A. J. BUCHANAN.  
Colorado City, Tex. Sept. 19, 1889.



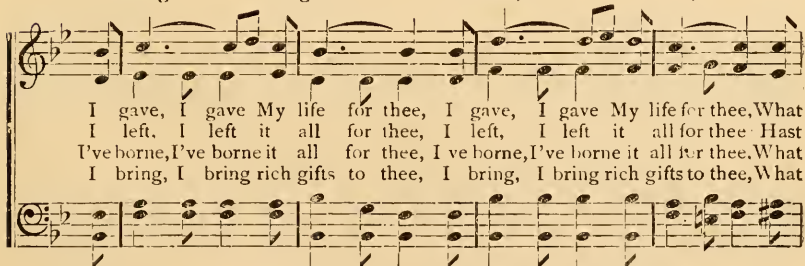
1. I gave My life for thee, My pre-cious blood I shed,  
2. My Fa-ther's house of light,— My glo-ry cir-cled throne  
3. I suf-fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,  
4. And I have brought to thee, Down from my home a - boye,



That thou might'st ransomed be, And quick-ened from the dead;  
I left, for earth-ly night, For wand-rings sad and lone;  
Of bitter-est a-go-ny, To res-cue thee from hell;  
Sal-va-tion full and free, My par-don and My love;

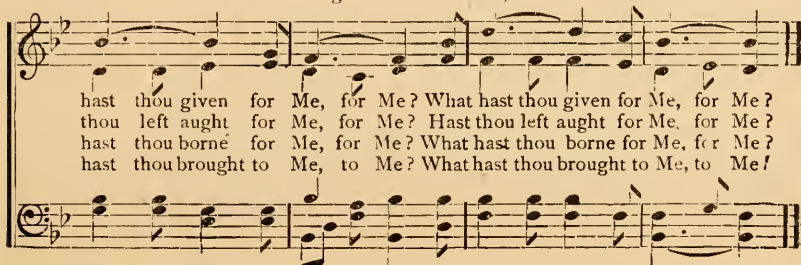
REFRAIN.

I gave	My life	for thee,	for thee,	What
I left,	it all	for thee,	for thee,	Hast
I've borne	it all	for thee,	for thee,	What
I bring	rich gifts	to thee,	to thee,	What



I gave, I gave My life for thee, I gave, I gave My life for thee, What  
I left, I left it all for thee, I left, I left it all for thee, Hast  
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What  
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What

hast	thou given	for Me,	for Me?
thou	left aught	for Me,	for Me?
hast	thou borne	for Me,	for Me?
hast	thou brought	to Me,	to Me?



hast thou given for Me, for Me? What hast thou given for Me, for Me?  
thou left aught for Me, for Me? Hast thou left aught for Me, for Me?  
hast thou borne for Me, for Me? What hast thou borne for Me, for Me?  
hast thou brought to Me, to Me? What hast thou brought to Me, to Me!

## No. 75.

## Tell it Out.

Go ye therefore and teach all nations. Matthew 28: 10.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

H. N. LINCOLN.

1. Tell it out a-mong the na-tions that the Lord is King,  
 2. Tell it out a-mong the peo-ple that the Sav-iour reigns,  
 3. Tell it out a-mong the peo-ple Je-sus reigns a-bove,

Tell it out, tell it out, tell it out, Tell it out among the na-tions,  
 Tell it out, tell it out, tell it out, Tell it out among the heathen,  
 Tell it out, tell it out, tell it out, Tell it out among the na-tions

bid them shout and sing, Tell it out, tell it out, tell it out,  
 bid them break their chains, Tell it out, tell it out, tell it out,  
 that His reign is Love, Tell it out, tell it out, tell it out,

Tell it out with a-dor-a-tion, that He will in-crease,  
 Tell it out a-mong the weep-ing ones that Je-sus lives,  
 Tell it out a-mong the high-ways and the lanes at home,

## Tell it Out.—Concluded.

That the mighty King of glo ry is the King of peace, Tell it out with ju - bi -  
 Tell it out among the weary ones what rest He gives, Tell it out a - mong the  
 Let it ring a - cross the moutains and the ocean's foam, That the weary heavy

- la - tion, let the song ne'er cease, Tell it out, tell it out, tell it out.  
 sin - ners that He came to save, Tell it out, tell it out, tell it out.  
 la - den need no long - er roam, Tell it out, tell it out, tell it out.

No. 76.

Buchanan. S. M.

C. S.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. O, what a lov - ing heart In Christ my Lord, I find,  
 2. He does not cast a - way, Un - grate - ful though I be,

CHO.—O may such kind - ness break, This stub-born heart and will,

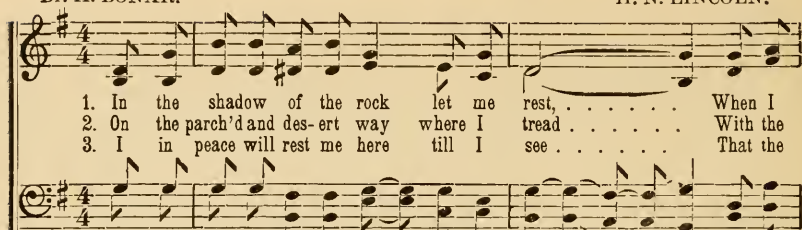
E'en when I from His side de - part, How mer - ci - ful and kind.  
 But guards and bless - es ev - 'ry day, And brings His peace to me.

That I may ev - 'ry sin for - sake, And ev - 'ry vow ful - fill.

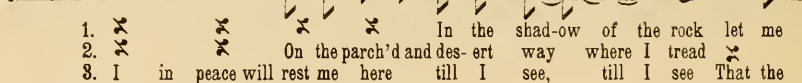
# No. 77. In the Shadow of the Rock Let me Rest.

Dr. H. BONAR.

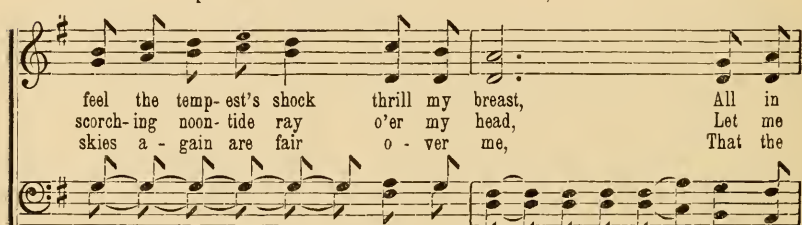
H. N. LINCOLN.



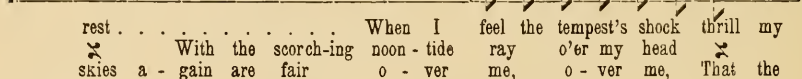
1. In the shadow of the rock let me rest, . . . . . When I  
 2. On the parch'd and des-ert way where I tread . . . . . With the  
 3. I in peace will rest me here till I see . . . . . That the



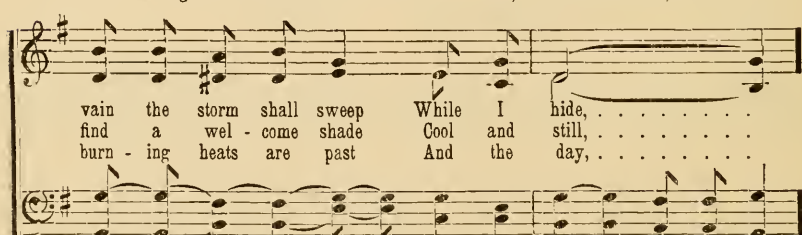
1. x x x x In the shad-ow of the rock let me  
 2. x x On the parch'd and des-ert way where I tread x  
 3. I in peace will rest me here till I see, till I see That the



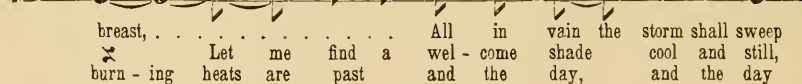
feel the temp-est's shock thrill my breast, All in  
 scorch-ing noon-tide ray o'er my head, Let me  
 skies a - gain are fair o - ver me, That the



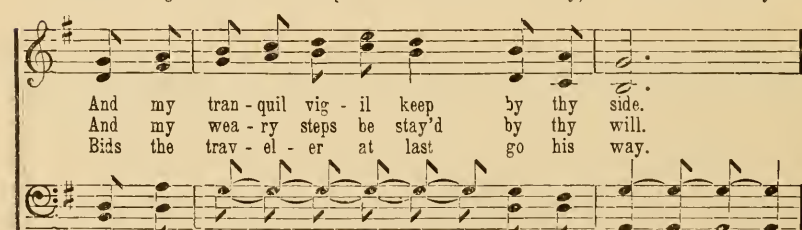
rest . . . . . When I feel the tempest's shock thrill my  
 x With the scorch-ing noon-tide ray o'er my head x  
 skies a - gain are fair o - ver me, o - ver me, That the



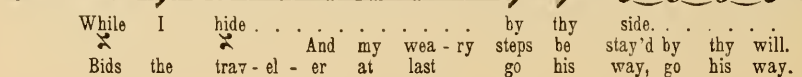
vain the storm shall sweep While I hide, . . . . .  
 find a wel - come shade Cool and still, . . . . .  
 burn - ing heats are past And the day, . . . . .



breast, . . . . . All in vain the storm shall sweep  
 x Let me find a wel - come shade cool and still,  
 burn - ing heats are past and the day, and the day



And my tran-quil vig - il keep by thy side.  
 And my wea - ry steps be stay'd by thy will.  
 Bids the trav - el - er at last go his way.

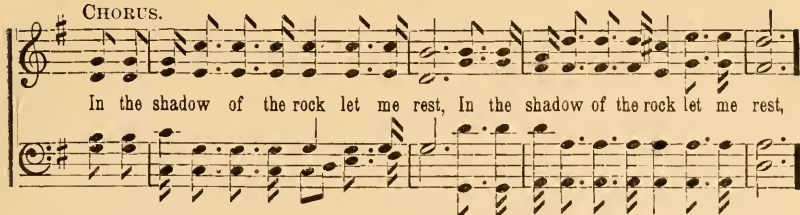


While I hide . . . . . by thy side. . . . .  
 x And my wea - ry steps be stay'd by thy will.  
 Bids the trav - el - er at last go his way, go his way.

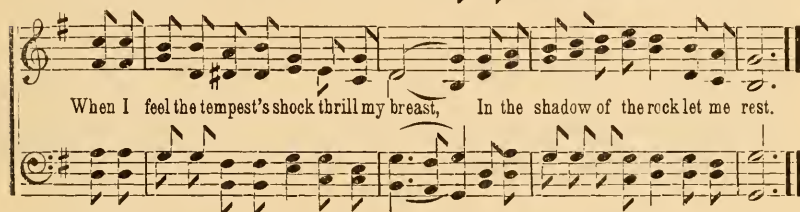


# In the Shadow of the Rock etc.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



In the shadow of the rock let me rest, In the shadow of the rock let me rest,

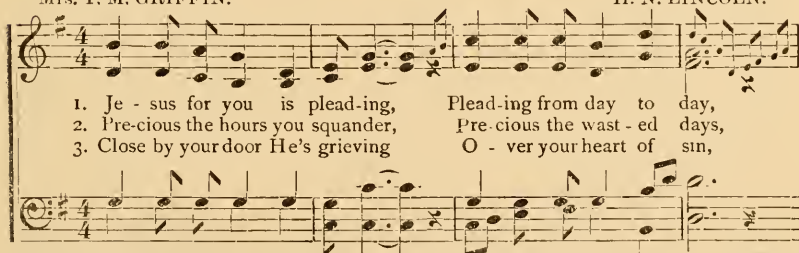


When I feel the tempest's shock thrill my breast, In the shadow of the rock let me rest.

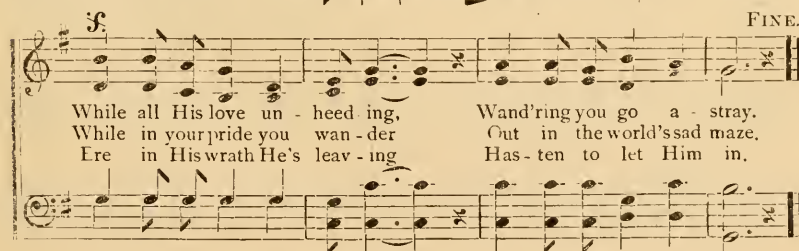
## No. 78. Jesus for You is Pleading.

Mrs. T. M. GRIFFIN.

H. N. LINCOLN.



1. Je - sus for you is plead-ing, Plead-ing from day to day,  
2. Pre-cious the hours you squander, Pre-cious the wast-ed days,  
3. Close by your door He's grieving O - ver your heart of sin,

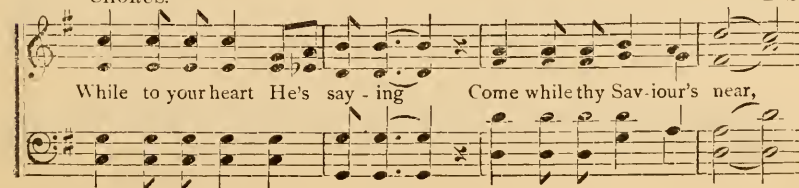


While all His love un - heed-ing, Wand'ring you go a - stray.  
While in your pride you wan-der Out in the world's sad maze.  
Ere in His wrath He's leav-ing Has - ten to let Him in.

*D.S.* How can you be de - lay-ing? Come while He's ling'ring near.

CHORUS.

*D.S.*



While to your heart He's say-ing Come while thy Sav-iour's near,

## No. 79.

## Never Ashamed of Jesus.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

To be sung as a Solo.

A. J. BUCHANAN.

*Legato.*

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man  
 2. A - sham'd of Je - sus! soon - er far Let even - ing blush  
 3. A - sham'd of Je - sus, that dear Friend On whom my hopes  
 4. A - sham'd of Je - sus! yes, I may, When I've no guilt

a - sham'd of Thee? A - sham'd of Thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose  
 to own a star; He sheds the beams of light di - vine O er  
 of heav'n de - pend! No, when I blush, be this my shame, That  
 to wash a - way, No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No

## CHORUS.

glo - ries shine thro' end - less days? A - sham'd of Je - sus my  
 this be - night - ed soul of mine.  
 I no more re - vere His Name.  
 fear to quell, no soul to save.

Sav - iour I nev - er, I nev - er can be . . .  
 Je - sus my Saviour, I nev - er, I nev - er, I nev - er can be,

For Je - sus my bless - ed Re - deem - er, Has died for me.  
 For Jesus my bless - ed, my blessed Redeemer, Has died on Calv'ry for me.

# No. 80.

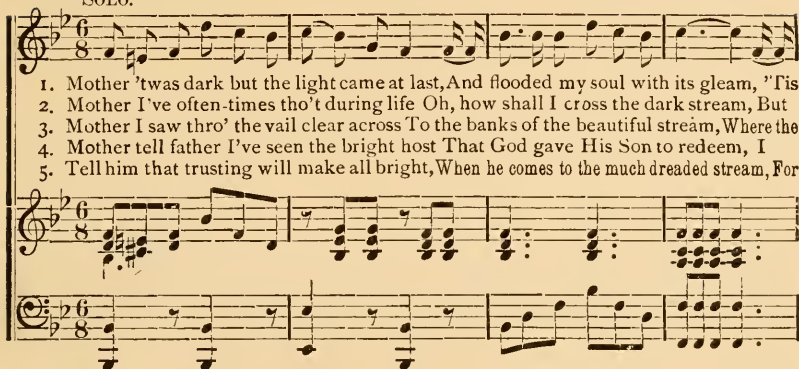
# Death is only a Dream.

The last words of a Minister's daughter.

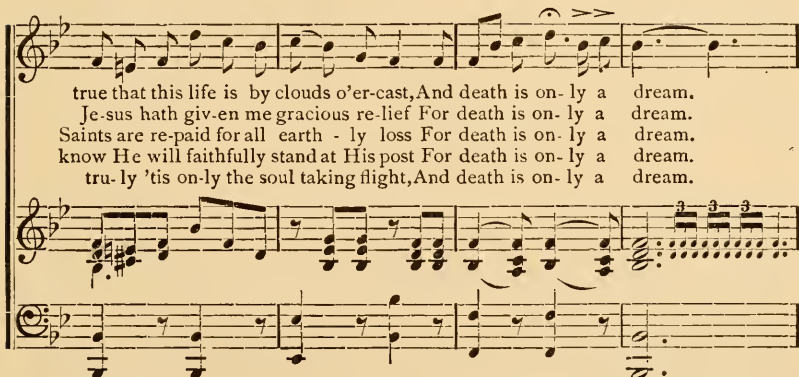
REV. H. B. PENDAR.

Music and Chorus by A. J. BUCHANAN.

SOLO.

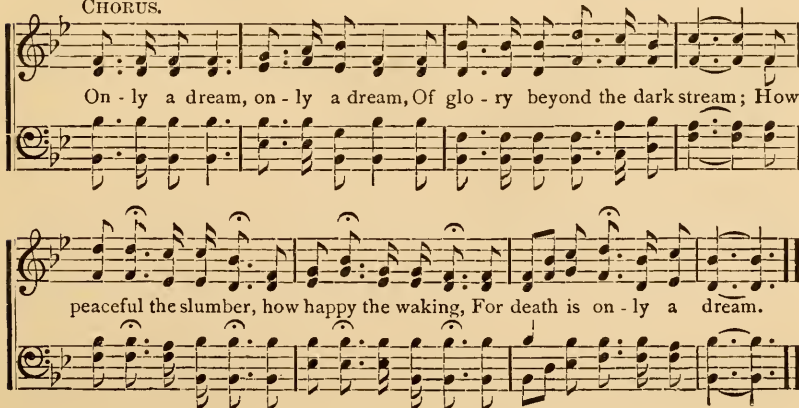


1. Mother 'twas dark but the light came at last, And flooded my soul with its gleam, 'Tis  
2. Mother I've often-times tho't during life Oh, how shall I cross the dark stream, But  
3. Mother I saw thro' the veil clear across To the banks of the beautiful stream, Where the  
4. Mother tell father I've seen the bright host That God gave His Son to redeem, I  
5. Tell him that trusting will make all bright, When he comes to the much dreaded stream, For



true that this life is by clouds o'er-cast, And death is on-ly a dream.  
Je-sus hath giv-en me gracious re-lief For death is on-ly a dream.  
Saints are re-paid for all earth - ly loss For death is on-ly a dream.  
know He will faithfully stand at His post For death is on-ly a dream.  
tru-ly 'tis on-ly the soul taking flight, And death is on-ly a dream.

CHORUS.



On - ly a dream, on - ly a dream, Of glo - ry beyond the dark stream; How  
peaceful the slumber, how happy the waking, For death is on - ly a dream.

## No. 81.

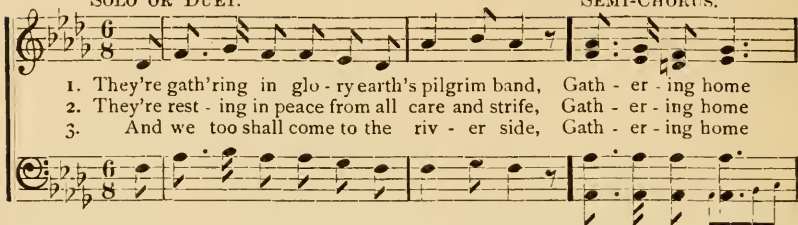
## Gathering Home.

Words arr.

SOLO OR DUET.

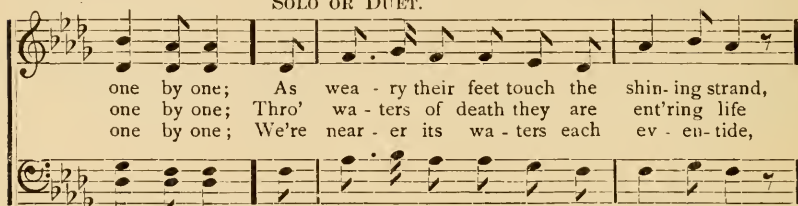
H. N. LINCOLN.

SEMI-CHORUS.



1. They're gath'ring in glo-ry earth's pilgrim band, Gath - er - ing home  
 2. They're rest - ing in peace from all care and strife, Gath - er - ing home  
 3. And we too shall come to the riv - er side, Gath - er - ing home

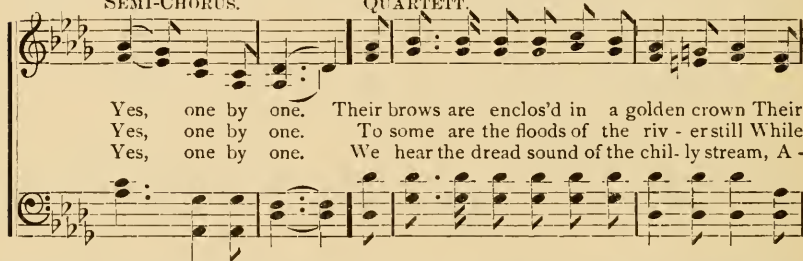
SOLO OR DUET.



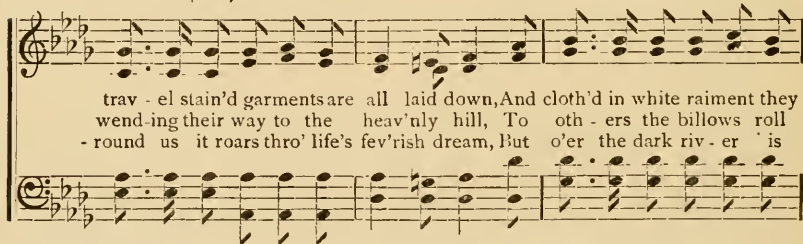
one by one; As wea - ry their feet touch the shin - ing strand,  
 one by one; Thro' wa - ters of death they are ent'ring life  
 one by one; We're near - er its wa - ters each ev - en - tide,

SEMI-CHORUS.

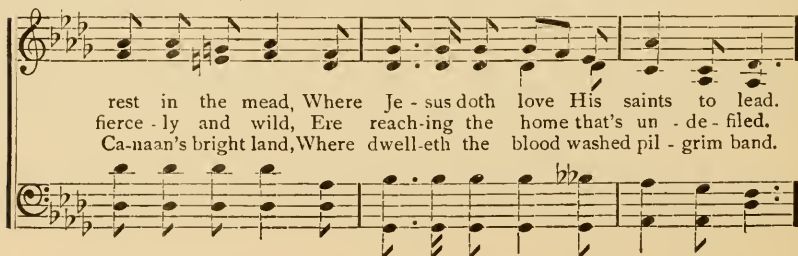
QUARTETT.



Yes, one by one. Their brows are enclos'd in a golden crown Their  
 Yes, one by one. To some are the floods of the riv - er still While  
 Yes, one by one. We hear the dread sound of the chil - ly stream, A -



trav - el stain'd garments are all laid down, And cloth'd in white raiment they  
 wend - ing their way to the heav'nly hill, To oth - ers the billows roll  
 - round us it roars thro' life's fev'rish dream, But o'er the dark riv - er 'is



rest in the mead, Where Je - sus doth love His saints to lead.  
 fierce - ly and wild, Ere reach - ing the home that's un - de - filed.  
 Ca - naan's bright land, Where dwell - eth the blood washed pil - grim band.



# Gathering Home. Concluded.

FULL CHORUS.

Gath - er - ing home, gath - er - ing home, Ford'ing the riv - er one by one;

Gath - er - ing home, gath - er - ing home, Yes, one by one.

No. 82.

## Evening Blessing.

H. N. LINCOLN.

*Softly.*

1. Sav iour, breathe an even - ing bless - ing, Ho - ly one, ho - ly one;  
2. Though destruc - tion walk a - round us, Ho - ly one, ho - ly one;  
3. Though the night be dark and drea - ry, Ho - ly one, ho - ly one;  
4. Should our death this night o'er - take us, Ho - ly one, ho - ly one;

Sin and want we come con - fess - ing, Ho - ly one, Ho - ly one.  
An gel guards from Thee sur - round us, Ho - ly one, Ho - ly one.  
Yet Thine eye doth nev - er wea - ry, Ho - ly one, Ho - ly one.  
May the morn in heav'n a - wake us, Ho - ly one, Ho - ly one.



# No. 83. The Dead in Christ shall Rise.

Suggested by the picture of a departed friend.

"And the dead in Christ shall rise first." 1 Thess. 4-16.

Words and Music by A. J. BUCHANAN.

SOPRANOS SOLI.

ALTOS.

1. The dead in Christ shall rise, The dead in Christ shall rise,  
 2. O con - so - la - tion sweet, O con - so - la - tion sweet,  
 3. Oh speed the com - ing day, Oh speed the com - ing day,  
 4. Then let us la - bor on, Then let us la - bor on,

SOPRANOS. ALTOS.  
 When Je - sus comes a - gain, When Je - sus comes a - gain,  
 This bless - ed prom - ise gives, This bless - ed prom - ise gives,  
 That bless - ed morn so fair, That bless - ed morn so fair,  
 Oh let us watch and wait, Oh let us watch and wait,

And meet Him in the skies, And with Him ev - er reign.  
 That dear ones we shall meet, Where Christ our Sav - iour lives.  
 When Christ the Lord will say, Ye shall my glo - ry share.  
 For soon the time will come, To ope the pearl - y gate.

# No. 84.

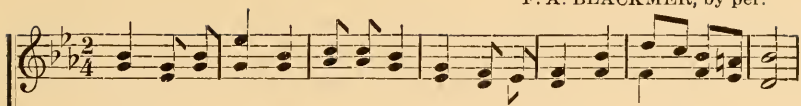
How Firm a Foundation.  
 Key of A.

- 1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
 Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!  
 What more can He say than to you He hath said—  
 You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?
- 2 In every condition—in sickness, in health,  
 In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,  
 At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,—  
 As thy day may demand, shall thy strength ever be.
- 3 E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove  
 My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;  
 And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,  
 Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
- 4 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,  
 I will not, I will not desert to its foes;  
 That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,  
 I'll never, no never, no never, forsake!

## No. 85.

## Newcomb. L. M.

F. A. BLACKMER, by per.



1. Show pit- y, Lord, O Lord forgive! Let a re- pent- ing reb - el live;
2. My crimes are great, but can't surpass The power and glory of Thy grace;
3. Oh, wash my soul from every sin, And make my guilt- y conscience clean;
4. Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord, Whose hope still hov'ring round Thy word,



Are not Thy mercies large and free? May not a sin - ner trust in Thee?  
 Great God, Thy na ture hath no bound, So let Thy pardon - ing love be found.  
 Here on my heart the bur- den lies, And past of - fen - ces pain mine eyes.  
 Would light on some sweet promise there, Some sure support a- gainst des - pair.



## No. 86.

## Windham.

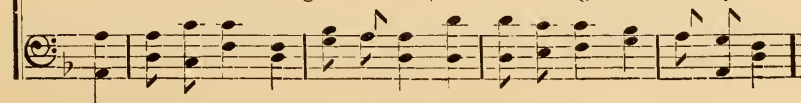
DANIEL READ.



1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to - gether there,
2. De - ny thy self and take the cross Is the Re- deemer's great command,



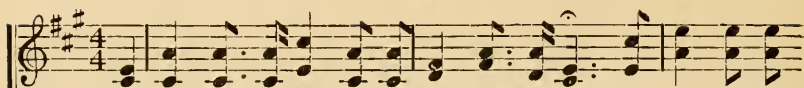
But wisdom shows a nar row path, With here and there a tra - vel- er.  
 Na - ture must count her gold but dross, If she would gain this heav'nly land.



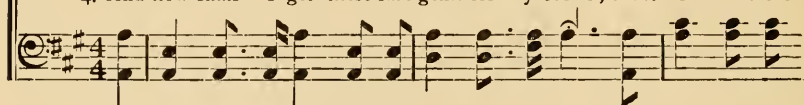

# No. 87. Working for the Crown.

Words by Mrs. H. A. MABRY.

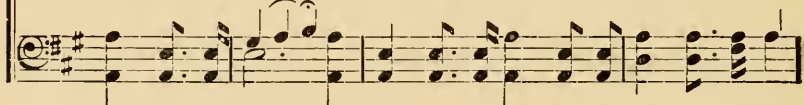
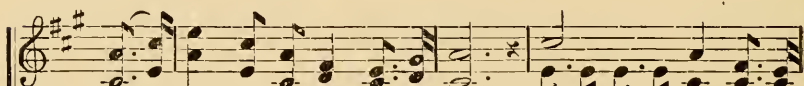
Music & Chorus by H. A. R. HORTON.



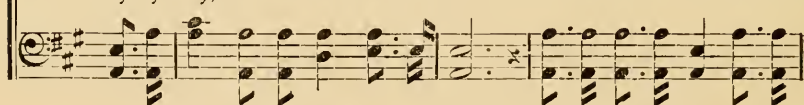
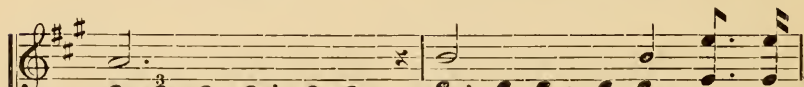
1. Shall I be content with one Star in my Crown? When heavens bright  
 2. When, Lord, must I work? shall I go in the heat, To white, and to  
 3. Yes, all kinds of work I will find in this field, My task then quite  
 4. And how shall I get these rare gems for my Crown, Must I wait 'till

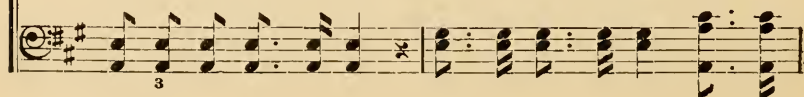
port - als I see, The answer comes back, strive a clus - ter to win,  
 wide har - vest fields, Where work is so great and the la b'ers so few,  
 plain I can see; And now hav ing found it, I'll la - bor and wait,  
 heav - en I gain? Yes, yes, but toil here, for the Mas - ter's renown,

And the way will be bright - er for thee!  
 And the prom - ise a boun - ti - ful yield. } Work - - ing for the  
 For whol - ly thine, Lord would I be. } Working for the Crown for the  
 Day by day, for the Lamb that was slain.

Crown,  
 beau - ti - ful gold - en Crown, Work - ing for the  
 Work - ing for the Crown, for the



From Lone Star Choir.

## Working for the Crown.—Concluded.

Crown, beau - ti - ful gold - en Crown, Work - ing for the Crown, for the

The musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Crown, beau - ti - ful gold - en Crown, We shall wear by and by.

The musical score continues on the same staves. It includes a repeat sign and ends with a final cadence.

## No. 88. O Lord, we love Thy Name.

L. S. E. L.

ULFWIN.

1. O Lord, we love Thy name: Pro - tect us by Thy power, In  
 2. Oh, keep us all Thine own. Pre - serve us day by day! Make  
 3. Lo, when life's eve draws nigh We'll dread not death's a - larms, With

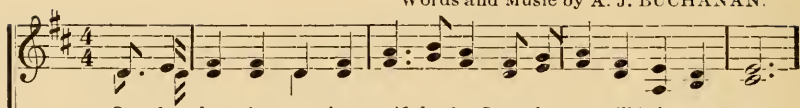
The musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

sor - row, sick - ness, joy and health, And in our last dread hour,  
 us to love Thee more and more, And earn - est when we pray.  
 Thou our Guide, and, un - der - neath, The Ev - er - last - ing Arms.



The musical score continues on the same staves. It includes a repeat sign and ends with a final cadence.

# No. 89. Beautiful Home of the Blest.

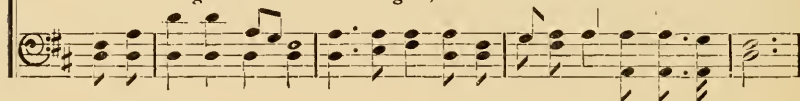
Words and Music by A. J. BUCHANAN.




1. O the day is pass-ing swift-ly by, Soon the eve will bring us rest,  
2. There the stream of life flows clear and bright, By the banks in verdure drest,  
3. Let us la - bor on and watch and wait, For the promised time of rest,


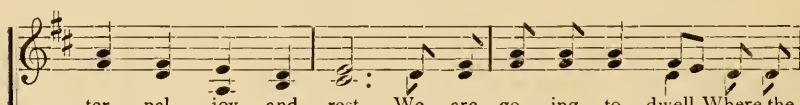
In a hap-py land be-yond the sky, In the beau-ti-ful home of the blest.  
And the shining ones in robes of white, Sing the beautiful songs of the blest.  
Soon the an-gels will un-bar the gate, To the beau-ti-ful home of the blest.




CHORUS.



Oh that beau-ti-ful home, Where the wear-y soul Finds e-

-ter-nal joy and rest, We are go-ing to dwell Where the




Sav-iour reigns, In the beau-ti-ful home of the blest.





## No. 90.

## Memories of Galilee.

Dr. R. MORRIS.

H. R. PALMER.

QUARTET.

1. Each coo-ing dove, . . . . and sigh-ing bough . . . . That makes the  
 2. Each flow-ry glen, . . . . and mos-sy dell, . . . . Where hap-py  
 3. And when I read . . . . the thrill-ing lore, . . . . Of Him who

eve . . . . so blest to me, . . . . Has some-thing  
 birds . . . . in song a - gree, . . . . Thro' sun - ny  
 walk'd . . . . up - on the sea, . . . . I long, oh,

far . . . . di-vin-er now, . . . . It bears me back . . . . to Gal-i -  
 morn . . . . the praises tell . . . . Of sights and sounds . . . . in Gal-i -  
 how . . . . I long once more . . . . To fol-low Him . . . . in Gal-i -

CHORUS.

- lee. . . . } Oh, Gal - i - lee, sweet Gal - i - lee Where Je - sus lov'd so  
 - lee. . . . }  
 - lee. . . . }

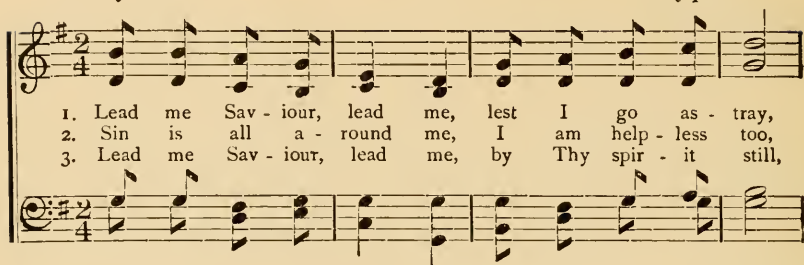
much to be, Oh, Gal- i - lee, Blue Gal- i - lee, come sing thy song again to me.  
 Come sing thy song a - gain to me.

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# No. 91. Lead Me, Saviour Lead Me.

E. R. LATTA, by per.  
Arr. by H. N. L.


H. N. LINCOLN.  
by per.



1. Lead me Sav - iour, lead me, lest I go as - tray,  
2. Sin is all a - round me, I am help - less too,  
3. Lead me Sav - iour, lead me, by Thy spir - it still,



Let my steps be ev - er, in the nar - row way,  
Lest Thou be my help - er, I can noth - ing do,  
Keep my heart sub - mis - sive, to Thy ho - ly will,



O let not temp - ta - tion, cause my way - ward heart,  
But I know Thy mer - cy, in each time of need,  
All my wand'rings o - ver, all my trou - bles past,



From Thy bless - ed pre - cepts, ev - er to de - part.  
Thou art ev - er pres - ent, and a help in - deed.  
To a home in glo - ry, lead me safe at last.

## No. 92.

## The Song and the Star.

Dr. J. G. HOLLAND.

For Christmas.

A. J. BUCHANAN.

1. There's a song in the air, there's a star in the sky,  
 2. There's a tu - mult of joy, o'er the won - der - ful birth,  
 3. In the light of that star, lie the a - ges im-pearl'd  
 4. We re - joice in the light, and we ech o the song,

There's a moth-er's deep pray'r, and a ba - by's low cry,  
 For the vir - gin, sweet boy, is the Lord of the earth,  
 And that song from a - far, has swept o - ver the world,  
 That comes down thro' the night, from the heav - en - ly throng,

And the star rains its fire, while the beau - ti - ful sing  
 And the star rains its fire, while the beau - ti - ful sing  
 Ev - 'ry heart is a - flame, while the beau - ti - ful sing  
 Ay! we shout to the lov - ly e - van - gel they bring,

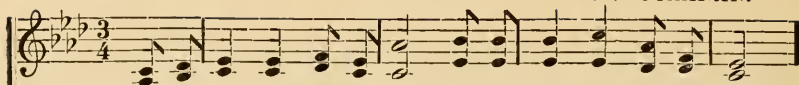
For the man-ger of Beth - le - hem, cra - dles a King.  
 For the man-ger of Beth - le - hem, cra - dles a King.  
 In the homes of the na - tion, that Je - sus is King.  
 And we greet in His cra - dle, our Sav - iour and King.

## No. 93.

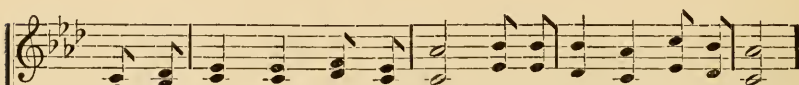
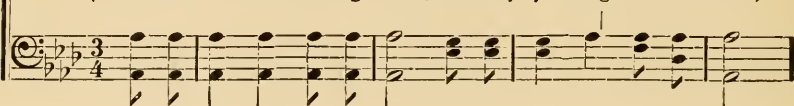
## Rock of Ages.

TOPLADY.

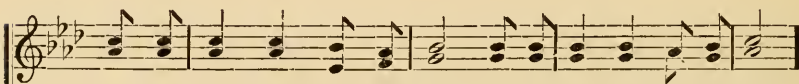
A. J. BUCHANAN.



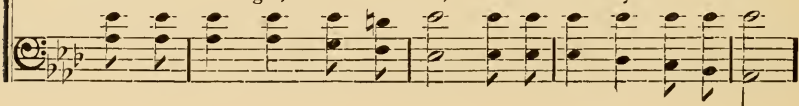
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee!
2. Not the la - bors of my hands, Can ful - fill Thy law's de - mands:
3. Nothing in my hand I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eye-strings break in death,



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,  
 Could my zeal no re - spite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,  
 Nak - ed, come to Thee for dress; Help-less, look to Thee for grace;  
 When I soar to worlds un - known, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,



Be of sin the doub - le cure, Cleanes me from its guilt and power.  
 All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone!  
 Foul, I to Thy fount - ain fly; Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die!  
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.



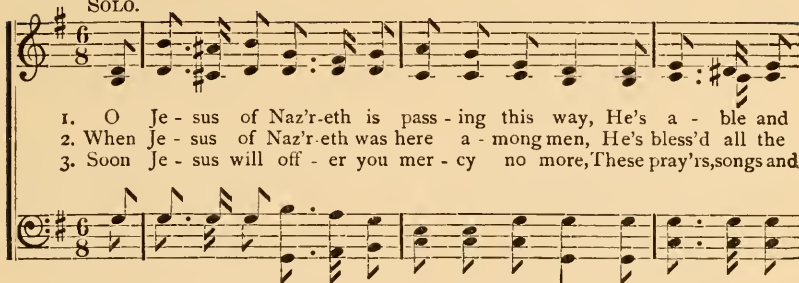
Be of sin the doub - le cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.  
 All for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and Thou a - lone!  
 Foul, I to Thy fount - ain fly; Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die!  
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.



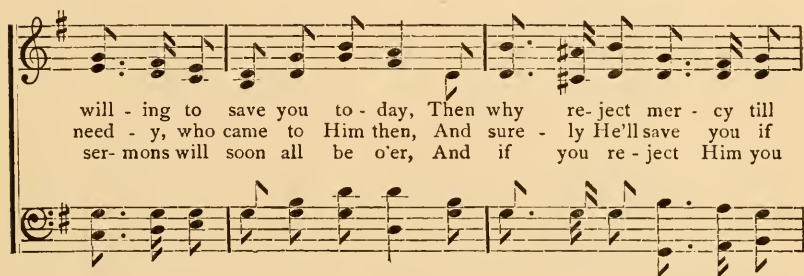
# No. 94. Jesus of Nazareth is passing this way.

Words and Music by A. J. BUCHANAN.

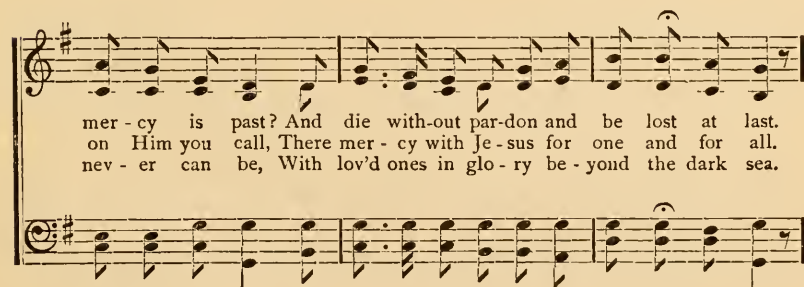
SOLO.



1. O Je - sus of Naz'r-eth is pass - ing this way, He's a - ble and  
 2. When Je - sus of Naz'r-eth was here a - mong men, He's bless'd all the  
 3. Soon Je - sus will off - er you mer - cy no more, These pray'rs, songs and

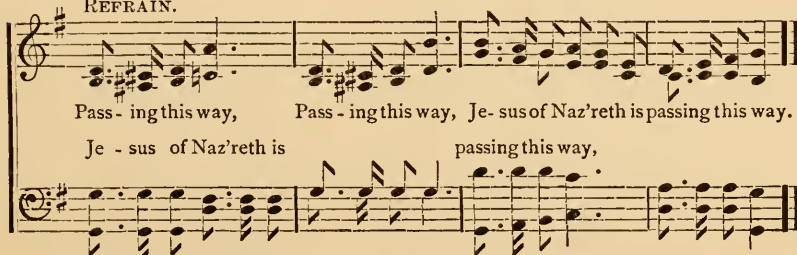


will - ing to save you to - day, Then why re - ject mer - cy till  
 need - y, who came to Him then, And sure - ly He'll save you if  
 ser - mons will soon all be o'er, And if you re - ject Him you



mer - cy is past? And die with - out par - don and be lost at last.  
 on Him you call, There mer - cy with Je - sus for one and for all.  
 nev - er can be, With lov'd ones in glo - ry be - yond the dark sea.

REFRAIN.



Pass - ing this way, Pass - ing this way, Je - sus of Naz'reth is passing this way.  
 Je - sus of Naz'reth is passing this way,



## No. 95.

## The City of Refuge.

FANNY CROSBY.

SOLI. *Earnestly.*

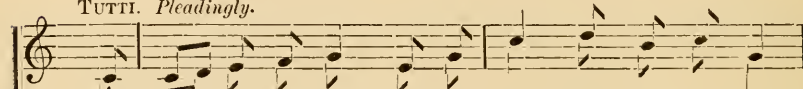
H. N. LINCOLN.



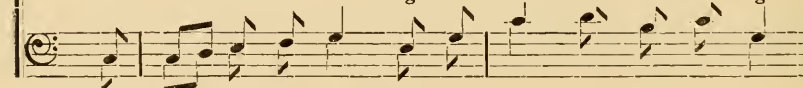
1. O guilt - y one haste, to the cit - y of ref - uge
2. O guilt - y one haste, for the day - beams are fad - ing
3. O wear - y one haste, for the night - clouds pur - sue thee,
4. O wear - y one haste, He is cheer - ing thee on - ward

DUET. *Tenderly.*

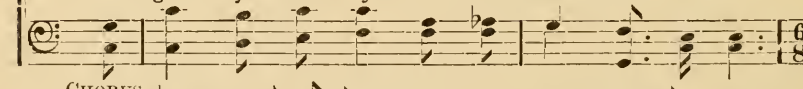
Where safe - ty and mer - cy a - wait thee, so free  
 A - far on the des - ert say why wilt thou roam,  
 How dark - ly they frown on the cold mount - ain brow  
 One step and the cross of thy Lord thou wilt gain

TUTTI. *Pleadingly.*

O haste with thy bur - den of sin and of sor - row,  
 The arms of thy Sav - iour will glad - ly en - fold thee,  
 The voice of the tem - pest is wail - ing a - round thee,  
 The voice of His love through the dark - ness is break - ing

*Encouragingly.*

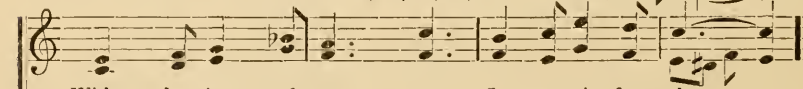
Thy lov - ing Re - deem - er is wait - ing for thee.  
 He longs with for - give - ness to wel - come thee home.  
 And none but thee Sav - iour can shel - ter thee now.  
 All glo - ry to Je - sus the Lamb that was slain.



CHORUS.



O fly to the ref - uge To the ref - uge free  
 O fly to the cit - y of ref - uge to - day To the ref - uge sure and free



With thy sin and sor - row Je - sus waits for thee.  
 Hasten with thy bur - den of sin and of sor - row Je - sus waits He waits for thee.



- 1 From Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand,—  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.
  - 2 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle !  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile !  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strown ;  
The heathen, in his blindness,  
Bows down to wood and stone.
  - 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,—  
Shall we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny ?  
Salvation, O Salvation !  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has learned Messiah's name.
  - 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole ;  
Till o'er our ransomed nature  
The Lamb, for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.
- 97
- 1 How happy are they  
Who the Saviour obey,  
And whose treasures are laid up above,  
Tongue can not express  
The sweet comfort and peace  
Of a soul in its earliest love.
  - 2 That comfort was mine,  
When the favor divine  
I first found in the blood of the Lamb ;  
When my heart first believed,  
O, what joy I received !  
What a heaven in Jesus' name !
  - 3 'Twas a heaven below  
The Redeemer to know ;  
And the angels could do nothing more  
Than to fall at His feet,  
And the story repeat,  
And the Lover of sinners adore.
  - 4 Jesus, all the day long,  
Was my joy and my song ;  
Oh, that all His salvation might see !  
He hath loved me, I cried,  
He hath suffered and died  
To redeem such a rebel as me.

- 1 I need Thee every hour,  
Most gracious Lord ;  
No tender voice like Thine  
Can peace afford.
- REF.—I need Thee, oh, I need Thee ;  
Every hour I need Thee ;  
Oh, bless me now, my Saviour :  
I come to Thee.
- 2 I need Thee every hour ;  
Stay Thou near by :  
Temptations lose their power  
When Thou art nigh.
  - 3 I need Thee every hour,  
In joy or pain ;  
Come quickly and abide,  
Or life is vain.
  - 4 I need Thee every hour  
Teach me Thy will :  
And Thy rich promises  
In me fulfill.
- 99 The Beautiful River.  
Key F<sub>h</sub>.
- 1 Shall we gather at the river  
Where bright angel feet have trod ;  
With its crystal tide for ever  
Flowing by the throne of God.
- CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river,  
The beautiful, the beautiful river—  
Gather with the saints at the river,  
That flows by the throne of God.
- 2 On the margin of the river,  
Washing up its silver spray,  
We will walk and worship ever,  
All the happy golden day.
- CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river, &c.
- 3 Ere we reach the shining river,  
Lay we every burden down,  
Grace our spirits will deliver,  
And provide a robe and crown.
- CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river, &c.
- 4 At the smiling of the river,  
Mirror of the Saviour's face,  
Saints whom death will never sever,  
Lift their songs of saving grace.
- CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river, &c.
- 5 Soon we'll reach the silver river,  
Soon our pilgrimage will cease ;  
Soon our happy hearts will quiver,  
With the melody of peace.
- CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river, &c.

# No. 100. We shall meet each other there.

(Answer to Shall we Meet? No. 51.)

May be sung as a  
Soprano and Tenor duet.

Words and Music by  
A. J. BUCHANAN.

1. Where the jas - per walls are beam - ing, In that cit - y bright and fair,  
2. Where the tree of life is grow - ing, Bear - ing fruit so rich and rare,  
3. Where the pearl - y gate is o - pen, To that home so wondrous fair,  
4. Where the man - sions bright in glo - ry, With the Sav - iour we shall share,

Where the gold - en street is gleam - ing, We shall meet each oth - er there.  
Where the crys - tal stream is flow - ing, We shall meet each oth - er there.  
Where no part - ing word is spo - ken, We shall meet each oth - er there.  
Where they sing re - demp - tions sto - ry, We shall meet each oth - er there.

*D.S.—On the banks of that bright riv - er, We shall meet each oth - er there.*

CHORUS. D.S.

We shall meet each oth - er there, By the tree of life so fair,

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## No. 101. Nearer, my God, to thee. Key of G.

- 1 Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee:  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer my God, to thee:  
Nearer to thee.
- 2 Though like a wanderer,  
Daylight all gone,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone,  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to thee, etc.
- 3 There let the way appear  
Steps up to heaven;

All that thou sendest me,  
In mercy given,  
Angels to beckon me,  
Nearer, my God, to thee, etc.

- 4 Then with my waking thoughts  
Bright with thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Bethel I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to thee, etc.
- 5 Or if on joyful wing  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee, etc.

# No. 102. Bringing in the Sheaves.

KNOWLES SHAW.

C. E. POLLOCK.

1. Sow - ing in the morn - ing, sow - ing seeds of kind ness, Sow - ing in the  
 2. Sow - ing in the sun - shine, sow - ing in the shadows, Fear - ing nei - ther  
 3. Sow - ing then with weep - ing, sow - ing for the Mas - ter, Tho' the loss sus -

noon - tide, And the dew - y eve; Wait - ing for the har - vest,  
 storms, nor win - ter's chill - ing breeze; By and by the har - vest,  
 - tained, our spir - it of - ten grieves; When our weep - ing's o - ver,

*D.S.—Wait - ing for the har - vest,*

and the time of reap - ing, We shall come re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves.  
 and the la - bors end - ed, We shall come re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves.  
 He will bid us welcome, We shall come re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves,

*and the time of reap - ing, We shall come re - joic - ing, bring - ing in the sheaves.*

CHORUS. *D.S.*  
 Bringing in the gold - en sheaves, Bringing in the gold - en sheaves,

## No. 103. The Land of Pure Delight.

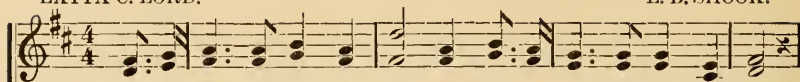
- 1 There is a land of pure delight,  
 Where saints immortal reign;  
 Infinite day excludes the night,  
 And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,  
 And never-with'ring flowers:  
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
 This heavenly land from ours.

- 3 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,  
 The gloomy doubts that rise,  
 And see the Canaan that we love,  
 With unclouded eyes.
- 4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
 And view the landscape o'er,  
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
 Should fright us from the shore.

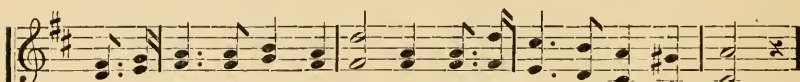
# No. 104. Light will Greet Thee By and By.

LATTA C. LORD.

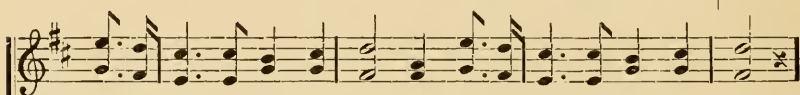
L. B. SHOOK.



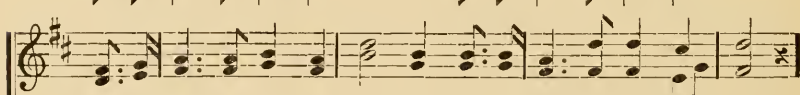
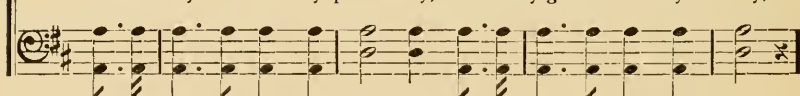
1. Is thy trembling heart a wear - y? Are thy foot - steps al - most gone?
2. Is thy spir - it sad with - in thee? Raise thy heart in earn - est prayer,
3. Has thy spir - it grown a wear - y? Do not fal - ter in the strife,



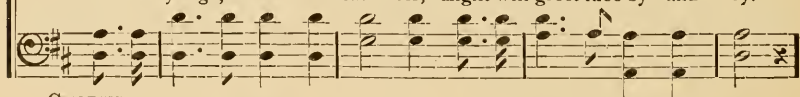
Does life seem a bur - den drear - y? Courage, broth - er, strug - gle on,  
Trust a Fath - er's lov - ing kindness, Trust a Fath - er's ten - der care;  
God has work for thee my brother, As thou treadst the path of life;



Bear it pa - tient - ly and brave - ly, Do not stop to weep or sigh,  
Call up - on Him in thy sor - row, He will hear thy fal - t'ring cry,  
Darkness may ob - scure thy path - way, Clouds may gather in thy sky,



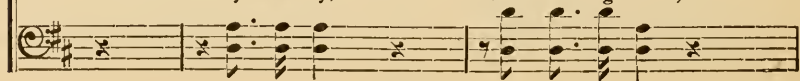
Af - ter night the morn - ing dawn - eth, Light will greet thee by and by.  
Tho' thou seest no sign of dawn - ing, Light will greet thee by and by.  
Storms may rage, but do not fal - ter, Light will greet thee by and by.



CHORUS.



By and by By and by, the morn - ing dawn - - eth, By and  
By and by, the morn - ing dawns,





# Light will Greet Thee By and By.—Concluded.

by, yes, by and by, Tho' thou seest no signs of  
 By and by, yes, by and by, Tho' thou seest,

dawn - ing, Light will greet thee by and by, yes, by and by.  
 no signs of dawn, Light will greet thee by and by, yes, by and by.

## No. 105. Softly Woo Away Her Breath.

BARRY CARNWALL.

H. N. LINCOLN.

1. { Soft - ly woo a - way her breath,  
 Let her leave thee with no strife,  
 2. { She has done her bid - ding here,  
 Bear her ransom'd soul a - bove,
- Slow and soft.*

1. { Soft - ly woo a - way her breath, Soft - ly woo a - way her breath,  
 Let her leave thee with no strife, Let her leave thee with no strife,  
 2. { She has done her bid - ding here, She has done her bid ding here,  
 Bear her ransom'd soul a - bove, Bear her ransom'd soul a - bove,

Gen - tle death, gen - tle death.  
 (Omit. . . . .) Ten - der, mourn - ful, murm'ring life.  
 An - gels dear, an - gels dear.  
 (Omit. . . . .) There to bask in Je - sus love.

## No. 106.

## The Happy Land.

C. E. P.

CHAS EDW POLLOCK, by per.

1. There is a land, a sun-ny clime, The brightest ev - er seen, Which  
 2. Be - neath the Tree of life's dense shade Life's riv - er flow - eth by, And  
 3. I long to reach that land so fair, My dwell - ing place to see; A -

lies be - yond the shores of time, Be - yond cold Jor - dan's stream.  
 youth and beau - ty nev - er fade, For there they nev - er die.  
 mong the ma - ny man - sions there, Is one pre - pared for me.

## CHORUS.

Oh, that land, . . . that hap - py land! Far a -  
 Oh, that land, that hap - py land, Far a - way,

way, far a - way, Where the saints in glo - ry  
 far a - way, far a - way, Where the saints in glo - ry

stand, Bright as day, bright as day.  
 stand, glo - ry stand Bright as day, bright as day.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Just as I am, with- out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
 2. Just as I am, and wait- ing not, To rid mysoul of one dark blot,  
 3. Just as I am, though tossed about, With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
 4. Just as I am, Thou wilt re- ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,

And that Thou bidst me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come!  
 To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come!  
 Fight- ings with - in and fears with - out, O Lamb of God, I come!  
 Be- cause Thy prom - ise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come!

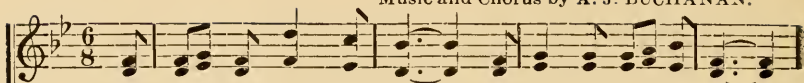
## CHORUS.

I come, I come, O Lamb of God, to Thee,  
 I come, I come, I come, I come, I come,


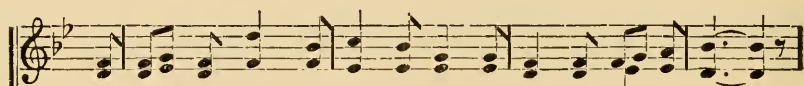
I come, I come, O Lamb of God I come!  
 I come, I come, I come, I come,

## Nearer Home.

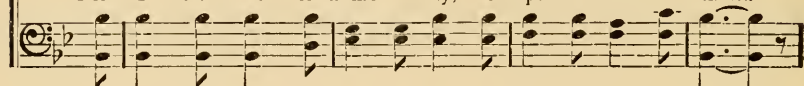
Music and Chorus by A. J. BUCHANAN.




1. One sweet-ly sol - emn thought, Comes to me o'er and o'er,  
 2. Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where ma - ny mansions be,  
 3. Near - er the bound of life, Where burdens are laid down,  
 4. Be near me when my feet, Are slip - ping o'er the brink,

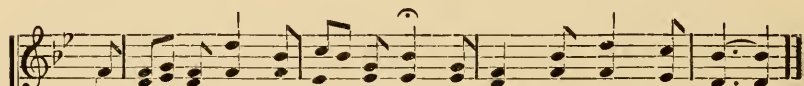
I'm near - er home to - day, to - day, Than I have been be - fore.  
 Near - er the great white throne to-day, Near er the crys - tal sea.  
 Near - er to leave the cross to day, And near - er to the crown.  
 For I am near - er home to day, Perhaps than now I think.



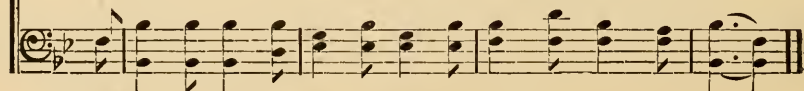
CHORUS.



Nearer my home, heav - en - ly home, Beau - ti - ful home of rest,  
 Nearer my Beautiful home of rest,

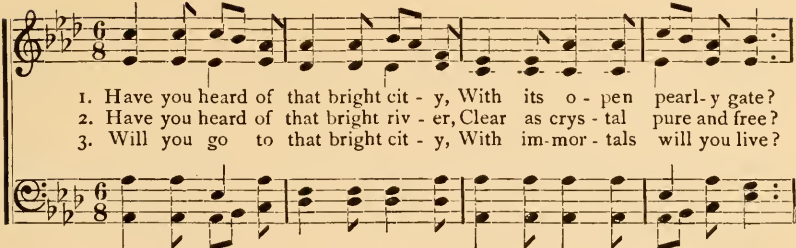



Oh come my dear Re - deem - er, come, And take me to Thy breast.

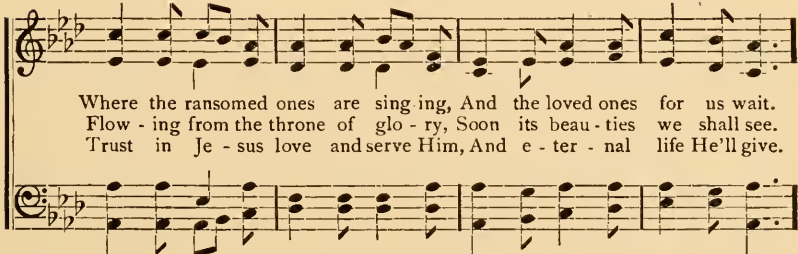


# No. 109. The Beautiful Pearly Gate.

Words and Music by A. J. BUCHANAN.

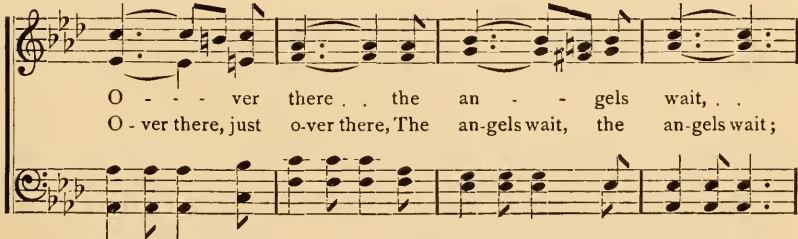


1. Have you heard of that bright cit - y, With its o - pen pearl - y gate?  
 2. Have you heard of that bright riv - er, Clear as crys - tal pure and free?  
 3. Will you go to that bright cit - y, With im - mor - tals will you live?

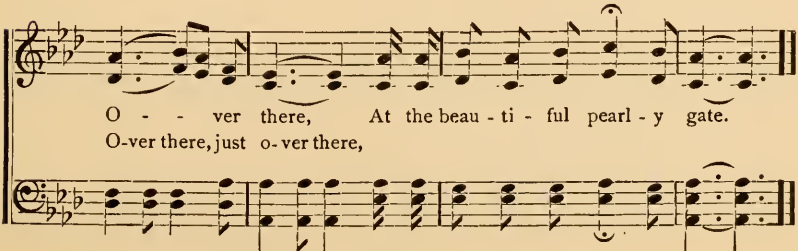


Where the ransomed ones are sing - ing, And the loved ones for us wait.  
 Flow - ing from the throne of glo - ry, Soon its beau - ties we shall see.  
 Trust in Je - sus love and serve Him, And e - ter - nal life He'll give.

## CHORUS.



O - - - ver there . . the an - - - gels wait, . .  
 O - ver there, just o - ver there, The an - gels wait, the an - gels wait;



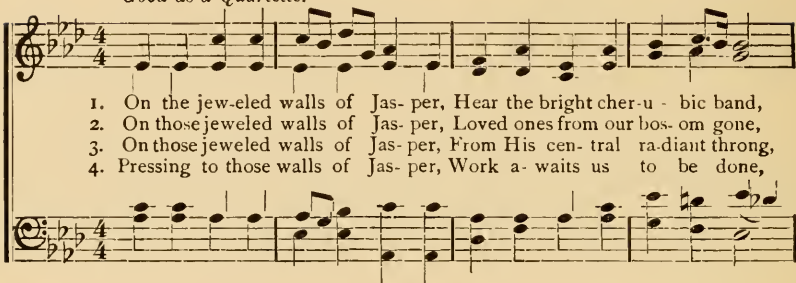
O - - - ver there, At the beau - ti - ful pearl - y gate.  
 O - ver there, just o - ver there,



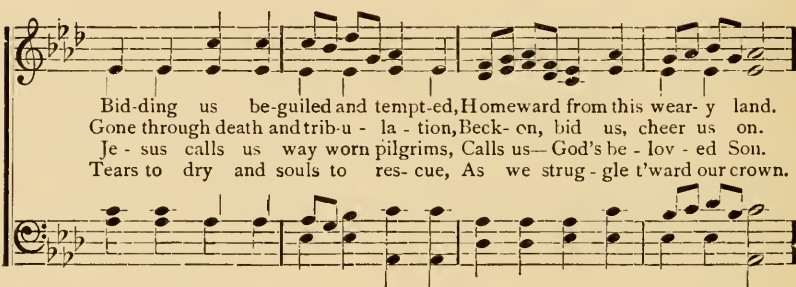
# No. 110. The Jeweled Walls of Jasper.

Words and Music copyrighted.

*Good as a Quartette.*

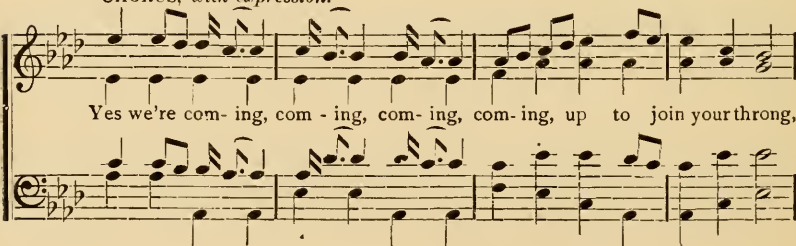


1. On the jew-eled walls of Jas- per, Hear the bright cher-u - bic band,
2. On those jeweled walls of Jas- per, Loved ones from our bos- om gone,
3. On those jeweled walls of Jas- per, From His cen- tral ra- diant throng,
4. Pressing to those walls of Jas- per, Work a- waits us to be done,

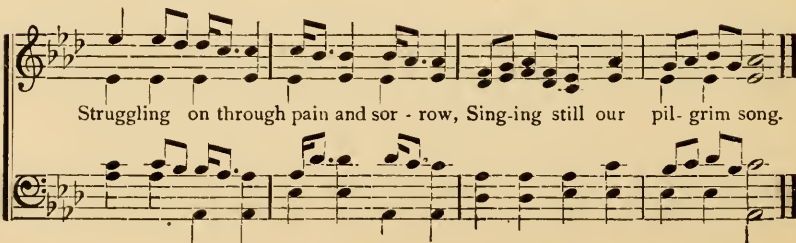


Bid- ding us be- guiled and tempt- ed, Homeward from this wear- y land.  
 Gone through death and trib- u - la - tion, Beck- en, bid us, cheer us on.  
 Je - sus calls us way worn pilgrims, Calls us— God's be - lov - ed Son.  
 Tears to dry and souls to res- cue, As we strug- gle t'ward our crown.

*CHORUS, with expression.*



Yes we're com- ing, com - ing, com- ing, com- ing, up to join your throng,



Struggling on through pain and sor - row, Sing- ing still our pil- grim song.

From "Songs of Gladness," by per. of the publishers.

## Beautiful Stream.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Oh, have you not heard of the beau-ti-ful stream, That flows thro' our Father's  
 2. This beau- ti- ful stream is the riv- er of life, It flows for all na- tions  
 3. Oh will you not drink of the beau- ti- ful stream, And dwell on its peace-ful

land, Its wa- ters gleam bright in a heav- en- ly light, And  
 free, A balm for each wound in its wa- ters are found, O  
 shore, The Spir- it says, come, all ye wea- ry ones home, And

CHORUS.

rip- ple o'er gold- en sand. } O beau- - ti- ful  
 sin- ner it flows for thee. }  
 wan- der in sin no more. } O beau- ti- ful, beau- ti- ful

stream, Riv- er of pleasure di- vine, Its  
 beau- ti- ful stream, Riv- er of pleasure, of pleas-ure di- vine,

wa- ters gleam bright with its heavenly light, O beau- - ti- ful stream.  
 beautiful, beauti- ful stream.

## Over the Silent River.

Words and music by A. J. BUCHANAN.

1. Je - sus our Saviour has gone to pre pare, O - ver the si - lent riv - er,  
 2. Beau ti - ful an - gels are all rob'd in white, O - ver the si - lent riv - er,  
 3. Beau ti - ful cit - y with streets of pure gold, O - ver the si - lent riv - er,  
 4. Beau - ti - ful land where our loved ones will see, O - ver the si - lent riv - er,

Beau - ti - ful mansions so bright and fair, O - ver the si - lent riv - er.  
 Beau - ti - ful songs in which all u - nite, O - ver the si - lent riv - er.  
 Beau - ti - ful home of the saints we're told, O - ver the si - lent riv - er.  
 Beau - ti - ful world where no sin will be, O - ver the si - lent riv - er.

*D.S.—Soon we will dwell in those mansions fair, Over the si - lent riv - er.*

O - ver the si - lent riv - er, O - ver the si - lent riv - er;

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## No. 113.

Retreat.  
Key of C.

1 From every stormy wind that blows,  
 From every swelling tide of woes,  
 There is a calm, a safe retreat:  
 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds  
 The oil of gladness on our heads;  
 A place than all besides more sweet;  
 It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

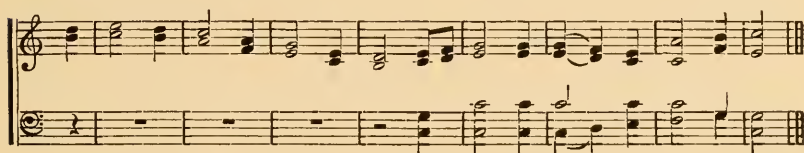
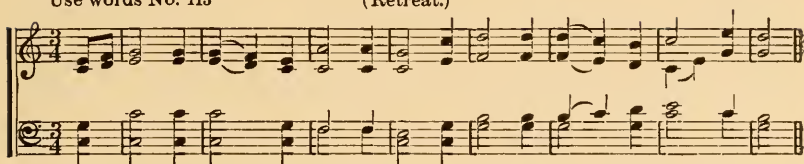
3 There is a scene where spirits blend,  
 Where friend holds fellowship with friend:  
 Though sundered far, by faith they meet  
 Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Oh, let my hands forget their skill,  
 My tongue be silent, cold and still,  
 This bounding heart forget to beat,  
 Ere I forget the mercy-seat.

# From every Stormy Wind that Blows. L. M.

Use words No. 113

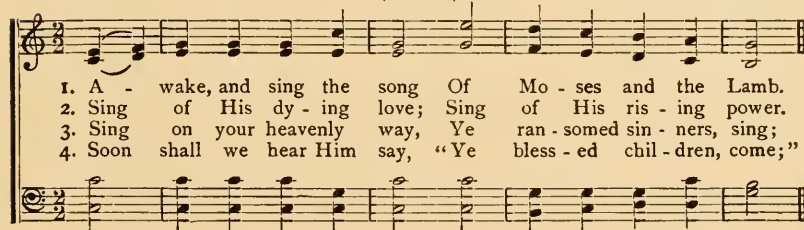
(Retreat.)



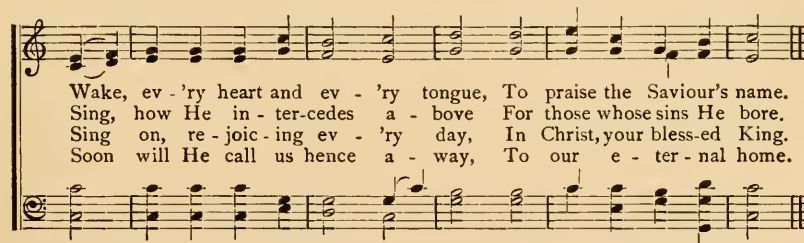
## No. 114. Awake, and Sing the Song. C. M.

(Laban.)

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



1. A - wake, and sing the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb.
2. Sing of His dy - ing love; Sing of His ris - ing power.
3. Sing on your heavenly way, Ye ran - somed sin - ners, sing;
4. Soon shall we hear Him say, "Ye bless - ed chil - dren, come;"



Wake, ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry tongue, To praise the Saviour's name.  
Sing, how He in - ter - cedes a - bove For those whose sins He bore.  
Sing on, re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day, In Christ, your bless - ed King.  
Soon will He call us hence a - way, To our e - ter - nal home.

## No. 115. My Soul, be on thy Guard.

- 1 My soul, be on thy guard,  
Ten thousand foes arise;  
The hosts of sin are pressing hard  
To draw thee from the skies.

- 2 Oh watch, and fight, and pray,  
The battle ne'er give o'er;  
Renew it boldly every day,  
And help divine implore.

- 3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,  
Nor once at ease sit down;  
Thy arduous work will not be done,  
Till thou obtain thy crown.

- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death  
Shall bring thee to thy God;  
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,  
Up to His blest abode.

## No. 116.

## Sing of Jesus.

KELLEY.

A. J. BUCHANAN.

1. Sing of Je - sus sing for ev - er, Of the  
 2. With His blood the Lord hath bought them, When they  
 3. Through the des - ert Je - sus leads them, With the

love that chang-es nev - er; Who or what from Him can  
 knew Him not He sought them; And from all their wand'rings  
 bread of heav'n He feeds them; And through all their way He

sev - er Those He makes . . . . . His own?  
 brought them, Him they serve . . . . . and love.  
 speeds them, To their home . . . . . a - bove.

## No. 117.

Come, Humble Sinner.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast<br/>         A thousand thoughts revolve;<br/>         Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,<br/>         And make this last resolve :</p> <p>2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin<br/>         Hath like a mountain rose ;<br/>         I know His courts, I'll enter in,<br/>         Whatever may oppose :</p> <p>3 Prostrate I'll lie before His throne,<br/>         And there-my guilt confess;<br/>         I'll tell Him I'm a wretch undone,<br/>         Without His sovereign grace :</p> <p>4 I'll to the gracious King approach,<br/>         Whose sceptre pardon gives ;</p> | <p>Perhaps He may command my touch,<br/>         And then the suppliant lives.</p> <p>5 Perhaps He may admit my plea,<br/>         Perhaps will hear my prayer;<br/>         But if I perish, I will pray,<br/>         And perish only there.</p> <p>6 I can but perish if I go,<br/>         I am resolved to try ;<br/>         For if I stay away, I know<br/>         I must forever die.</p> <p>7 But if I die with mercy sought,<br/>         When I the King have tried,<br/>         This were to die (delightful thought!)<br/>         As sinner never died.</p> |
|--|---|



# No. 118.

# Trusting Jesus.

EDGAR PAGE.  
Cho. arr. by A. J. B.

A. J. BUCHANAN.

1. Simp-ly trust-ing ev-'ry day, Trust-ing thro' a storm-y way;  
2. Bright-ly doth His Spir-it shine, In-to this poor heart of mine;  
3. Sing-ing if my way is clear, Pray-ing if my path is drear;  
4. Trust-ing Him while life shall last, Trust-ing Him till earth is past.

Ev-en when my faith is small,  
While He leads I can-not fall,  
If in dan-ger for Him call,  
Till with-in the jas-per wall,  
*D.S.—Helpless at His feet I fall,*

Trust-ing Je-sus that is all.  
*Trust-ing Je-sus that is all.*

FINE.

REFRAIN.

Trusting, trusting, Trust-ing Jesus that is all,  
Trusting only trusting, trusting on-ly trusting,

*D. S.*

# No. 119.

Come, thou Fount.

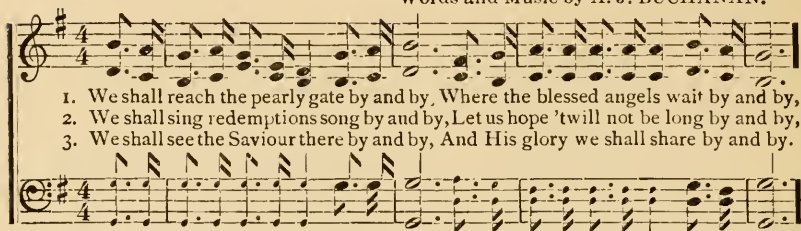
- 1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise.  
Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
Sung by flaming tongues above,  
Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it!  
Mount of Thy redeeming love.
- 2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,  
Hither by Thy help I'm come;  
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure  
Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger  
Wand'ring from the fold of God,  
He to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed His precious blood.

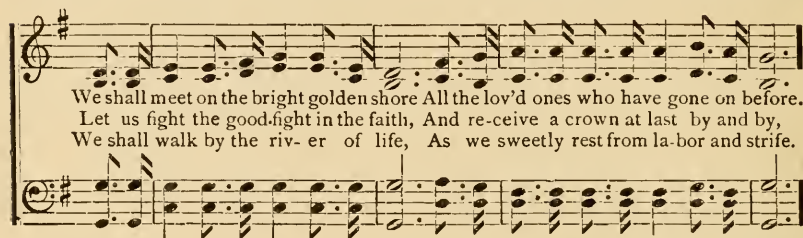
- 3 Oh! to grace how great a debtor,  
Daily I'm constrained to be!  
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;  
Prone to wander Lord, I feel is:  
Prone to leave the God I love—  
Here's my heart, oh take and seal it:  
Seal it for Thy courts above.

# No. 120. We shall Reach the Pearly Gate by and by.

Words and Music by A. J. BUCHANAN.

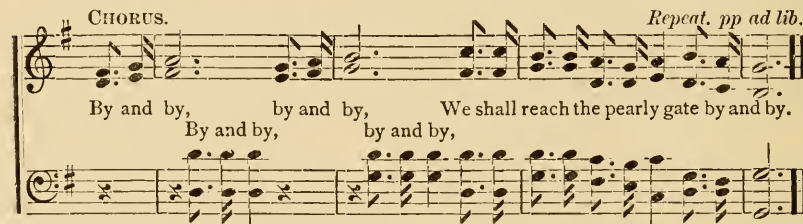


1. We shall reach the pearly gate by and by, Where the blessed angels wait by and by,  
2. We shall sing redemptions song by and by, Let us hope 'twill not be long by and by,  
3. We shall see the Saviour there by and by, And His glory we shall share by and by.



We shall meet on the bright golden shore All the lov'd ones who have gone on before.  
Let us fight the good-fight in the faith, And re-ceive a crown at last by and by,  
We shall walk by the riv-er of life, As we sweetly rest from la-bor and strife.

CHORUS. *Repeat. pp ad lib.*



By and by, by and by, We shall reach the pearly gate by and by.  
By and by, by and by,

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## No. 121. He Leadeth me.

- 1 He leadeth me! oh, blessed thought,  
Oh! words with heav'nly comfort fraught;  
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,  
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REF.—He leadeth me! He leadeth me!  
By His own hand He leadeth me;  
His faithful follower I would be,  
For by His hand He leadeth me.

- 2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,  
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,  
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—  
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

- 3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,  
Nor ever murmur nor repine—  
Content whatever lot I see,  
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

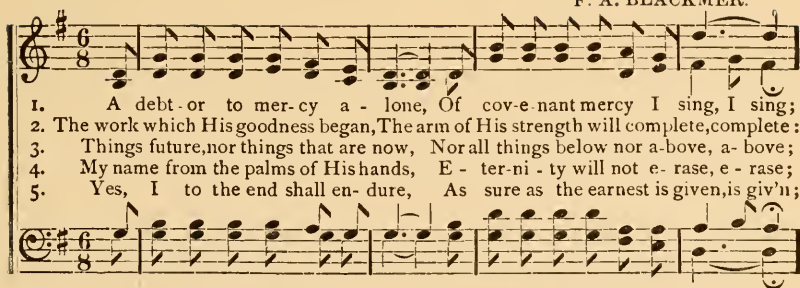
- 4 And when my task on earth is done,  
When, by Thy Grace the victory's won,  
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,  
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

## No. 122. The Backslider's Prayer.

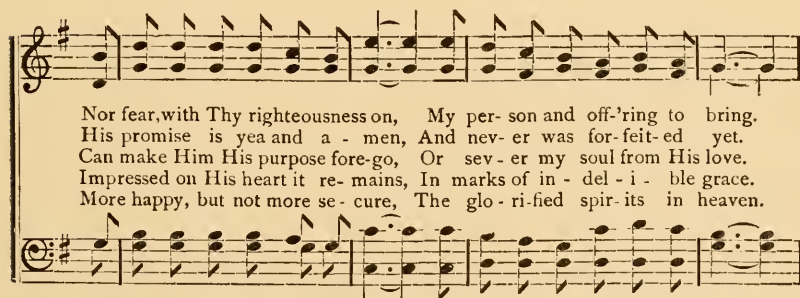
Balerna. Key of A.

- 1 O for a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame,  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew  
When first I saw the Lord?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and His word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!  
How sweet their mem'ry still!  
But they have left an aching void  
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest!  
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,  
And drove Thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,  
And worship only Thee.

F. A. BLACKMER.

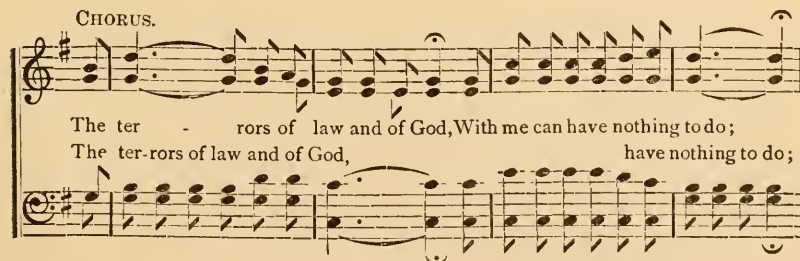


1. A debt-or to mer-cy a - lone, Of cov-e-nant mercy I sing, I sing;  
 2. The work which His goodness began, The arm of His strength will complete, complete;  
 3. Things future, nor things that are now, Nor all things below nor a-bove, a-bove;  
 4. My name from the palms of His hands, E - ter-ni - ty will not e - rise, e - rise;  
 5. Yes, I to the end shall en - dure, As sure as the earnest is given, is giv'n;



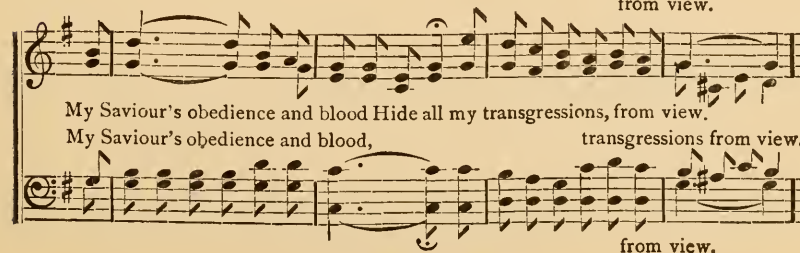
Nor fear, with Thy righteousness on, My per-son and off-'ring to bring.  
 His promise is yea and a - men, And nev-er was for-feit-ed yet.  
 Can make Him His purpose fore-go, Or sev-er my soul from His love.  
 Impressed on His heart it re-mains, In marks of in - del - i - ble grace.  
 More happy, but not more se - cure, The glo - ri-fied spir-its in heaven.

## CHORUS.



The ter - rors of law and of God, With me can have nothing to do;  
 The ter-rors of law and of God, have nothing to do;

from view.



My Saviour's obedience and blood Hide all my transgressions, from view.  
 My Saviour's obedience and blood, transgressions from view.

from view.

## No. 124.

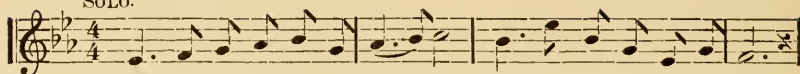
## Jehovah's Promise.

MARY A. BAKER.

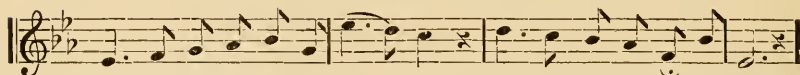
Exodus. 6. 1-8.

H. R. PALMER.

SOLO.

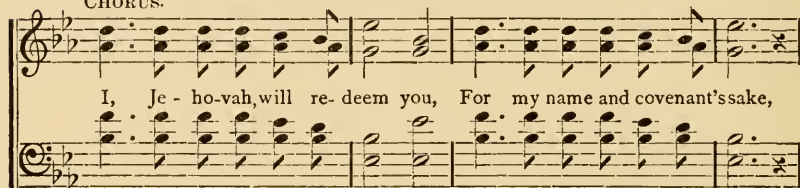


1. Chain'd by sin in cru-el bon - dage, Groan-ing with our bit-ter need,  
 2. Oh, the wondrous, wondrous mer-cy, When Je - ho vah, Lord of all,  
 3. Oh the blessed, bless-ed prom - ise; Not one tit-tle e'er shall fail,

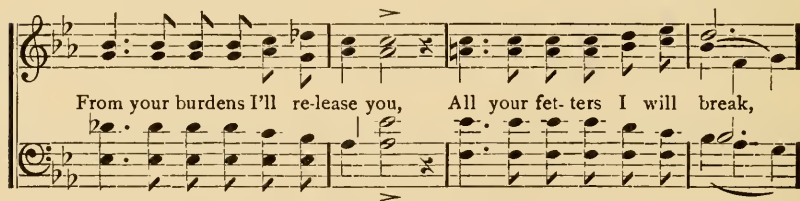


Droop-ing 'neath our guilty bur - den, Lord, Thy promis - es we plead.  
 Bend-ing from the glo-rious heav - en, An-swer-eth our fee-ble call.  
 Tho' the earth should burn to ash - es, And the suns and stars grow pale.

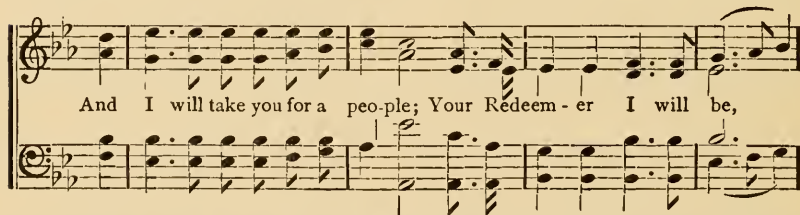
CHORUS.



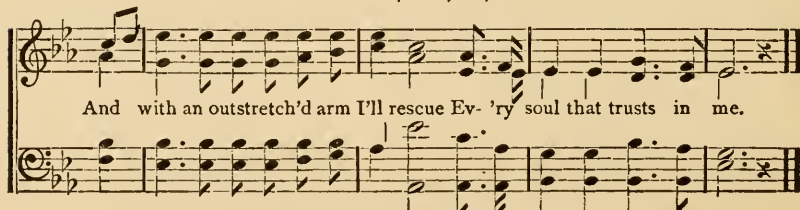
I, Je - ho-vah, will re-deem you, For my name and covenant's sake,



From your burdens I'll re-lease you, All your fet-ters I will break,



And I will take you for a peo-ple; Your Redeem-er I will be,



And with an outstretch'd arm I'll rescue Ev-'ry soul that trusts in me.

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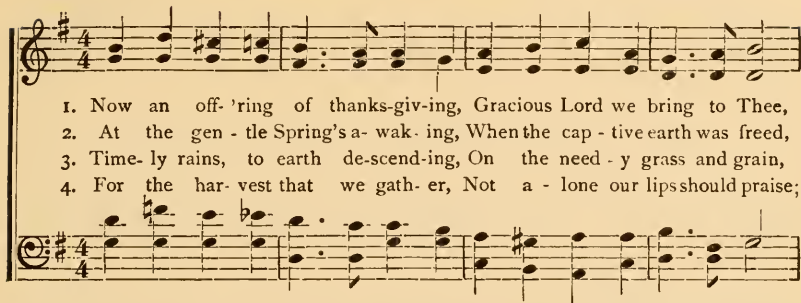
## No. 125.

## Thanksgiving Hymn.

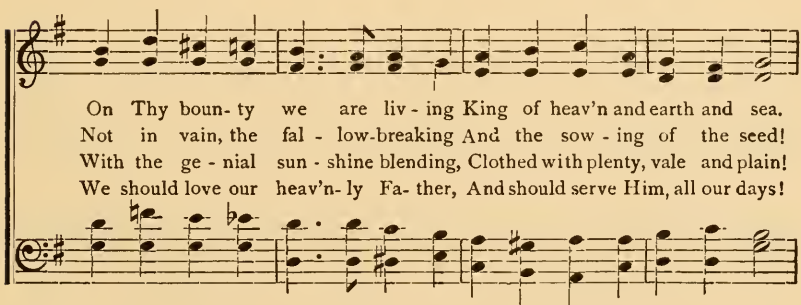
"For Thanksgiving and New Year's Service."

E. R. LATTA.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

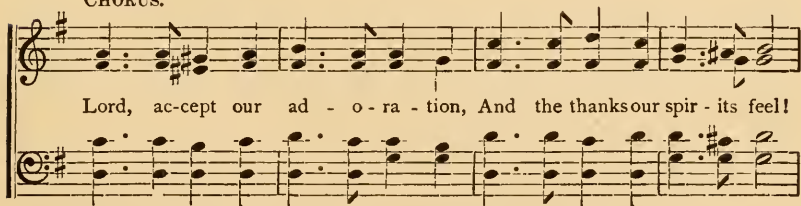


1. Now an off-'ring of thanks-giv-ing, Gracious Lord we bring to Thee,  
 2. At the gen-tle Spring's a-wak-ing, When the cap-tive earth was freed,  
 3. Time-ly rains, to earth de-scend-ing, On the need-y grass and grain,  
 4. For the har-vest that we gath-er, Not a-lone our lips should praise;

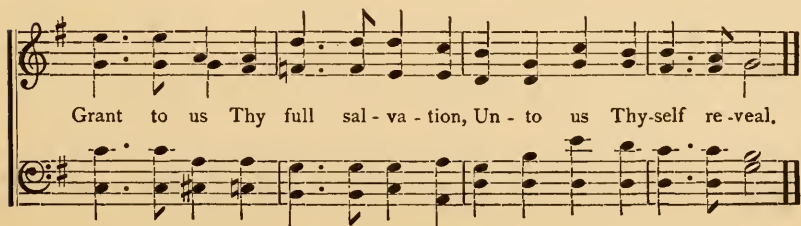


On Thy boun-ty we are liv-ing King of heav'n and earth and sea.  
 Not in vain, the fal-low-breaking And the sow-ing of the seed!  
 With the ge-nial sun-shine blending, Clothed with plenty, vale and plain!  
 We should love our heav'n-ly Fa-ther, And should serve Him, all our days!

## CHORUS.



Lord, ac-cept our ad-o-ra-tion, And the thanks our spir-its feel!



Grant to us Thy full sal-va-tion, Un-to us Thy-self re-veal.

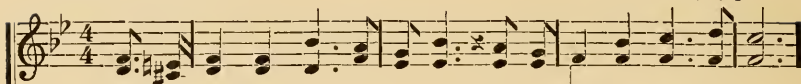


# No. 126. Waiting at the Portal.

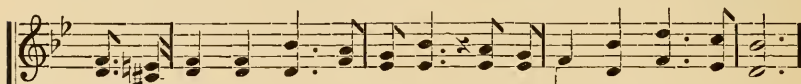
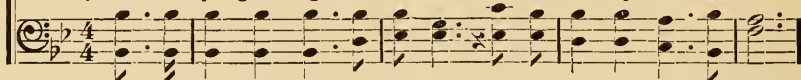
*"I will come again, and receive you unto myself."—JOHN 14: 3.*

K. M. REASONER.

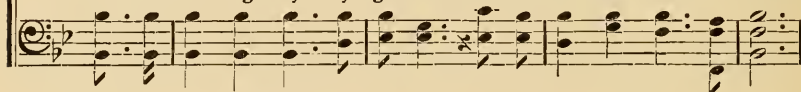
T. C. O'KANE, by per.



1. I am wait - ing for the Mas - ter, Who will rise and bid me come
2. Many a wear - y path I've trav - elled In the dark - est storm and strife,
3. Ma - ny friends who trav - elled with me—Reach'd that portal long a - go,
4. Yes, their pil - grim - age was short - er, And their tri - umph soon - er won;



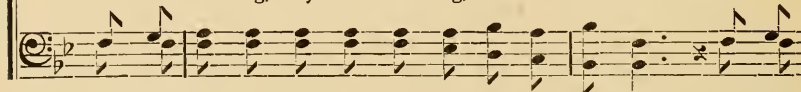
To the glo - ry of His pres - ence, To the glad - ness of His home.  
 Bear - ing many a heav - y bur - den, Oft - en strug - gling for my life.  
 One by one have left me bat - tling With the dark and craf - ty foe.  
 Oh how lov - ing - ly they'll greet me When the toils of life are done!



CHORUS.



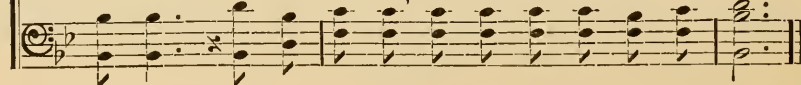
They are watch - - - ing at the por - tal, They are  
 watch - ing, they are wait - ing,

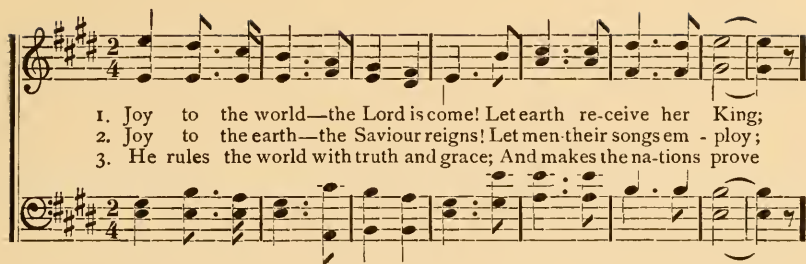


wait - - - ing at the door; Wait - ing on - - - ly for my  
 wait - ing, they are watching, on - ly, wait - ing on - ly



com - ing, All the loved . . . ones gone be - fore.  
 loved ones, all the loved





1. Joy to the world—the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King;  
 2. Joy to the earth—the Saviour reigns! Let men—their songs em - ply;  
 3. He rules the world with truth and grace; And makes the na-tions prove



Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And  
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Re -  
 The glo - ries of His right - eous - ness, And



heav'n and na - ture sing. And heav'n and na - ture  
 peat the sound - ing joy. Re - peat the sound - ing  
 won - ders of His love. And won - ders of His

And heav'n and na - ture sing, And  
 Re - peat the sounding joy, Re -  
 And won - ders of His love, And



sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.  
 joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.  
 love And won - ders, and won - ders of His love.

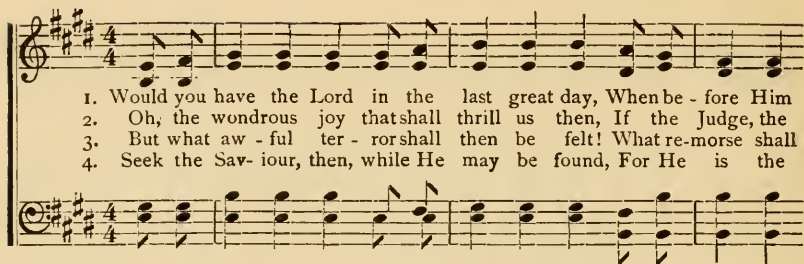
heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing.  
 peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat the sound - ing joy.  
 won - ders of His love, And won - ders of His love.

# No. 128.

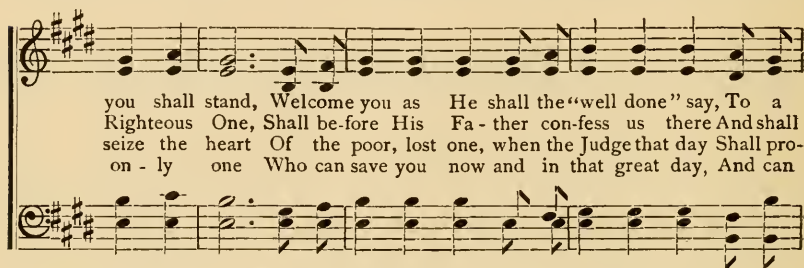
# Be Faithful.

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER, by per.

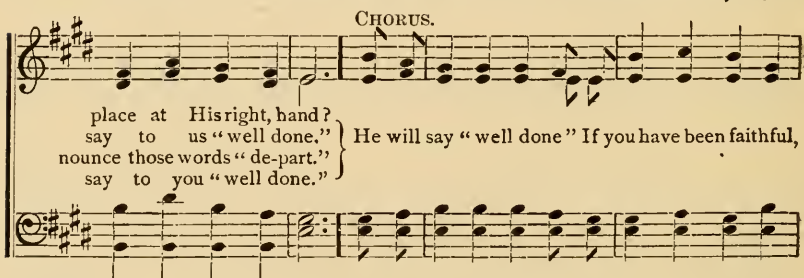


1. Would you have the Lord in the last great day, When be - fore Him  
 2. Oh, the wondrous joy that shall thrill us then, If the Judge, the  
 3. But what aw - ful ter - ror shall then be felt! What re-morse shall  
 4. Seek the Sav - iour, then, while He may be found, For He is the

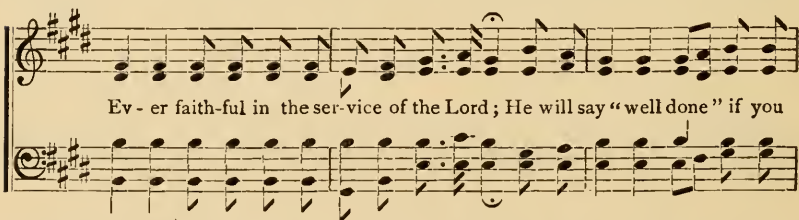


you shall stand, Welcome you as He shall the "well done" say, To a  
 Righteous One, Shall be-fore His Fa - ther con-fess us there And shall  
 seize the heart Of the poor, lost one, when the Judge that day Shall pro-  
 on - ly one Who can save you now and in that great day, And can

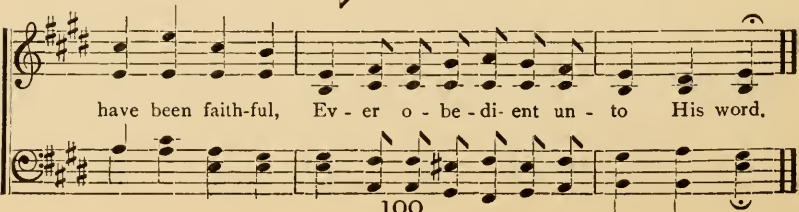
CHORUS.



place at His right, hand?  
 say to us "well done." } He will say "well done" If you have been faithful,  
 nounce those words "de-part." }  
 say to you "well done."



Ev - er faith-ful in the ser-vice of the Lord; He will say "well done" if you

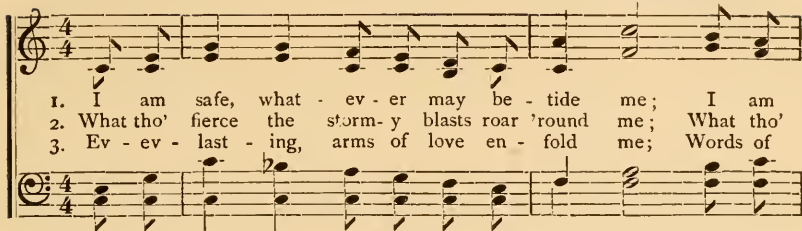


have been faith-ful, Ev - er o - be - di - ent un - to His word.

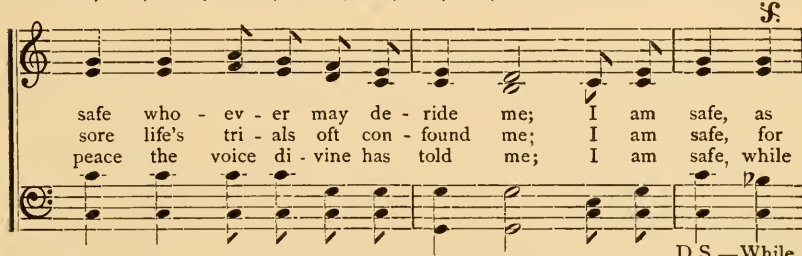
# No. 129. The Hollow of God's Hand.

E. D. MUND.

E. S. LORENZ, by per.



1. I am safe, what - ev - er may be - tide me; I am  
 2. What tho' fierce the storm-y blasts roar 'round me; What tho'  
 3. Ev - ev - last - ing, arms of love en - fold me; Words of



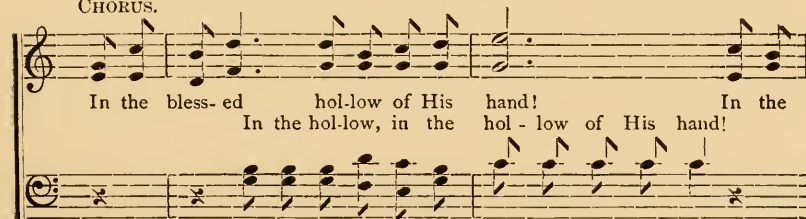
safe who - ev - er may de - ride me; I am safe, as  
 sore life's tri - als oft con - found me; I am safe, for  
 peace the voice di - vine has told me; I am safe, while

D.S.—While

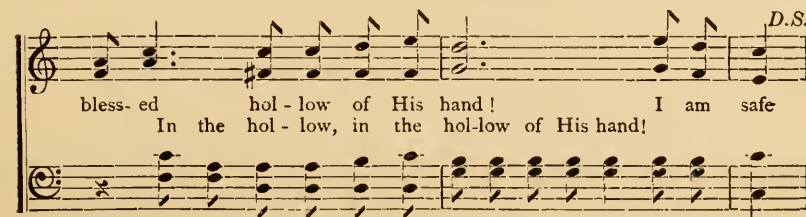


long as I con - fide me In the hol - low of God's hand.  
 naught of ill can wound me In the hol - low of God's hand.  
 God Him - self doth hold me In the hol - low of His hand.

God Him - self doth hold me In the hol - low of His hand.  
 CHORUS.



In the bless - ed hol - low of His hand! In the  
 In the hol - low, in the hol - low of His hand!



bless - ed hol - low of His hand! I am safe  
 In the hol - low, in the hol - low of His hand!

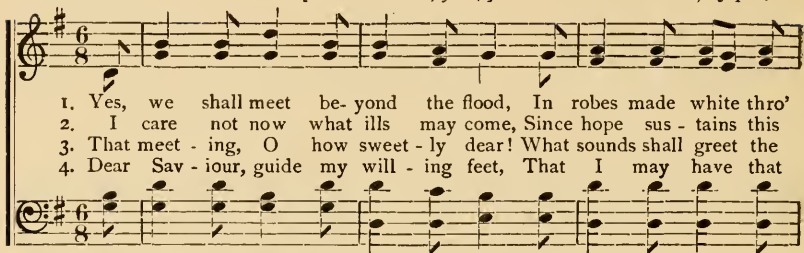
## No. 130.

## Beyond the Swelling Flood.

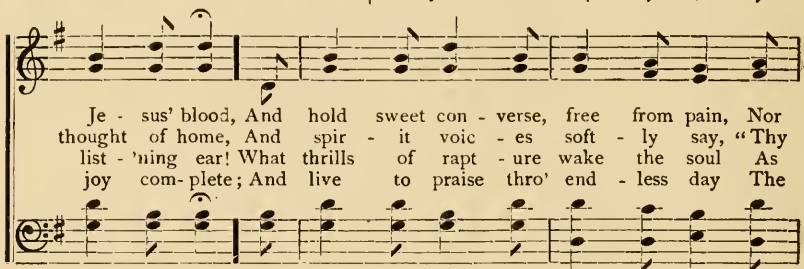
A. E. CHILDS.

[Text: Rev. vii, 9-14.]

J. H. TENNEY, by per.



1. Yes, we shall meet be-yond the flood, In robes made white thro'  
 2. I care not now what ills may come, Since hope sus-tains this  
 3. That meet-ing, O how sweet-ly dear! What sounds shall greet the  
 4. Dear Sav-iour, guide my will-ing feet, That I may have that

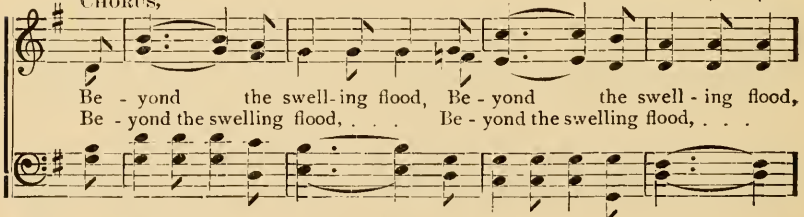


Je-sus' blood, And hold sweet con-verse, free from pain, Nor  
 thought of home, And spir-it voic-es soft-ly say, "Thy  
 list-'ning ear! What thrills of rapt-ure wake the soul As  
 joy com-plete; And live to praise thro' end-less day The

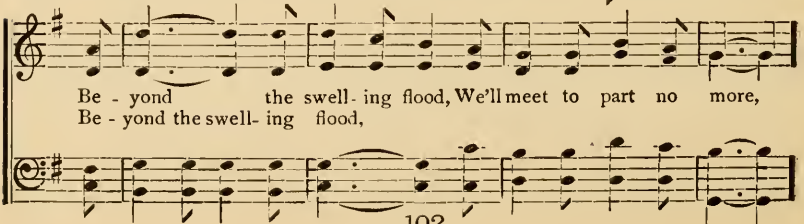


ev-er fear to part a-gain, Be-yond the swell-ing flood!  
 God shall wipe all tears a-way, Be-yond the swell-ing flood!"  
 back those gold-en gates shall roll, Be-yond the swell-ing flood!  
 love that dries all tears a-way, Be-yond the swell-ing flood!

## CHORUS,



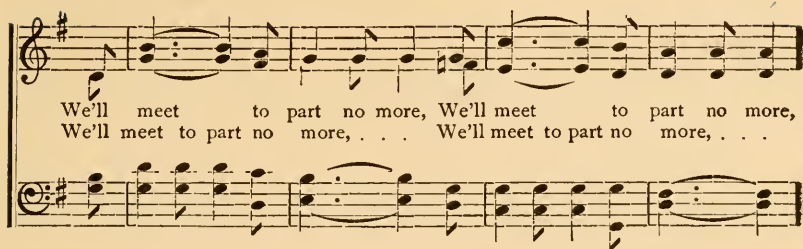
Be-yond the swell-ing flood, Be-yond the swell-ing flood,  
 Be-yond the swelling flood, Be-yond the swelling flood,



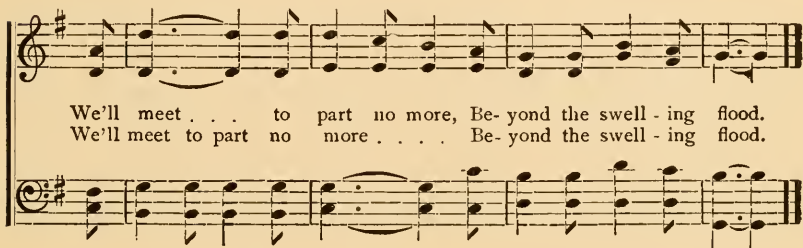
Be-yond the swell-ing flood, We'll meet to part no more,  
 Be-yond the swell-ing flood,



## Beyond the Swelling Flood.—Concluded.



We'll meet to part no more, We'll meet to part no more,  
We'll meet to part no more, . . . We'll meet to part no more, . . .



We'll meet . . . to part no more, Be- yond the swell - ing flood.  
We'll meet to part no more . . . . Be- yond the swell - ing flood.

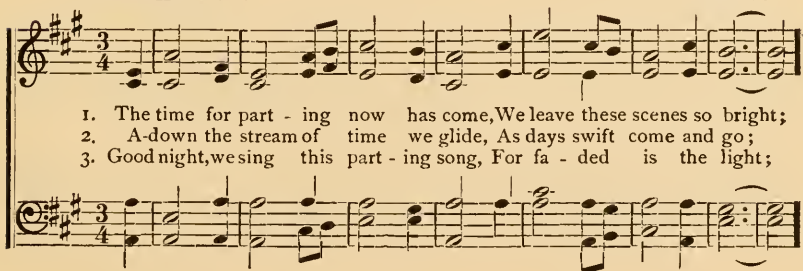
No. 131.

## Good Night.

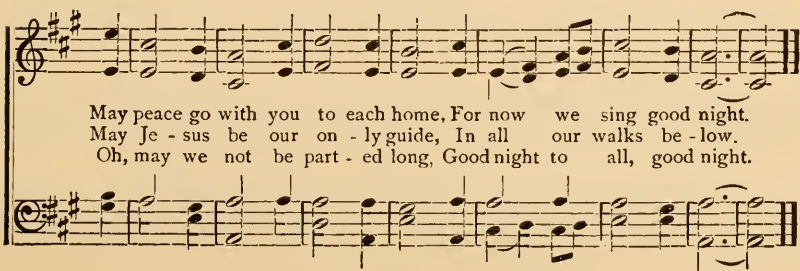
(AVON.)

JOHN McPHERSON.

Scottish.



1. The time for part - ing now has come, We leave these scenes so bright;  
2. A-down the stream of time we glide, As days swift come and go;  
3. Good night, we sing this part - ing song, For fa - ded is the light;



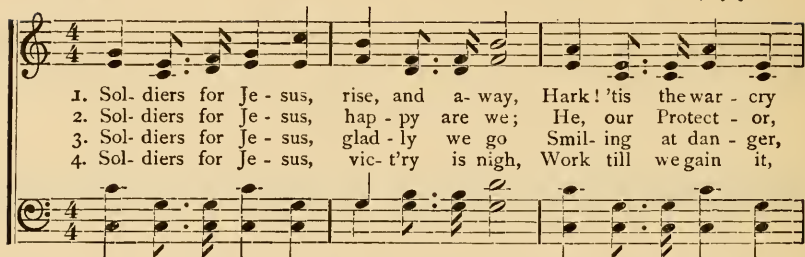
May peace go with you to each home, For now we sing good night.  
May Je - sus be our on - ly guide, In all our walks be - low.  
Oh, may we not be part - ed long, Good night to all, good night.

## No. 132.

## Soldiers for Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

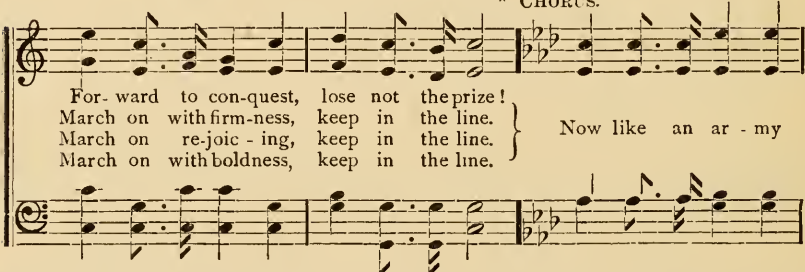


1. Sol - diers for Je - sus, rise, and a - way, Hark ! 'tis the war - cry  
 2. Sol - diers for Je - sus, hap - py are we ; He, our Protect - or,  
 3. Sol - diers for Je - sus, glad - ly we go Smil - ing at dan - ger,  
 4. Sol - diers for Je - sus, vic - t'ry is nigh, Work till we gain it,

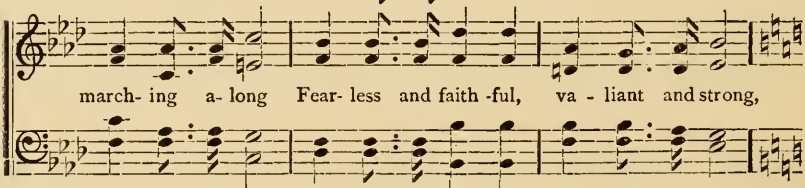


sound - ing to - day ; Lo ! our Comman - der calls from the skies :  
 near us will be, Trust in His mer - cy, change - less di - vine ;  
 brav - ing the foe, Bright are our land - marks, bright - ly they shine ;  
 rest by and by ; Oh ! let our cour - age nev - er de - cline ;

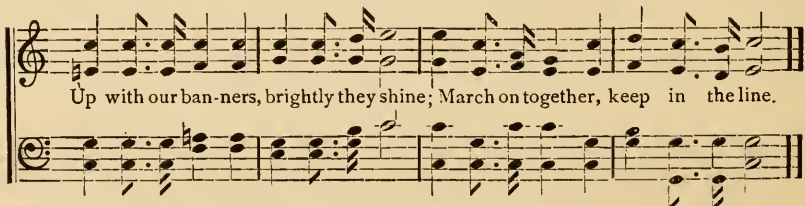
\* CHORUS.



For - ward to con - quest, lose not the prize !  
 March on with firm - ness, keep in the line. } Now like an ar - my  
 March on re - joic - ing, keep in the line.  
 March on with boldness, keep in the line.



march - ing a - long Fear - less and faith - ful, va - liant and strong,



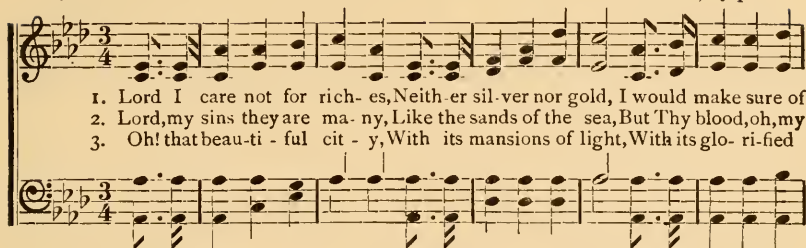
Up with our ban - ners, brightly they shine ; March on together, keep in the line.

\* Sing in the key of A flat from chorus to the end of 4th score.

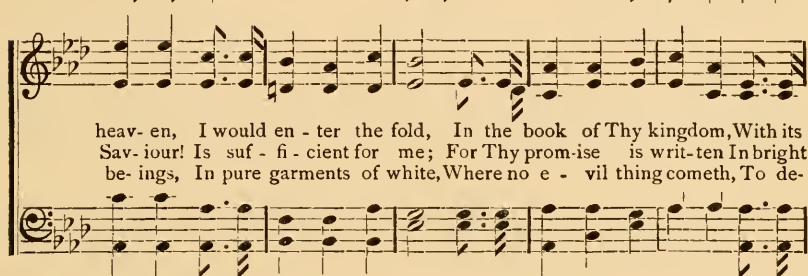
# No. 133. Is My Name Written There?

M. A. KIDDER.

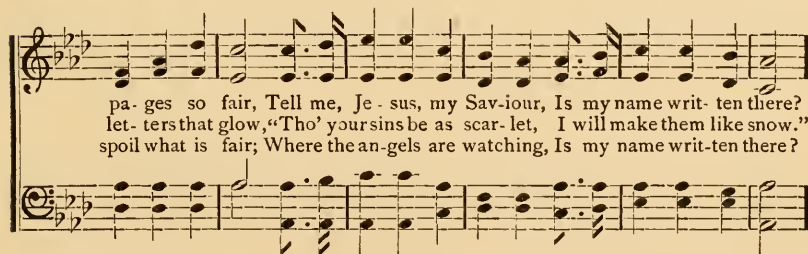
FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.



1. Lord I care not for rich-es, Neith-er sil-ver nor gold, I would make sure of  
 2. Lord, my sins they are ma-ny, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy blood, oh, my  
 3. Oh! that beau-ti-ful cit-y, With its mansions of light, With its glo-ri-fied

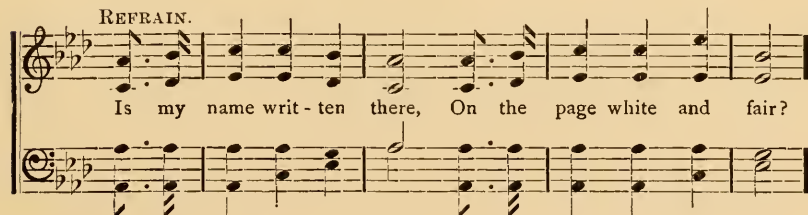


heav-en, I would en-ter the fold, In the book of Thy kingdom, With its  
 Sav-iour! Is suf-fi-cient for me; For Thy prom-ise is writ-ten In bright  
 be-ings, In pure garments of white, Where no e-vil thing cometh, To de-



pa-ges so fair, Tell me, Je-sus, my Sav-iour, Is my name writ-ten there?  
 let-ters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, I will make them like snow."  
 spoil what is fair; Where the an-gels are watching, Is my name writ-ten there?

## REFRAIN.



Is my name writ-ten there, On the page white and fair?

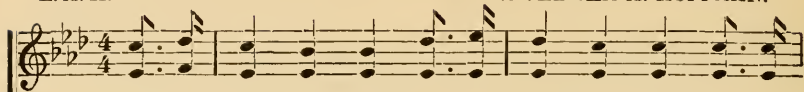


In the book of Thy king-dom, Is my name writ-ten there?



# No. 134. Are you Ready for the Lord to Come?

E. A. H.



Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.




1. When the morn - ing dawns, of the beauteous day, And the  
 2. When the prom - ised day of the Lord draws near, And in  
 3. When the Book of Life is at last un - sealed, And the


earth is bright with mil - len - nial ray. When the trum - pet sounds and the  
 judg - ment you at His bar ap - pear, With His own re - deemed will you  
 name of those who are Christ's re - vealed, Will you stand con fessed as a


Lord shall come, Will your soul be read - y for the heav'n - ly home?  
 hum - bly stand, And be robed and read - y for the Lord's right hand?  
 child of God, Wash'd from all de - file - ment in His pre - cious blood?



CHORUS.



O the bride - groom, is com - ing, quick - ly com - ing;



## Are you Ready, Etc.—Concluded.

Are you read-y for the heav'n-ly home? Has your soul been  
cleansed in the blood of Christ? Are you read-y for the Lord to come?

## No. 135. Heaven is my Home.

*mf Adagio e Legato.*

1. { I'm but a stran-ger here Heav'n is my home; } Dan-ger and sor-row stand  
Earth is a des-ert drear, Heav'n is my home;  
2. { What tho't the tempest rage? Heav'n is my home; } Time's cold and wintry blast  
Short is my pil-grim age, Heav'n is my home;

'Round me on ev'-ry hand; Heav'n is my Fatherland, Heav'n is my home.  
Soon will be o-ver past: I shall reach home at last; Heav'n is my home.

3 Peace! O my troubled soul,  
Heav'n is my home;  
I soon shall reach the goal;  
Heav'n is my home;  
Swiftly the race I'll run,  
Yield up my crown to none:  
Forward! the prize is won;  
Heav'n is my home.

4 There, at my Saviour's side,  
Heav'n is my home;  
I shall be glorified;  
Heav'n is my home;  
There are the good and blest,  
Those I loved most and best,  
There, too, I soon shall rest,  
Heav'n is my home.

NOTE:—The words "Nearer My God to Thee," No. 101, are admirably adapted to this music.



## No. 136.

## Let Jesus In.

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Who is this knock-ing long at the door of thy heart, Standing  
 2. It is Je - sus, the Sav - iour, who pa - tient - ly waits While the  
 3. Let Him in, let Him in, it is Je - sus, the Lord, At the

there with com-pas-sion-ate pleading? It is Je - sus, the mer - ci - ful  
 dew's of the morn-ing are fall - ing, Who, tho' oft - en re - ject - ed, still  
 door for an en - trance ap - peal - ing; Let Him in, let Him in, He will

Sav - iour and Lord, In the ten - der - est love in - ter - ced - ing.  
 stands at the door, And in ten - der com - pas - sion is call - ing.  
 cleanse thee from sin, All His won - der - ful mer - cy re - veal - ing.

## CHORUS.

Let Him in, let Him in, Rise and  
 Let Him in, let Him in,

*ritard.*  
 let Je - sus in; He will save, He will  
 Rise and let He will save,

# Let Jesus In.—Concluded.

bless, With a won - drous re - demp - tion from sin.  
 He will bless,

## No. 137. All Hail the Power.

Rev. E. PERRONET, 1780.

O. HOLDEN, 1793.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;  
 2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,  
 3. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;  
 To Him all ma - jes - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;  
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 To Him all ma - jes - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

## No. 138.

## We Love Thy Cause.

CHAS. CLINTON.

Good, as a Quartette.

C. C. CASE.

1. We love Thy cause, . . . . . O! Sa-viour dear, . . . . . We love to  
 2. We love Thy cause, . . . . . and love to see, . . . . . Thy children  
 3. O glo-rious work, . . . . . O bless-ed cause, . . . . . We'll all u-

work . . . . . and love to be . . . . . With all that  
 all . . . . . with one ac - cord, . . . . . Work cheer-ful -  
 nite, . . . . . in songs of praise, . . . . . For soon we'll

are . . . . . Thy fol-lowers true, . . . . . In this good  
 ly . . . . . and will - ing - ly, . . . . . To help a -  
 meet . . . . . in heav'n a - bove, . . . . . And with the

work, . . . . . this work for Thee. . . . .  
 long . . . . . Thy cause O! Lord. . . . .  
 saints . . . . . our voic - es raise. . . . .

CHORUS.

We love, Thy cause and soon will join Thy  
 we love Thy cause, and soon will join

## We Love Thy Cause.—Concluded.

wor - ship - ers in songs of praise, A- round the throne  
Thy wor-ship-ers in songs of praise, a round the throne

where Je - sus reigns, And there with all our voic - es raise.  
where Je - sus reigns, And there our voic - es raise.

## No. 139. Suffering Saviour. S. M.

BENJ. BEDDOME, 1787.

Dr. LOWELL MASON, 1832.

1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep? And shall our cheeks be dry?  
2. The Son of God in tears An - gels with won - der see;  
3. He wept that we might weep; Each sin de-mands a tear;

Let floods of pen - i - ten-tial grief Burst forth from ev - 'ry eye.  
Be Thou as-ton-ished, O my soul, He shed those tears for me.  
In heave-na- lone no sin is found, And there's no weep - ing there.

## No. 140.

## Blessed Assurance.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP, by per.

1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore - taste of  
 2. Per-fect sub - mis - sion, per-fect de - light, Vis-ions of rap - ture  
 3. Per-fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - iour am

glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchased of God, Born of His  
 burst on my sight; An - gels de - scend - ing, bring from a - bove, Ech-oes of  
 hap - py and blest; Watch - ing and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove, Fill'd with His

REFRAIN.

Spir - it, wash'd in His blood.  
 mer - cy, whispers of love.  
 good - ness, lost in His love. } This is my sto - ry, This is my

song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my sto - ry,

this is my song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long.



# No. 141.

# God be with You.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—Rom. 16: 20,

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

W. G. TOMER, by per.

1. God be with you till we meet a- gain, By His counsels guide, up- hold you,  
 2. God be with you till we meet a- gain, 'Neath His wings protecting, hide you,  
 3. God be with you till we meet a- gain, When life's perils thick confound you,  
 4. God be with you till we meet a- gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,

With His sheep securely fold you,  
 Dai - ly manna still di - vide you,  
 Put His arms unfailing 'round you,  
 Smite death's threat'ning wave be- fore you,

God be with you till we meet a - gain.

CHORUS.

Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet,  
 'Till we meet, till we meet a- gain, till we meet,


Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a- gain.  
 Till we meet, till we meet again.

## No. 142.

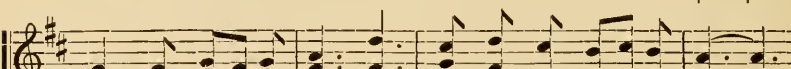
## Beautiful Home.

H. R. P.


H. R. PALMER.

Soprano and Alto Duet, *ad lib.*


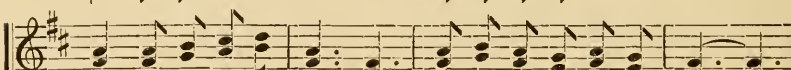
1. There is a home e - ter - nal, Beau - ti - ful and bright;  
 2. Mu - sic is ev - er ring - ing, In that home so fair;  
 3. Soon shall I join the ran - somed, Far be - yond the sky;



Where sweet joys su - per - nal Nev - er are dimm'd by night,  
 Earth's re - deem'd are sing - ing Prais - es to Je - sus there,  
 Christ is my sal - va - tion, Why should I fear to die?

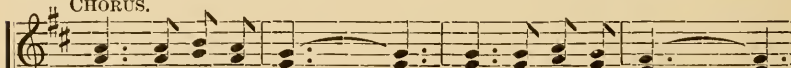


White robed an - gels are sing - ing Ev - er a - round the bright throne,  
 Now they swell the glad an - them, Ev - er a - round the bright throne,  
 Soon my eyes shall be - hold Him Seat - ed up - on the bright throne,



When oh, when shall I see thee, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home?  
 When oh, when shall I see thee, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home?  
 Then oh, then shall I see thee, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home.

## CHORUS.



Home beau - ti - ful home, Bright beau - ti - ful home,  
 beau - ti - ful home, beau - ti - ful home,

## Beautiful Home.—Concluded.

Home, home of my Sav - iour, Bright beau - ti - ful home.  
beau - ti - ful

## No. 143. The Glorious Light. C. M.

JOHN H. MORRISON.

LOWELL MASON.

1. The race that long in dark-ness pined Has seen a glo-rious Light;  
2. To us a Child of hope is born, To us a Son is giv'n;  
3. His name shall be the Prince of peace, For - ev - er - more a - dored;  
4. His pow'r, in-creas- ing still shall spread; His reign no end shall know;

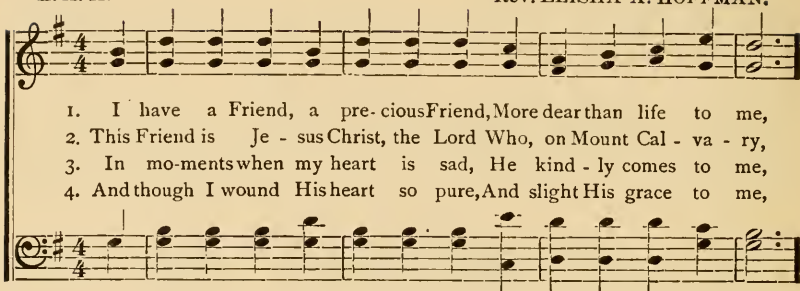
The peo - ple dwell in day, who dwelt In death's sur-round- ing night.  
Him shall the tribes of earth o - bey, Him all the hosts of heaven.  
The Won - der - ful, the Coun - sell - or, The great and migh - ty Lord.  
Jus - tice shall guard His throne a - bove, And peace a - bound be - low.

The peo - ple dwell in day, who dwelt In death's surround- ing night.  
Him shall the tribes of earth o - bey, Him all the hosts of heaven.  
The Won - der - ful, the Coun - sell - or, The great and might - y Lord.  
Jus - tice shall guard His throne a - bove, And peace a - bound be - low.

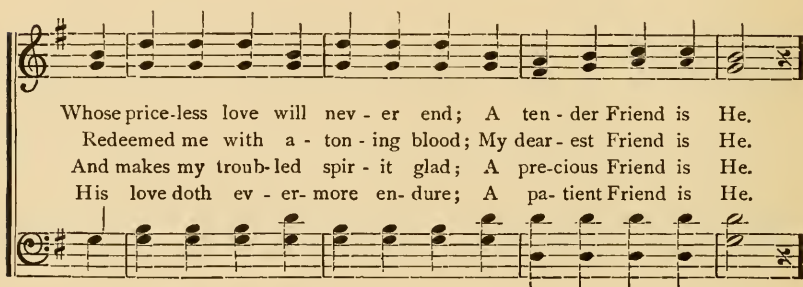
# No. 144. He Loves Me Tenderly.

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



1. I have a Friend, a pre-cious Friend, More dear than life to me,  
 2. This Friend is Je - sus Christ, the Lord Who, on Mount Cal - va - ry,  
 3. In mo-ments when my heart is sad, He kind - ly comes to me,  
 4. And though I wound His heart so pure, And slight His grace to me,

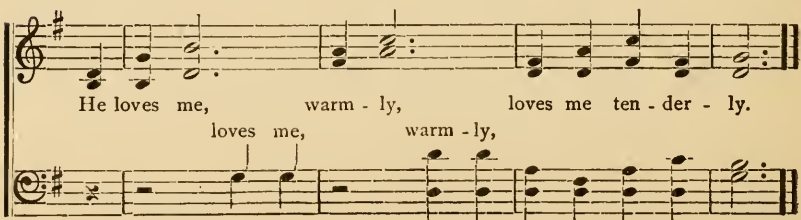


Whose price-less love will nev - er end; A ten - der Friend is He.  
 Redeemed me with a - ton - ing blood; My dear - est Friend is He.  
 And makes my trou-bled spir - it glad; A pre-cious Friend is He.  
 His love doth ev - er - more en - dure; A pa - tient Friend is He.

CHORUS.



He loves me, fond - ly, tru - ly, dear - ly,  
 loves me, fond - ly, tru - ly,

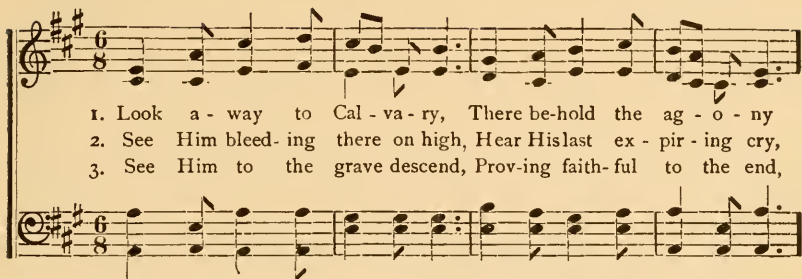


He loves me, warm - ly, loves me ten - der - ly.  
 loves me, warm - ly,

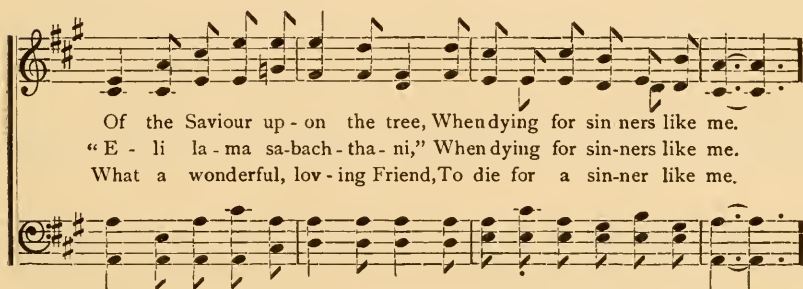
# No. 145. Look Away to Calvary.

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.

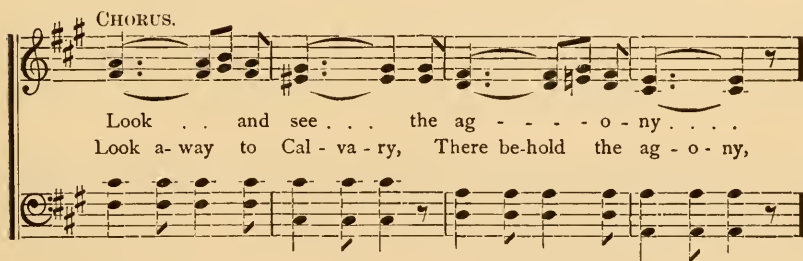


1. Look a - way to Cal - va - ry, There be-hold the ag - o - ny  
 2. See Him bleed - ing there on high, Hear His last ex - pir - ing cry,  
 3. See Him to the grave descend, Prov - ing faith - ful to the end,

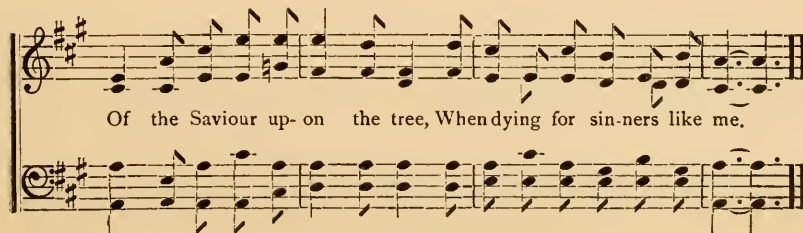


Of the Saviour up - on the tree, When dying for sin - ners like me.  
 "E - li la - ma sa - bach - tha - ni," When dying for sin - ners like me.  
 What a wonderful, lov - ing Friend, To die for a sin - ner like me.

CHORUS.



Look . . . and see . . . the ag - - - o - ny . . . .  
 Look a - way to Cal - va - ry, There be-hold the ag - o - ny,



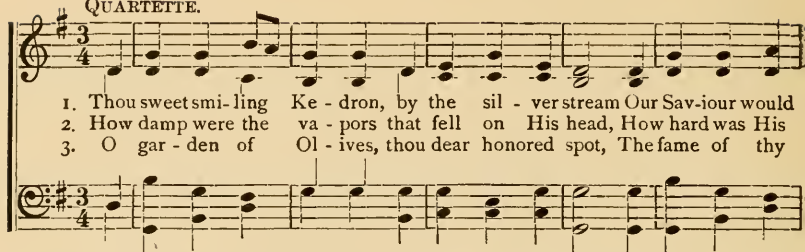
Of the Saviour up - on the tree, When dying for sin - ners like me.



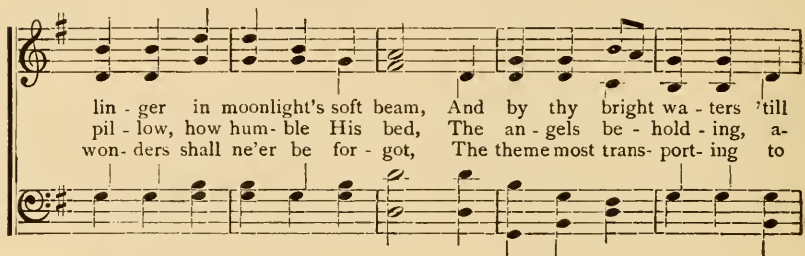
# No. 146. Come Saints and adore Him.

Rev. J. E. SPILLMAN.

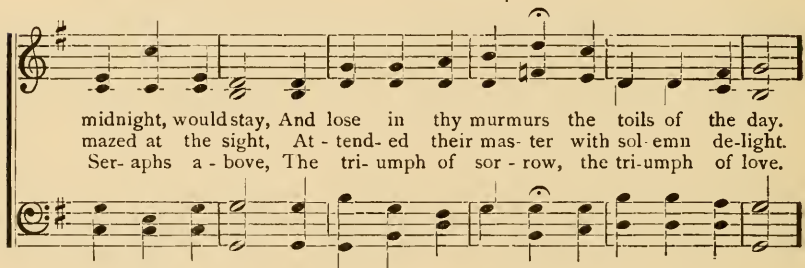
## QUARTETTE.



1. Thousweetsmi-ling Ke-dron, by the sil-ver stream Our Sav-iour would  
 2. How damp were the va-pors that fell on His head, How hard was His  
 3. O gar-den of Ol-ives, thou dear honored spot, The fame of thy

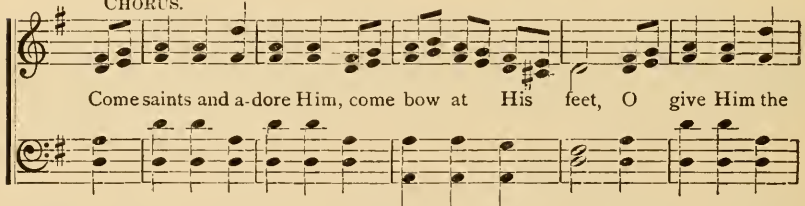


lin-ger in moonlight's soft beam, And by thy bright wa-ters 'till  
 pil-low, how hum-ble His bed, The an-gels be-hold-ing, a-  
 won-ders shall ne'er be for-got, The theme most trans-port-ing to

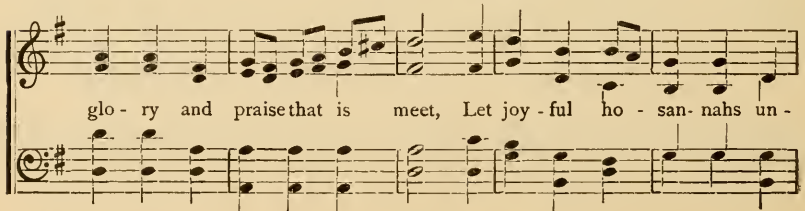


midnight, would stay, And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.  
 mazed at the sight, At-tend-ed their mas-ter with sol-emn de-light.  
 Ser-aphs a-bove, The tri-umph of sor-row, the tri-umph of love.

## CHORUS.



Comesaints and a-dore Him, come bow at His feet, O give Him the



glo-ry and praise that is meet, Let joy-ful ho-san-nahs un-

## Come Saints and adore Him.

ceas - ing a - rise, And join the full cho - rus that gladdens the skies.

## No. 147. Yield not to Temptation.

Words and Music by H. R. PALMER.

1. Yield not to tempta-tion, For yielding is sin; Each vict'ry will help you  
 2. Shun e - vil companions; Bad language dis - dain; God's name hold in re - v' - rence,  
 3. To Him that o'ercometh God giv - eth a crown; Thro' faith we will conquer,

Some other to win. Fight manful - ly on - ward, Dark passions sub - due,  
 Nor take it in vain. Be thoughtful and earn - est, Kind - hearted and true,  
 Though often cast down. He who is our Saviour, Our strength will re - new:

### CHORUS.

Loo - ke - ver to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through, Ask the Saviour to help you,

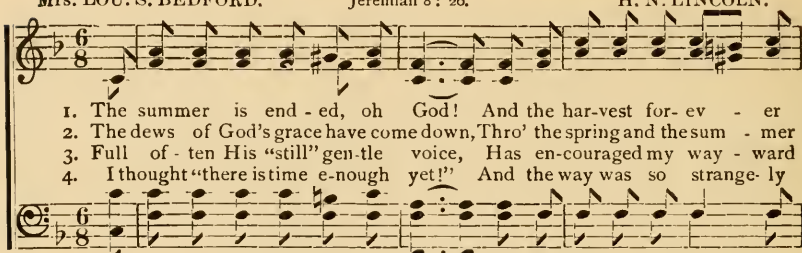
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you, He is willing to aid you, He will carry you thro'.

# No. 148. The Lost Soul's Lament.

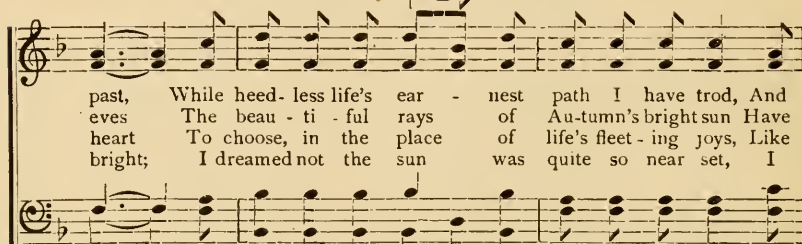
Mrs. LOU. S. BEDFORD.

Jeremiah 8: 20.

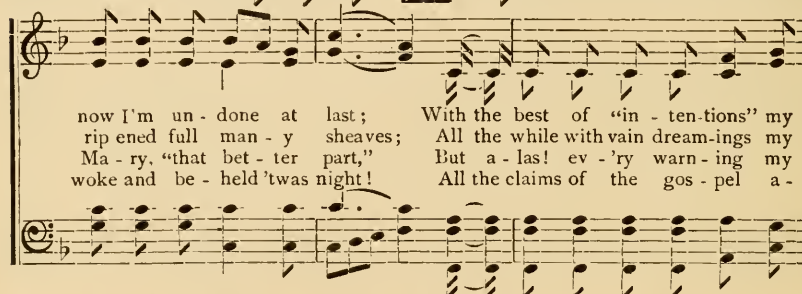
H. N. LINCOLN.



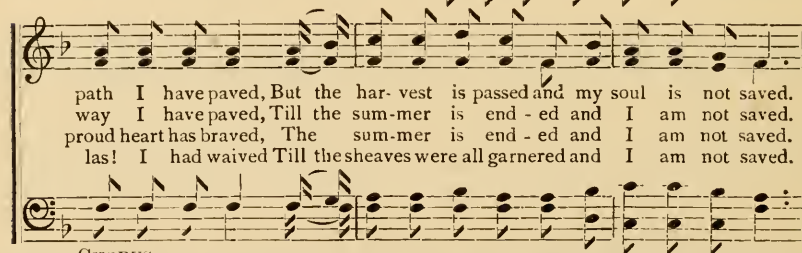
1. The summer is end - ed, oh God! And the har-vest for- ev - er  
 2. The dews of God's grace have come down, Thro' the spring and the sum - mer  
 3. Full of - ten His "still" gen-tle voice, Has en-couraged my way - ward  
 4. I thought "there is time e-nough yet!" And the way was so strange - ly



past, While heed- less life's ear - nest path I have trod, And  
 eves The beau - ti - ful rays of Au-tumn's bright sun Have  
 heart To choose, in the place of life's fleet - ing joys, Like  
 bright; I dreamed not the sun was quite so near set, I

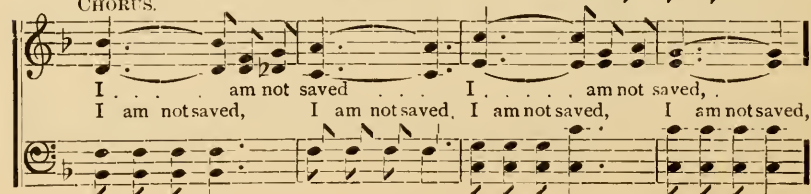


now I'm un - done at last; With the best of "in - ten-tions" my  
 rip ened full man - y sheaves; All the while with vain dream-ings my  
 Ma - ry, "that bet - ter part," But a - las! ev - 'ry warn - ing my  
 woke and be - held 'twas night! All the claims of the gos - pel a -



path I have paved, But the har-vest is passed and my soul is not saved.  
 way I have paved, Till the sum-mer is end - ed and I am not saved.  
 proud heart has braved, The sum-mer is end - ed and I am not saved.  
 las! I had waived Till the sheaves were all garnered and I am not saved.

CHORUS.



I . . . am not saved I . . . am not saved,  
 I am not saved, I am not saved, I am not saved, I am not saved,

## The Lost Soul's Lament.—Concluded.

The har - - vest is end - - ed, And I am not saved.  
har-vest is end - ed, the har-vest is end - ed,

- 5 I stretch out my weak helpless hand  
Far, far toward the jasper sea,  
And pray one glimpse of that radiant land--
- Where loving friends wait for me; [brav'd  
Whose kind faithful warnings, I often have  
But the harvest is ended and I am not sav'd.

## No. 149. Welcome Evening Shadows.

IDA L. REED.

H. N. LINCOLN.

1. Welcome evening shad-ows, Welcome twi- light gray, Sun- settints are  
2. Welcome evening shad-ows, Fall- ing si- lent - ly, Like a veil a -  
3. Welcome shades of eve-ning, Fall- ing one by one, Day is soft - ly

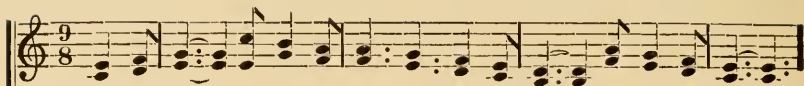
fad - ing, Dy - ing is the day; And the way-worn toil - ers,  
bout us, Shel-tered thus we'll be; Fold our man - tles o'er us,  
dy - ing, All its toil is done; Wel- come twi- light shad-ows,

Glad- ly one by one, Turn their fa- ces home- ward, Day's long toil is done.  
And se- cure- ly rest, By thy mer- cy guard - ed, Saviour we are blest.  
Life is al- most o'er, Soon we'll wake in glad - ness, On the farther shore.


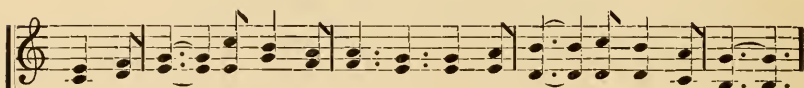
# No. 150. Over by the Crystal Sea.

E. A. H.


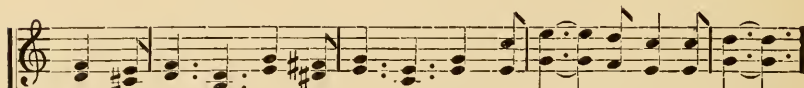
Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



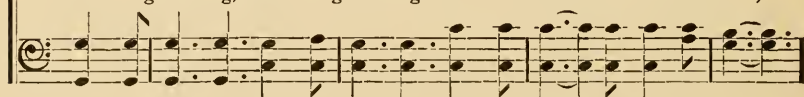
1. When the toils of life are end - ed, And its sor - rows wound no more,  
 2. When the Mas - ter's voice shall summons, From the vine - yard here be - low,  
 3. When we stand, redeem'd and ransom'd, By the Fa - ther's glorious throne,

And we gath - er with the ran - somed On the fair, e - ter - nal shore,  
 Those of us whose work is fin - ished, And in glad - ness forth we go,  
 Shar - ing in the cor - o - na - tion Of the saints He calls His own,

What a meet - ing, hap - py meet - ing, Full of glad - ness that will be,  
 What a greet - ing, bless - ed greet - ing, Full of wel - come that will be,  
 What a gath - 'ring, what a gath - 'ring Of the blood - wash'd that will be,




With our dear ones re - u - nit - ed O - ver by the crys - tal sea!  
 When our loved ones come to meet us O - ver by the crys tal sea!  
 Re - u - nit - ed there for - ev - er O - ver by the crys - tal sea!

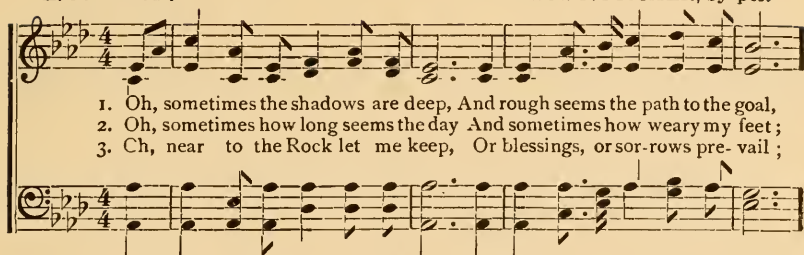




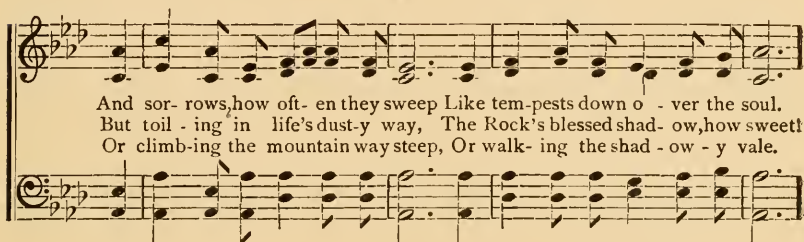
# No. 151. The Rock that is Higher than I.

E. JOHNSON.

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

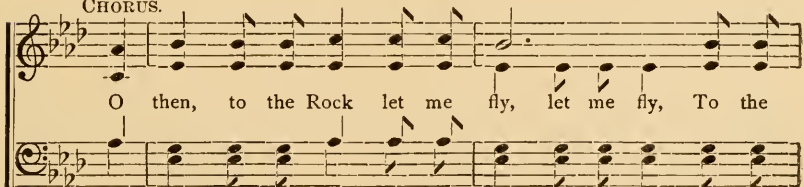


1. Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal,  
 2. Oh, sometimes how long seems the day And sometimes how weary my feet;  
 3. Ch, near to the Rock let me keep, Or blessings, or sor-rows pre-vail;

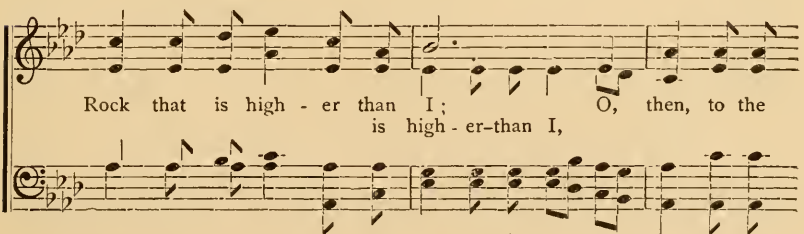


And sor-rows, how oft-en they sweep Like tem-pests down o-ver the soul.  
 But toil-ing in life's dust-y way, The Rock's blessed shad-ow, how sweet  
 Or climb-ing the mountain way steep, Or walk-ing the shad-ow-y vale.

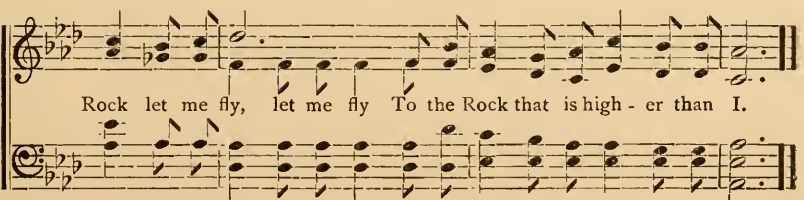
## CHORUS.



O then, to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the



Rock that is high-er than I; O, then, to the  
 is high-er-than I,



Rock let me fly, let me fly To the Rock that is high-er than I.

## No. 152.

## At the Cross.

*"Look unto me, and be ye saved."*—ISA. 45: 22.

I. WATTS.

R. E. HUDSON, by per.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?  
 2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groan'd up - on the tree?  
 3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut His glo - ries in,  
 4. Thus might I hide my blush-ing face While His dear cross ap - pears,  
 5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:

Would He de-vote that sa - cred head, For such a worm as I?  
 A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree!  
 When Christ, the might-y Mak - er, died For man the crea-ture's sin,  
 Dis - solve my heart in thank-ful-ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.  
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a-way; 'Tis all that I can do.

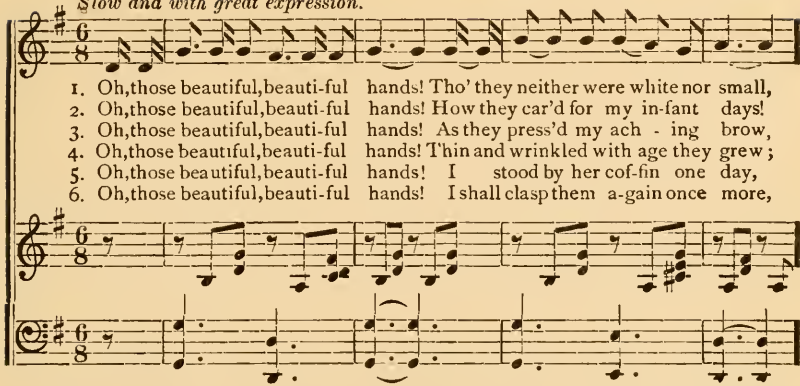
## CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the  
 bur-den of my heart rolled a - way, roll'd a-way, It was there by faith  
 I received my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day.

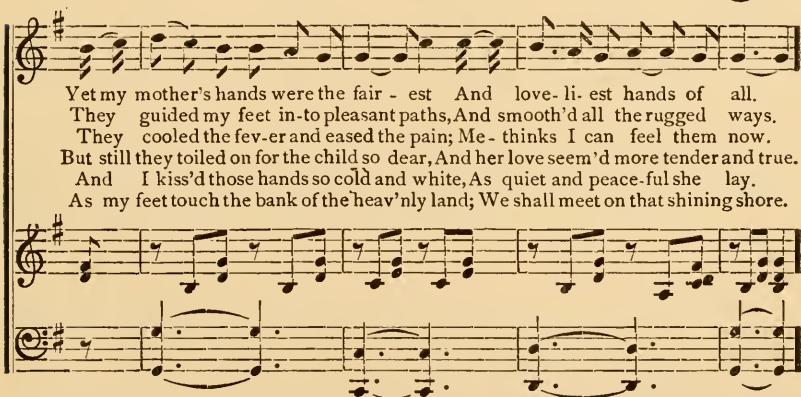
## No. 153.

## My Mother's Hands.

Mrs. M. E. W.

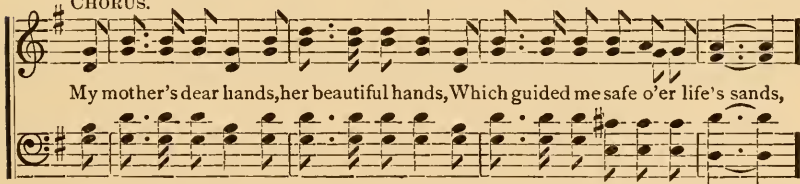
*Slow and with great expression.*Mrs. M. E. WILLSON, by per.  
Sister of the late P. P. BLISS.


1. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! Tho' they neither were white nor small,  
 2. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! How they car'd for my in-fant days!  
 3. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! As they press'd my aching brow,  
 4. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! Thin and wrinkled with age they grew;  
 5. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! I stood by her coffin one day,  
 6. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! I shall clasp them again once more,

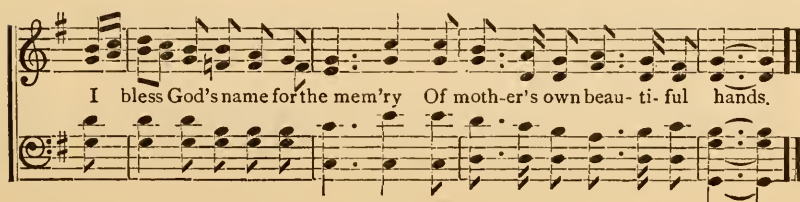


Yet my mother's hands were the fairest And loveliest hands of all.  
 They guided my feet into pleasant paths, And smooth'd all the rugged ways.  
 They cooled the fever and eased the pain; Me thinks I can feel them now.  
 But still they toiled on for the child so dear, And her love seem'd more tender and true.  
 And I kiss'd those hands so cold and white, As quiet and peaceful she lay.  
 As my feet touch the bank of the heavenly land; We shall meet on that shining shore.

## CHORUS.



My mother's dear hands, her beautiful hands, Which guided me safe o'er life's sands,

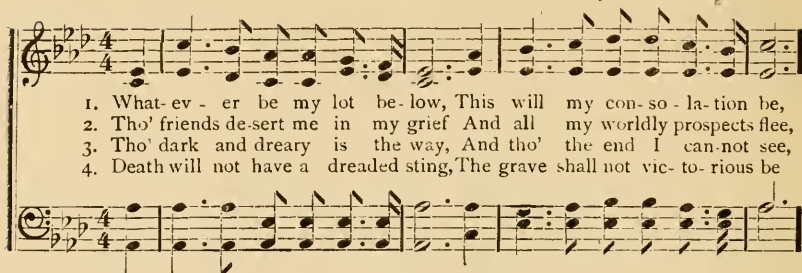


I bless God's name for the memory Of mother's own beautiful hands,

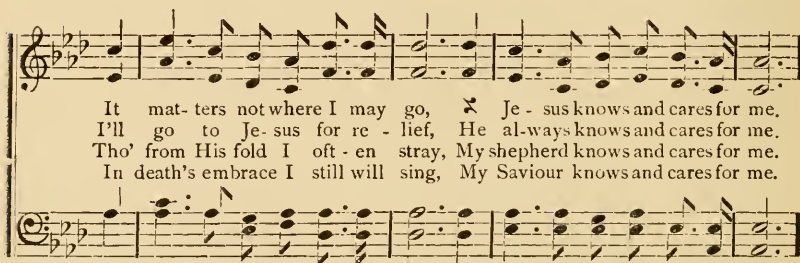
# No. 154. Jesus Knows and Cares for me.

*"I am the good Shepherd, I know my sheep."*

Words and Music by H. N. LINCOLN.

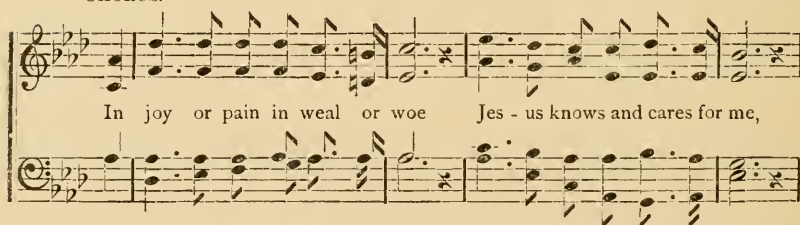


1. What - ev - er be my lot be - low, This will my con - so - la - tion be,  
 2. Tho' friends de - sert me in my grief And all my worldly prospects flee,  
 3. Tho' dark and dreary is the way, And tho' the end I can not see,  
 4. Death will not have a dreaded sting, The grave shall not vic - to - rious be

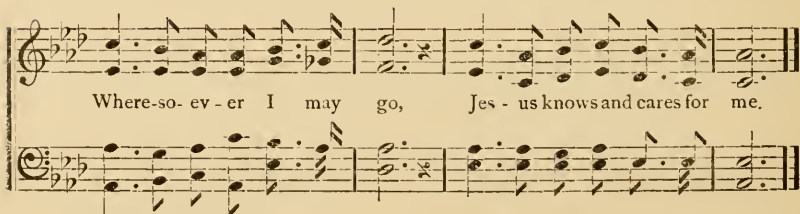


It mat - ters not where I may go, Je - sus knows and cares for me,  
 I'll go to Je - sus for re - lief, He al - ways knows and cares for me.  
 Tho' from His fold I oft - en stray, My shepherd knows and cares for me.  
 In death's embrace I still will sing, My Saviour knows and cares for me.

## CHORUS.



In joy or pain in weal or woe Jes - us knows and cares for me,




Where - so - ev - er I may go, Jes - us knows and cares for me.

By per. of S. Brainard & Sons.

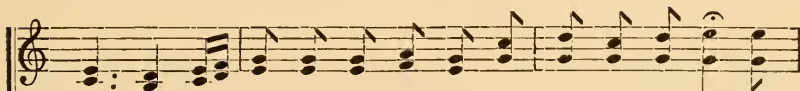
# No. 155. The Soul's bright Home.

E. H. MILLER.

H. P. MONTAGUE.




1. Be - yond the dark val-ley and riv-er of death, Beyond where its waters are  
 2. No grief in that beau-ti - ful home of the soul No sor- row can en- ter its  
 3. No death in that beau-ti - ful home of the soul, No sin from our Saviour to

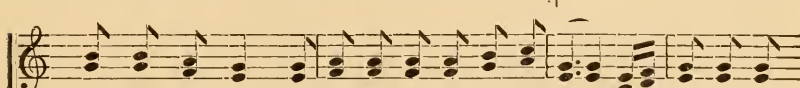


swell - ing, A bright home a - wait - eth the chil-dren of God, In  
 por - tals; But glad are the voic- es that join in the song, The  
 sev - er; The King in His beau-ty our eyes shall be - hold, And

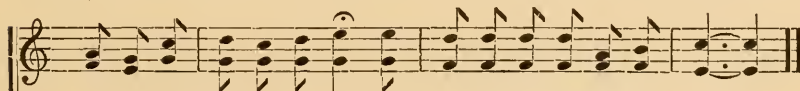
## CHORUS.



mansions where saints now are dwell-ing. }  
 song of the shin - ing, im-mor - tals. } No night in that beau-ti - ful  
 join in His prais- es for - ev - er. }



heav - en - ly home! No shade in its glo- ry is seen; The won-der - ful



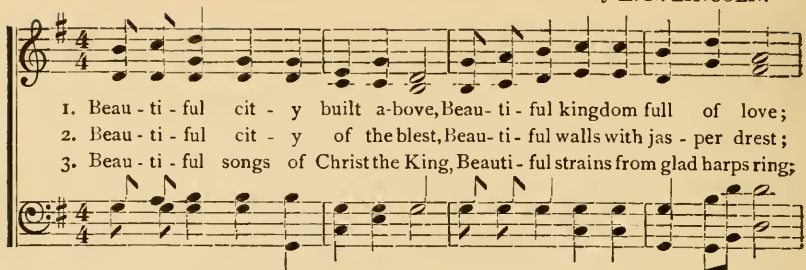
riv-er of wa-ter of life, Flows soft thro' its meadows of green.



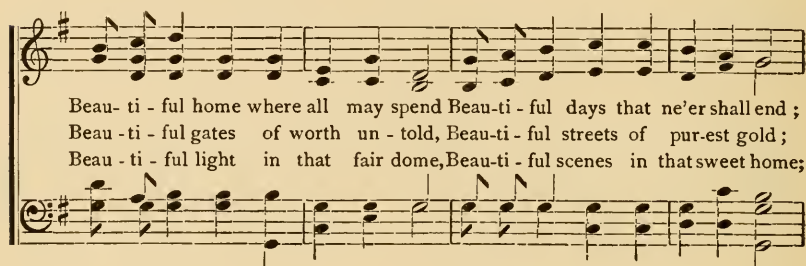
## No. 156.

## Home So Beautiful.

Words and Music by H. N. LINCOLN.



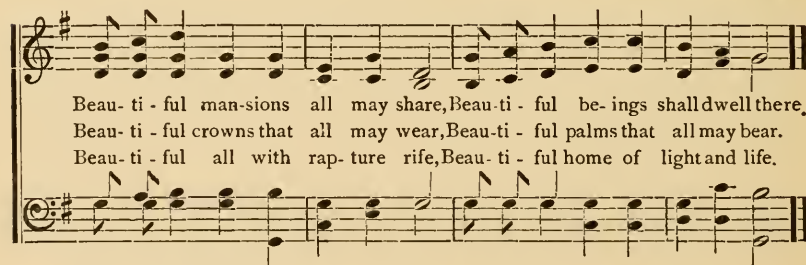
1. Beau - ti - ful cit - y built a - bove, Beau - ti - ful kingdom full of love;  
 2. Beau - ti - ful cit - y of the blest, Beau - ti - ful walls with jas - per drest;  
 3. Beau - ti - ful songs of Christ the King, Beau - ti - ful strains from glad harps ring;



Beau - ti - ful home where all may spend Beau - ti - ful days that ne'er shall end;  
 Beau - ti - ful gates of worth un - told, Beau - ti - ful streets of pur - est gold;  
 Beau - ti - ful light in that fair dome, Beau - ti - ful scenes in that sweet home;



Beau - ti - ful throne with jew - els bright, Beau - ti - ful an - gels cloth'd in white;  
 Beau - ti - ful throng by faith I see, Beau - ti - ful robes for you and me;  
 Beau - ti - ful riv - er glid - ing by, Beau - ti - ful hills of glo - ry nigh;



Beau - ti - ful man - sions all may share, Beau - ti - ful be - ings shall dwell there,  
 Beau - ti - ful crowns that all may wear, Beau - ti - ful palms that all may bear.  
 Beau - ti - ful all with rap - ture rife, Beau - ti - ful home of light and life.

Copyright, 1892, by H. N. Lincoln.

## No. 157.

Grace.

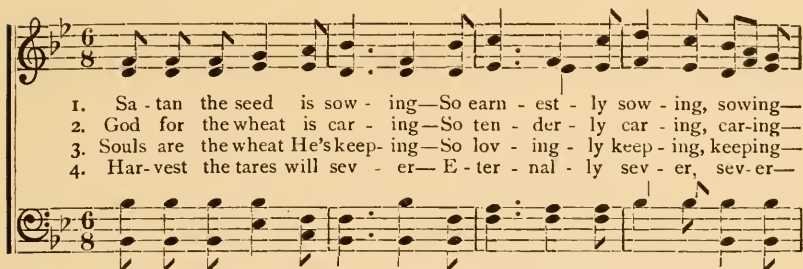
1 'Tis religion that can give,  
 Sweetest pleasure while we live.  
 'Tis religion must supply,  
 Solid comforts when we die.

2 After death its joys shall be,  
 Lasting as eternity.  
 Be the living God, our friend  
 Then our bliss shall never end.

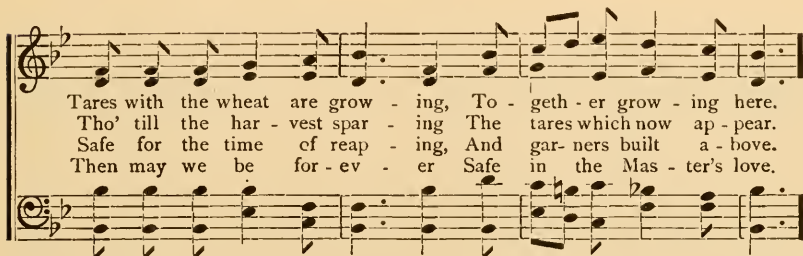
# No. 158. Satan the Seed is Sowing.

M. A. BAKER.

H. R. PALMER, Mus. Doc.

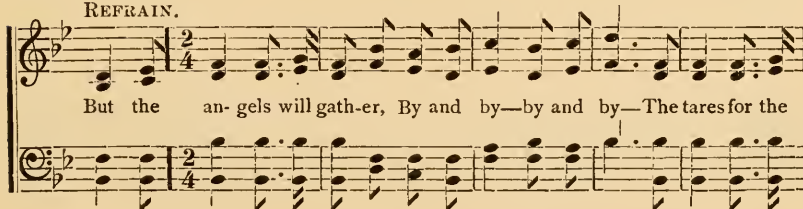


1. Sa - tan the seed is sow - ing—So earn - est - ly sow - ing, sowing—  
 2. God for the wheat is car - ing—So ten - der - ly car - ing, car-ing—  
 3. Souls are the wheat He's keep - ing—So lov - ing - ly keep - ing, keeping—  
 4. Har - vest the tares will sev - er—E - ter - nal - ly sev - er, sev - er—



Tares with the wheat are grow - ing, To - geth - er grow - ing here.  
 Tho' till the har - vest spar - ing The tares which now ap - pear.  
 Safe for the time of reap - ing, And gar - ners built a - bove.  
 Then may we be for - ev - er Safe in the Mas - ter's love.

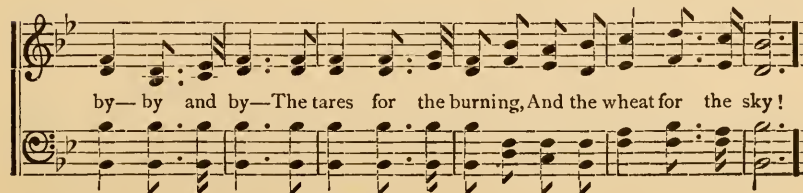
## REFRAIN.



But the an - gels will gath - er, By and by—by and by—The tares for the



burn - ing, And the wheat for the sky! The an - gels will gath - er, By and

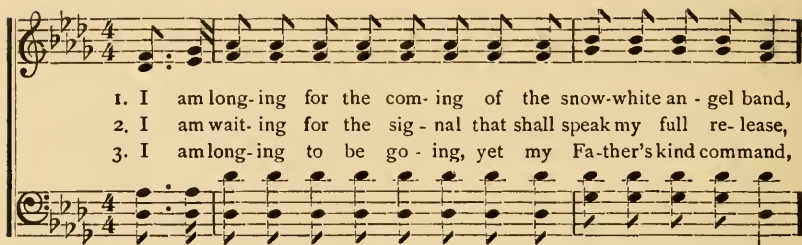


by— by and by—The tares for the burning, And the wheat for the sky!

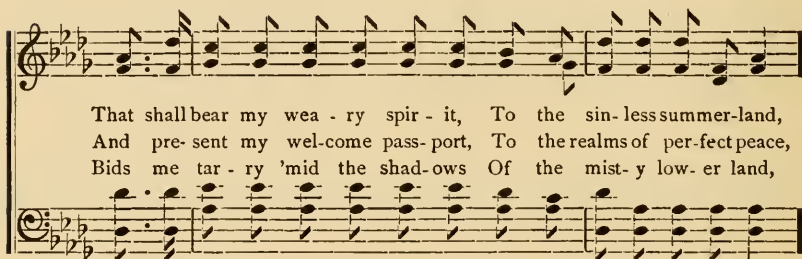
# No. 159. The Sinless Summerland.

Arranged from J. W. WELSH.

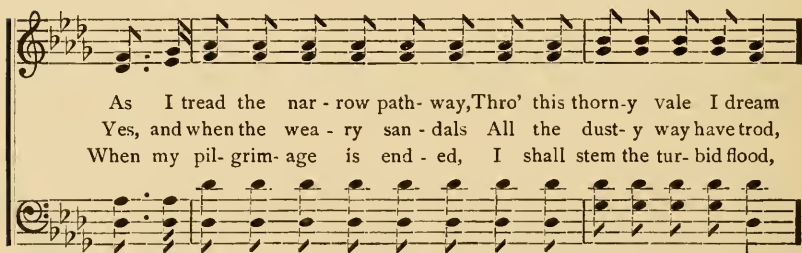
J. C. BUSHEY.



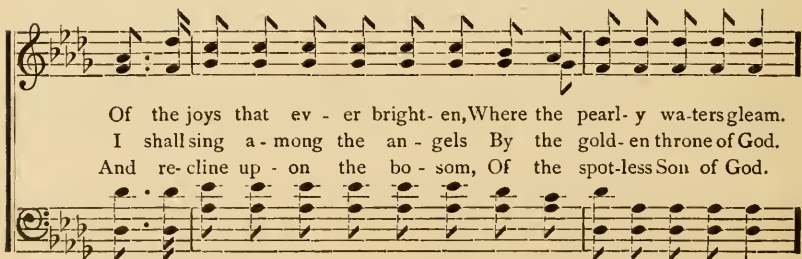
1. I am long-ing for the com-ing of the snow-white an - gel band,  
 2. I am wait-ing for the sig-nal that shall speak my full re-lease,  
 3. I am long-ing to be go-ing, yet my Fa-ther's kind command,



That shall bear my wea-ry spir-it, To the sin-less summer-land,  
 And pre-sent my wel-come pass-port, To the realms of per-fect peace,  
 Bids me tar-ry 'mid the shad-ows Of the mist-y low-er land,



As I tread the nar-row path-way, Thro' this thorn-y vale I dream  
 Yes, and when the wea-ry san-dals All the dust-y way have trod,  
 When my pil-grim-age is end-ed, I shall stem the tur-bid flood,

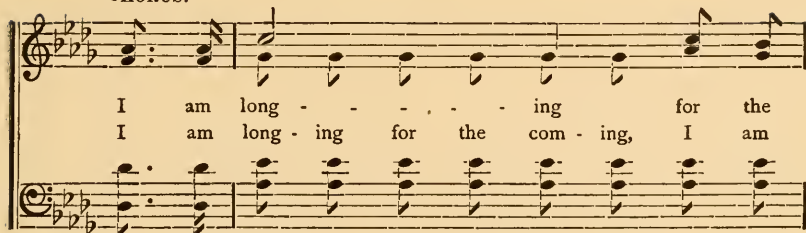


Of the joys that ev-er bright-en, Where the pearl-y wa-ters gleam.  
 I shall sing a-mong the an-gels By the gold-en throne of God.  
 And re-cline up-on the bo-som, Of the spot-less Son of God.

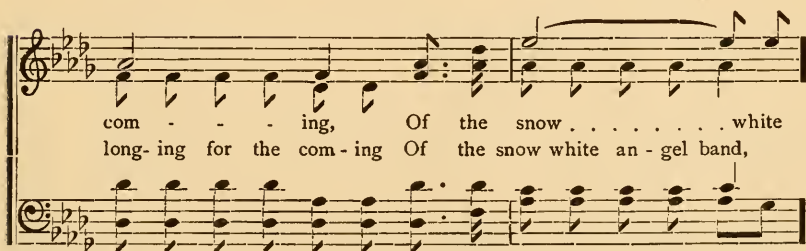
Used by permission.

# The Sinless Summerland.—Concluded.

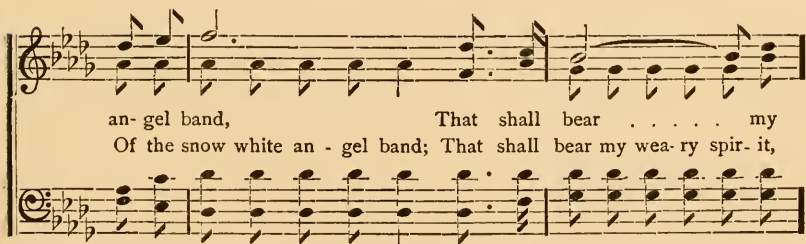
## CHORUS.



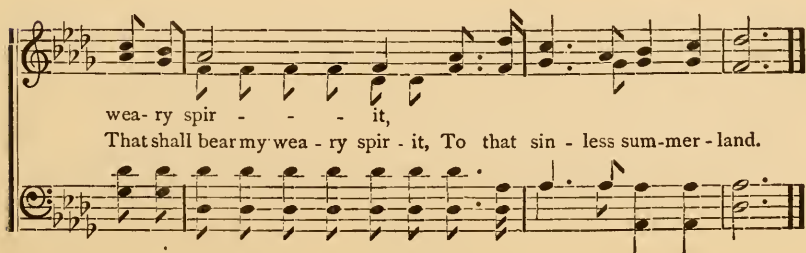
I am long - - - ing for the  
I am long - ing for the com - ing, I am



com - - - ing, Of the snow . . . . . white  
long - ing for the com - ing Of the snow white an - gel band,



an - gel band, That shall bear . . . . . my  
Of the snow white an - gel band; That shall bear my wea - ry spir - it,



wea - ry spir - - - it,  
That shall bear my wea - ry spir - it, To that sin - less sum - mer - land.

## No. 160.

## Saviour and Friend.

*Andante.*

H. N. LINCOLN, by per.

1. Rest of the wea - ry, joy of the sad, Hope of the  
 2. Pillow where - ly - ing, love rests its head, Peace of the  
 3. When my feet stum - ble, to Thee I'll cry, Crown of the  
 4. Ev - er con - fess - ing, Thee I will raise, Un - to Thee

drea - ry, Light of the glad, Home of the stran - ger,  
 dy - ing, Life of the dead, Path of the low - ly,  
 hum - ble, Cross of the high, When my steps wan - der,  
 bless - ing, Glo ry and praise, All my en - deav - or,

Strength to the end, Refuge from dan - ger, Saviour and Friend,  
 prize at the end, Perfect and ho - ly, Saviour and Friend.  
 O ver me bend, Tru - er and fond - er, Saviour and Friend,  
 world with - out end, Thine to be ev - er, Saviour and Friend.

From "GOSPEL CAROLS."

## No. 161.

## Gloria Patri.

CHANT.

Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost. ||  
 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, || world | without |  
 end, A - | men.

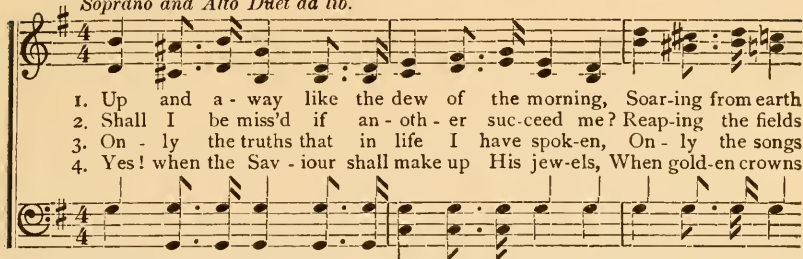


# No. 162. Remembered by what I've done.

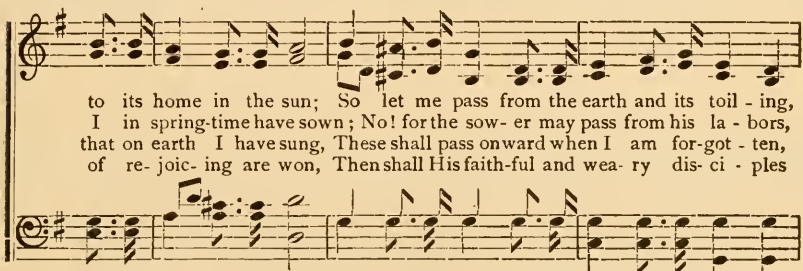
Dr. H. BONAR.

H. N. LINCOLN.

*Soprano and Alto Duet ad lib.*

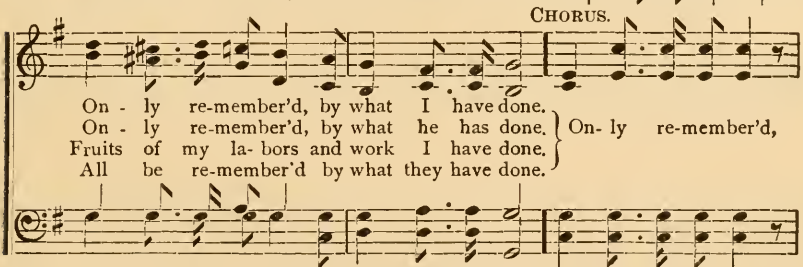


1. Up and a-way like the dew of the morning, Soar-ing from earth  
 2. Shall I be miss'd if an-oth-er suc-ceed me? Reap-ing the fields  
 3. On-ly the truths that in life I have spok-en, On-ly the songs  
 4. Yes! when the Sav-iour shall make up His jew-els, When gold-en crowns

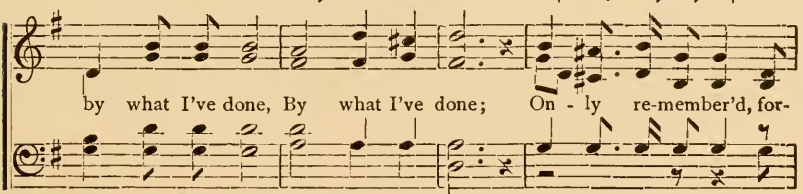


to its home in the sun; So let me pass from the earth and its toil-ing,  
 I in spring-time have sown; No! for the sow-er may pass from his la-bors,  
 that on earth I have sung, These shall pass onward when I am for-got-ten,  
 of re-joic-ing are won, Then shall His faith-ful and wea-ry dis-ci-ples

CHORUS.



On-ly re-mem-ber'd, by what I have done.  
 On-ly re-mem-ber'd, by what he has done.  
 Fruits of my la-bors and work I have done.  
 All be re-mem-ber'd by what they have done.



by what I've done, By what I've done; On-ly re-mem-ber'd, for-

*Slow.* *rit.*

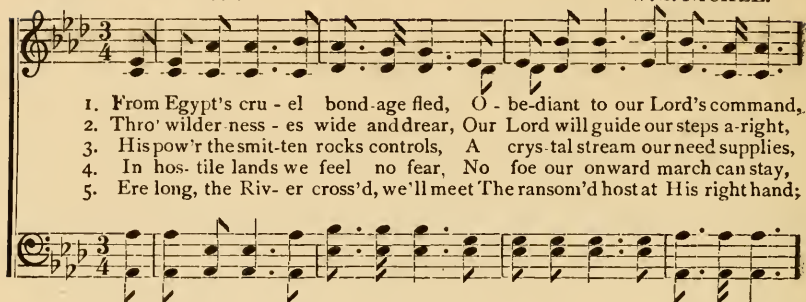


ev-er re-mem-ber'd, On-ly re-mem-ber'd, by what I have done.

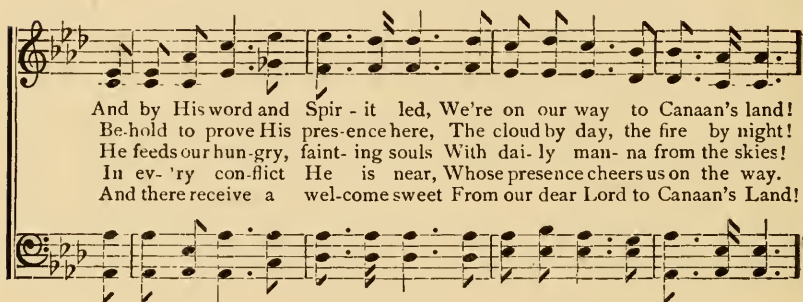
# No. 163. We're on the Way to Canaan's Land.

Rev. H. G. JACKSON.

W. S. NICKLE.

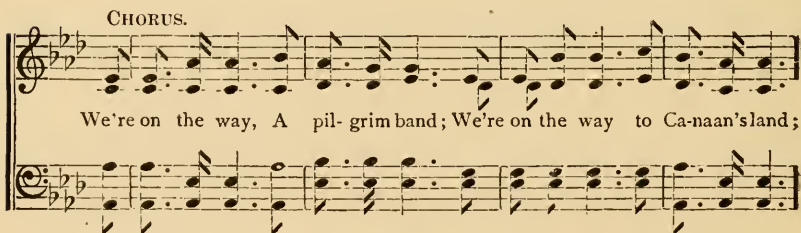


1. From Egypt's cru - el bond-age fled, O - be-diant to our Lord's command,  
 2. Thro' wilder-ness - es wide and drear, Our Lord will guide our steps a-right,  
 3. His pow'r the smit-ten rocks controls, A crys-tal stream our need supplies,  
 4. In hos-tile lands we feel no fear, No foe our onward march can stay,  
 5. Ere long, the Riv-er cross'd, we'll meet The ransom'd host at His right hand;

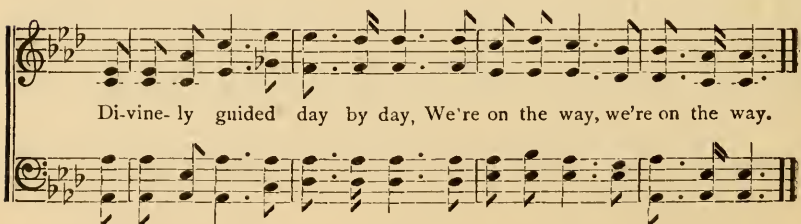


And by His word and Spir - it led, We're on our way to Canaan's land!  
 Be-hold to prove His pres-ence here, The cloud by day, the fire by night!  
 He feeds our hun-gry, faint-ing souls With dai-ly man-na from the skies!  
 In ev-'ry con-flict He is near, Whose presence cheers us on the way.  
 And there receive a wel-come sweet From our dear Lord to Canaan's Land!

CHORUS.



We're on the way, A pil-grim band; We're on the way to Ca-naan's land;

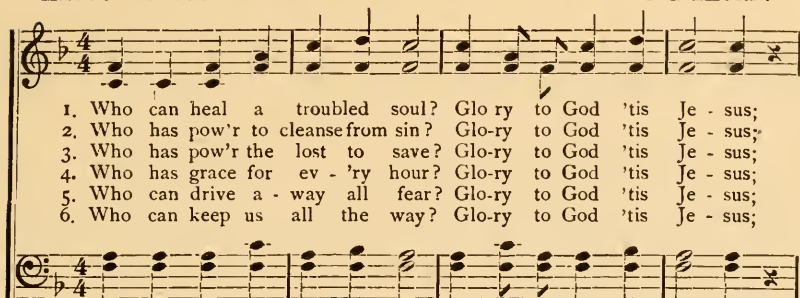


Di-vine-ly guided day by day, We're on the way, we're on the way.

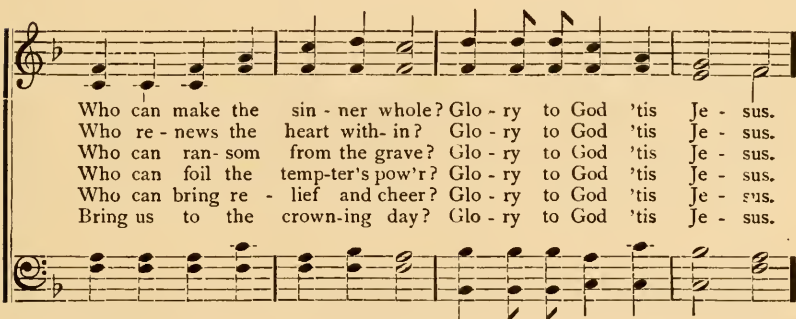
# No. 164. Glory to God 'tis Jesus.

Miss JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

P. BILHORN.



1. Who can heal a troubled soul? Glo ry to God 'tis Je - sus;  
 2. Who has pow'r to cleanse from sin? Glo-ry to God 'tis Je - sus;  
 3. Who has pow'r the lost to save? Glo-ry to God 'tis Je - sus;  
 4. Who has grace for ev - 'ry hour? Glo-ry to God 'tis Je - sus;  
 5. Who can drive a - way all fear? Glo-ry to God 'tis Je - sus;  
 6. Who can keep us all the way? Glo-ry to God 'tis Je - sus;

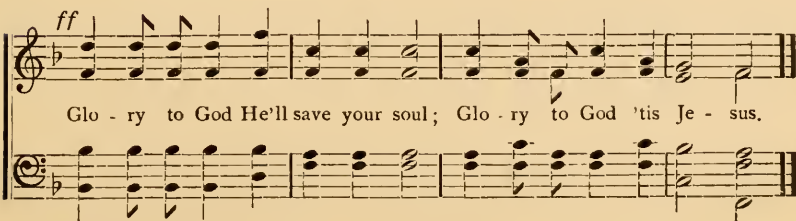


Who can make the sin - ner whole? Glo - ry to God 'tis Je - sus.  
 Who re - news the heart with - in? Glo - ry to God 'tis Je - sus.  
 Who can ran - som from the grave? Glo - ry to God 'tis Je - sus.  
 Who can foil the temp - ter's pow'r? Glo - ry to God 'tis Je - sus.  
 Who can bring re - lief and cheer? Glo - ry to God 'tis Je - sus.  
 Bring us to the crown - ing day? Glo - ry to God 'tis Je - sus.

## CHORUS.



Glo - ry to God, He saved my soul; Glo - ry to God He makes me whole;



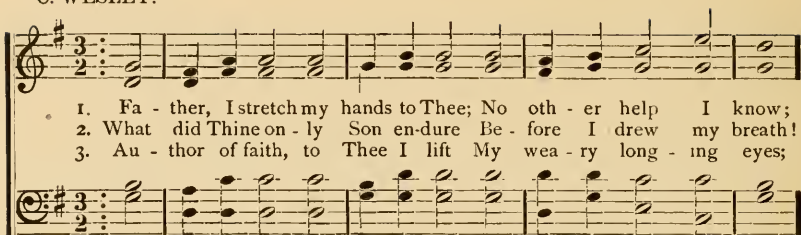
Glo - ry to God He'll save your soul; Glo - ry to God 'tis Je - sus.

From Crowning Glory No. 2, by permission.

## No. 165.

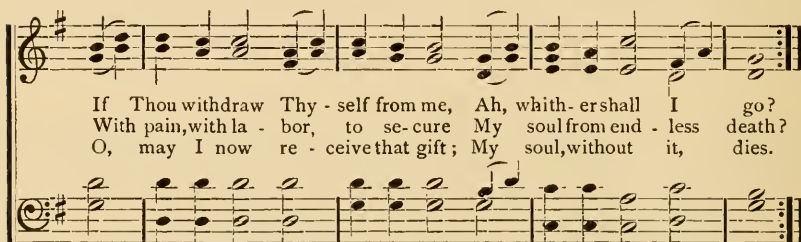
## I Do Believe. C. M.

C. WESLEY.



1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee; No oth - er help I know;  
 2. What did Thine on - ly Son en - dure Be - fore I drew my breath!  
 3. Au - thor of faith, to Thee I lift My wea - ry long - ing eyes;

CHO.—I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve That Je - sus died for me;



If Thou withdraw Thy - self from me, Ah, whith - er shall I go?  
 With pain, with la - bor, to se - cure My soul from end - less death?  
 O, may I now re - ceive that gift; My soul, without it, dies.

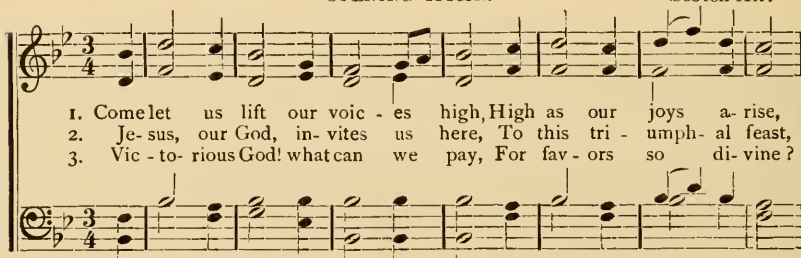
And thro' His blood, His precious blood, I shall from sin be free.

## No. 166.

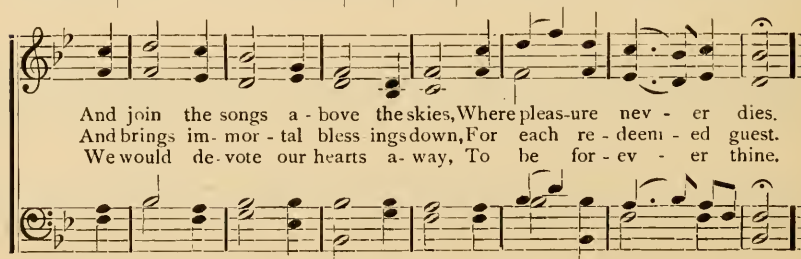
## Balerna. \*

OPENING HYMN.

Scotch Air.



1. Come let us lift our voic - es high, High as our joys a - rise,  
 2. Je - sus, our God, in - vites us here, To this tri - umph - al feast,  
 3. Vic - to - rious God! what can we pay, For fav - ors so di - vine?



And join the songs a - bove the skies, Where pleas - ure nev - er dies.  
 And brings im - mor - tal bless ings down, For each re - deem - ed guest.  
 We would de - vote our hearts a - way, To be for - ev - er thine.

\* Use No. 122 to the above music if desired.

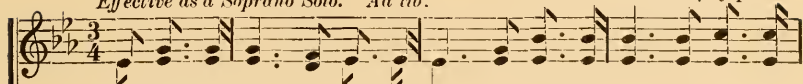
## No. 167.

## Christ is All.

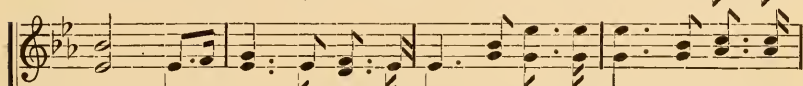
"Unto you therefore which believe, He is precious,"—1. Pet. ii: 7.

Effective as a Soprano Solo. Ad lib.

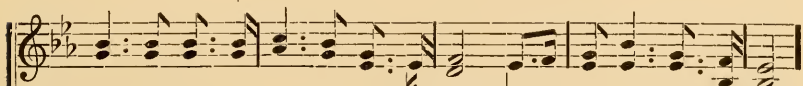
W. A. WILLIAMS, by per.



1. I en-tered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were  
 2. I stood de- side a dy - ing bed, Where lay a child with ach - ing  
 3. I saw the mar - tyr at the stake, The flames could not his cour-age  
 4. I saw the gos - pel her - ald go To Af - ric's sand and Greenland's  
 5. I dreamed that hoar - y time had fled, And earth and sea gave up their  
 6. Then come to Christ, O come to - day, The Fath - er, Son, and Spir - it



there, Yet peace and joy with-al; I asked the lone - ly moth - er  
 head, Wait - ing for Je - sus' call; I mark'd his smile, 'twas sweet as  
 shake, Nor death his soul ap - pall; I ask'd him whence his strength was  
 snow, To save from Sa - tan's thrall; Nor home nor life he count - ed  
 dead, A fire dis - solved this ball; I saw the church - es ran - som'd  
 say; The Bride re - peats the call; For he will cleanse your guilt - y



whence Her help-less wid - ow-hood's defence. She told me, "Christ is all."  
 May, And as his spir - it passed a - way, He whispered, "Christ is all."  
 giv'n, He look'd tri-umphant - ly to heav'n, And answered, "Christ is all."  
 dear 'Midst wants and per-ils own no fear He felt that, "Christ is all."  
 throng, I heard the bur - den of their song, 'Twas "Christ is all in all."  
 stains, His love will soothe your weary pains, For "Christ is all in all."



Christ is all, all in all, She told me, "Christ is all,"  
 Christ is all, all in all, He whis - pered, "Christ is all."  
 Christ is all, all in all, And an - swered, "Chait is all."  
 Christ is all, all in all, He felt that, "Christ is all,"  
 Christ is all, all in all, 'Twas "Christ is all in all,"  
 Christ is all, all in all, For "Christ is all in all,"

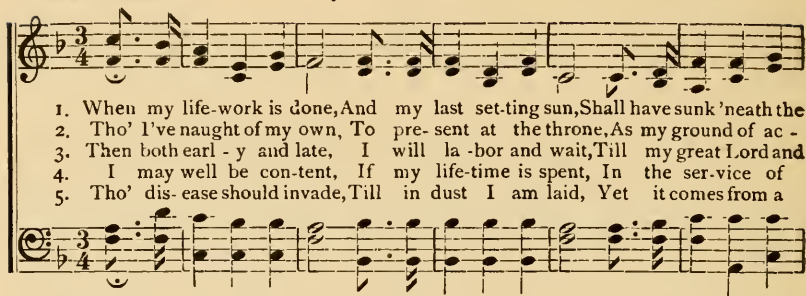


# No. 168. When My Life-work is done. \*

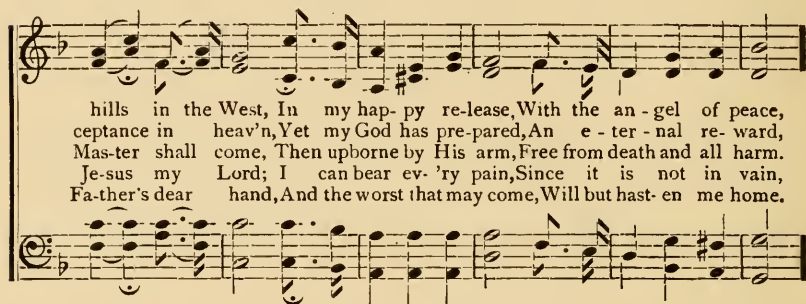
W. W. HARRIS.

Very effective as a Solo.

A. J. BELL.

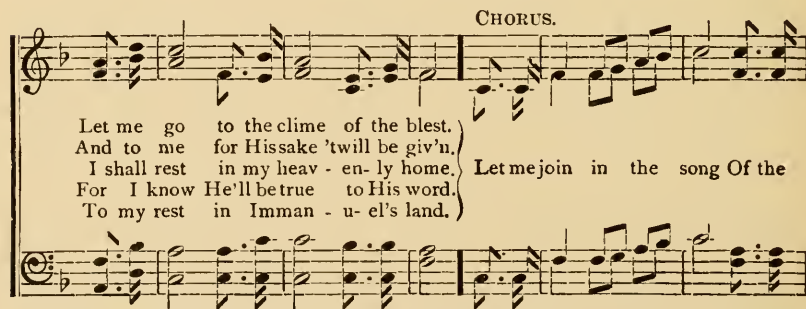


1. When my life-work is done, And my last set-ting sun, Shall have sunk 'neath the  
 2. Tho' I've naught of my own, To pre-sent at the throne, As my ground of ac-  
 3. Then both earl-y and late, I will la-bor and wait, Till my great Lord and  
 4. I may well be con-tent, If my life-time is spent, In the ser-vice of  
 5. Tho' dis-ease should invade, Till in dust I am laid, Yet it comes from a



hills in the West, In my hap-py re-lease, With the an-gel of peace,  
 ceptance in heav'n, Yet my God has pre-pared, An e-ter-nal re-ward,  
 Mas-ter shall come, Then upborne by His arm, Free from death and all harm.  
 Je-sus my Lord; I can bear ev-'ry pain, Since it is not in vain,  
 Fa-ther's dear hand, And the worst that may come, Will but hast-en me home.

CHORUS.



Let me go to the clime of the blest,  
 And to me for Hissake 'twill be giv'n,  
 I shall rest in my heav-en-ly home. Let me join in the song Of the  
 For I know He'll be true to His word.  
 To my rest in Imman-u-el's land.)

\* This touching song is still more pathetic when we think of the life of the gifted author of the words.

Rev. W. W. Harris was ordained at Independence, Texas in 1860, having been educated at Baylor University under Dr. R. C. Burleson. So wonderful was his eloquence and such a great orator was he, that the people called him "Spurgeon" Harris throughout the land. He devoted himself exclusively to the gospel ministry in South and West Texas, where his name was a household word. Exposure and over-work made him prematurely old, but he preached for more than a quarter of a century. Though for the last few years of his life he was an invalid, being a consumptive, yet he was faithful to the last. He died without an *earthly* home and away from loved ones in the far West of Texas, but he won many souls to Christ and went home to his reward, "In the city and temple on high."

I thank Prof. Bell for this beautiful music, and for preserving the words. H. N. L.

## When My Life-work is done.—Concluded.

glo - ri - fied throng In the cit - y and tem - ple on high, Let me sing to His

praise, Who has numbered my days, And has taught me on Him to re - ly.

## No. 169. My Heavenly Home. L. M.

1. { My heavenly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can en - ter there; }  
 { Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine; That heav'nly man-sion shall be mine. }  
 2. { My Fa-ther's house is built on high, Far, far a-bove the star - ry sky: }  
 { When from this earth - ly pris - on free, That heav-'nly man-sion mine shall be. }  
 3. { Let oth - ers seek a home be - low, Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow; }  
 { Be mine a hap - pier lot to own A heav - 'nly man - sion near the throne. }

CHORUS.

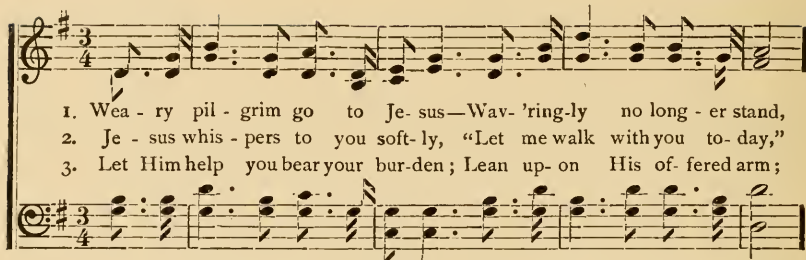
{ I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home to die no more; }  
 { To die no more, To die no more, I'm go - ing home to die no more; }

## No. 170.

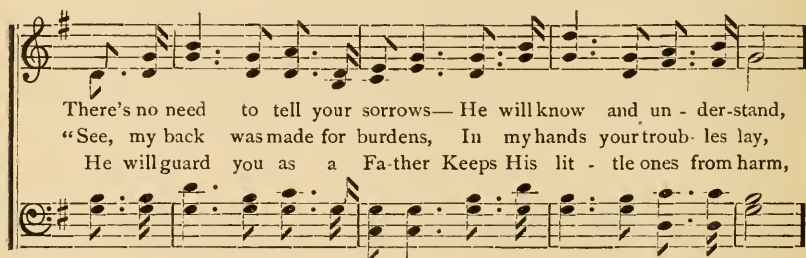
## Go to Jesus.

E. E. REXFORD.

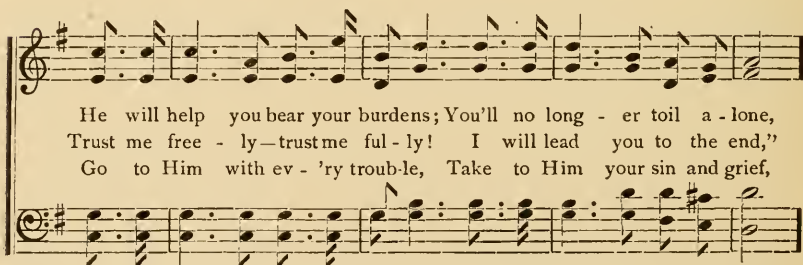
M. S. KERBY and D. P. AIRHART.



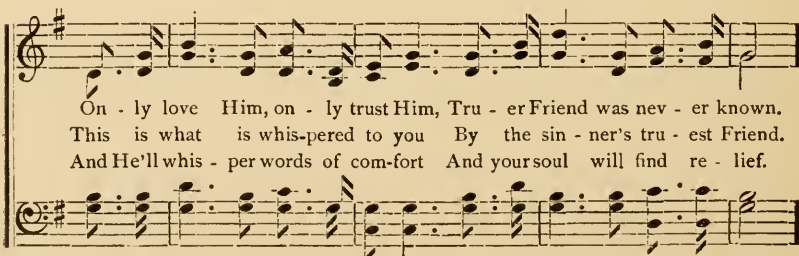
1. Wea - ry pil - grim go to Je - sus—Wav - 'ring-ly no long - er stand,  
 2. Je - sus whis - pers to you soft-ly, "Let me walk with you to-day,"  
 3. Let Him help you bear your bur-den; Lean up-on His of - fered arm;



There's no need to tell your sorrows—He will know and un - der-stand,  
 "See, my back was made for burdens, In my hands your troub - les lay,  
 He will guard you as a Fa-ther Keeps His lit - tle ones from harm,



He will help you bear your burdens; You'll no long - er toil a - lone,  
 Trust me free - ly—trust me ful - ly! I will lead you to the end,"  
 Go to Him with ev - 'ry troub-le, Take to Him your sin and grief,



On - ly love Him, on - ly trust Him, Tru - er Friend was nev - er known.  
 This is what is whis-pered to you By the sin - ner's tru - est Friend.  
 And He'll whis - per words of com-fort And your soul will find re - lief.

## Go to Jesus.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

On - ly love Him, on - ly trust Him! He will hear you if you call,

He is wait - ing now to an - swer ;—Love and trust Him,—that is all.

## No. 171. Hark Ten Thousand Harps.

T. KELLY.

Harwell.)

LOWELL MASON.

FINE.

1. { Hark! ten thou - sand harps and voic - es, Sound the notes of praise a - bove;  
Je - sus reigns and heav'n re - joic - es, Je - sus reigns, a God of love,  
2. { Je - sus hail whose glo - ry brightens All a - bove, and gives it worth,  
Lord of life, Thy smile enlight - ens Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth,

*ff* D. C.—Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

See Hesits on yon - der throne, Je - sus rules the world a - lone.  
When we think of love like Thine, Lord we own it, love di - vine.

3 King of glory, reign forever,  
Thine an everlasting crown;  
Nothing from Thy love shall sever,  
Those whom Thou hast made Thine  
Happy object of thy grace, [own,  
Chosen to behold His face.

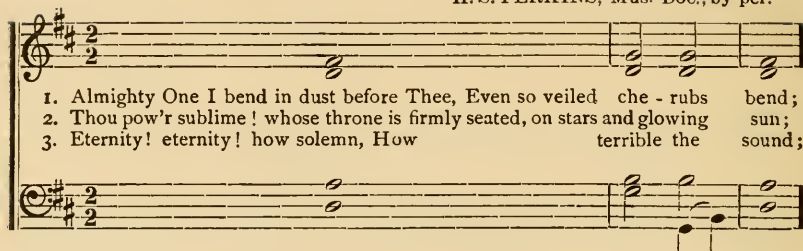
4 Saviour hasten thine appearing,  
Bring O bring the glorious day;  
When the awful summons hearing,  
Heaven and earth shall pass away;  
Then with golden harps will sing,  
"Glory, glory to our King."

## No. 172.

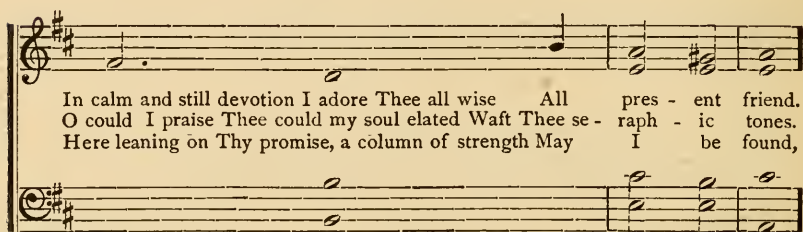
## Hymn Chant.

"ALMIGHTY ONE."

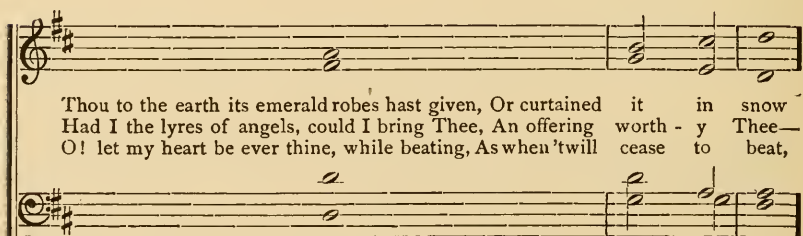
H. S. PERKINS, Mus. Doc., by per.



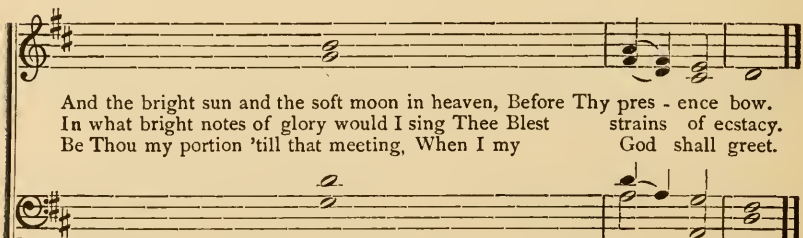
1. Almighty One I bend in dust before Thee, Even so veiled che - rubs bend;  
 2. Thou pow'r sublime ! whose throne is firmly seated, on stars and glowing sun;  
 3. Eternity! eternity! how solemn, How terrible the sound;



In calm and still devotion I adore Thee all wise All pres - ent friend.  
 O could I praise Thee could my soul elated Waft Thee se - raph - ic tones.  
 Here leaning on Thy promise, a column of strength May I be found,



Thou to the earth its emerald robes hast given, Or curtained it in snow  
 Had I the lyres of angels, could I bring Thee, An offering worth - y Thee—  
 O! let my heart be ever thine, while beating, As when 'twill cease to beat,



And the bright sun and the soft moon in heaven, Before Thy pres - ence bow.  
 In what bright notes of glory would I sing Thee Blest strains of ecstasy.  
 Be Thou my portion 'till that meeting, When I my God shall greet.

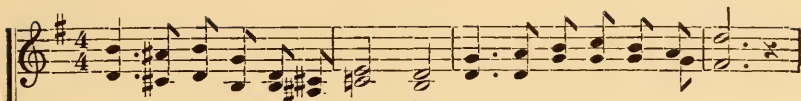


## No. 173.

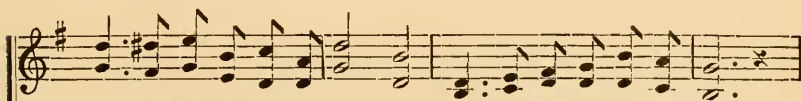
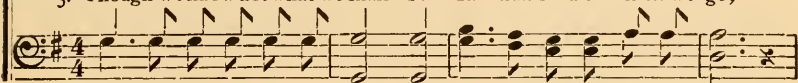
## Thoughts of Home.

M. E. L.

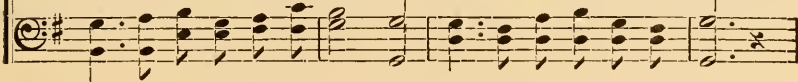
H. N. LINCOLN.



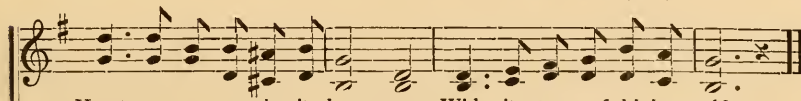
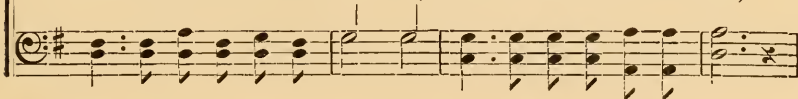
1. Just beyond this world of sor - row There's a land all fair and bright;
2. With life's riv - er clear as crys - tal, Flowing from the great white throne,
3. One by one the saints are go - ing, O - ver to the oth - er shore;
4. Long - ing to be-hold our loved ones, And to see the forms they bear;
5. Though we know not what we shall be In that land to which we go;



By the mists of death's dark riv - er, Hid - den from our mor-tal sight,  
 Gates of pearl and walls of jas - per, Built with many a precious stone.  
 Safe at home with God for-ev - er, They'll re-tur-n to us no more.  
 Can we doubt that we shall know them When we meet them "over there?"  
 We shall be like our Re-deem - er, 'Tis enough for us to know.



Eye hath nev - er seen its glo - ry, Ear hath nev - er heard it told,  
 Tree of life, whose fruit ne'er fail-eth, Sweetest flow'rs which never fade,  
 Friends we lov'd have gone before us To those mansions of the blest,  
 If not, where will be the pleas - ure Of the meeting? and the pain,  
 Be like Him who died to save us, What could we de-sire be - side;



Heart can-not conceive its beau - ty, With its streets of shining gold,  
 Ma - ny mansions ev - er last - ing. By our Heav'nly Father made.  
 Where "the wicked cease from troubling, And the wea - ry are at rest."  
 Here of part-ing would be great - er, Could we know them not a - gain.  
 When we wak - en in His like - ness, Then shall we be sat - is - fied.



## No. 174.

## How Sweet the Name.

(Ortonville.)

T. HASTINGS.

1. How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds, In a be-liev-er's ear; It soothes his  
 2. It makes the wounded spir-it whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna  
 3. Dear Name, the Rock on which I build, My shield and an-d hiding place; My never  
 4. Jesus my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend; My Prophet, Priest and King; My Lord, my  
 5. I would Thy boundless love proclaim With ev'-ry fleet-ing breath; So shall the

sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear, And drives away his fear.  
 to the hungry soul, And to the wea-ry rest, And to the weary rest,  
 failing treasure, fill'd With boundless stores of grace, With boundless stores of grace.  
 Life, my Way, my End, Accept the praise I bring, Accept the praise I bring.  
 mu-sic of Thy name Refresh my soul in death, Refresh my soul in death.

No. 67 may be used to this music.

## No. 175. Song of the Heav'nly King.

Arr. by H. N. L.

1. Chil-dren of the heav'nly King, As you journey, sweet-ly sing;  
 2. Bless-ings from His bounteous hand, Flow a-round this hap-py land;  
 3. Hark the voice of na-ture sings Prais-es to the King of Kings;  
 4. Let us with a joy-ful mind, Praise the Lord for He is kind;

*ff* CHO.—Swell the anthem raise the song, Prais-es to our God be-long,

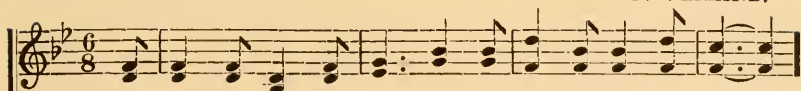
*D.C. for Cho.*  
 Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious are His works and ways.  
 Kept by Him no foes an-oy, Peace and freedom we en-joy.  
 We will join the glad-some song, And the grate-ful notes pro-long.  
 For His mer-cies aye en-dure, Ev-er faith-ful, ev-er sure.

Saints and angels join to sing, Prais-es to the heav'nly King.

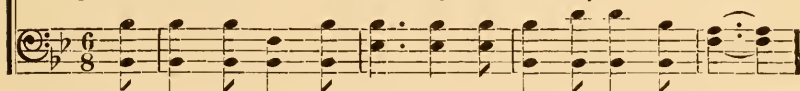
# No. 176. *My Heart is in His Keeping.*

Mrs. LAURA E. NEWELL.

F. L. EILAND.

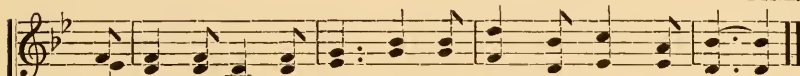


1. My heart is in His keep - ing, What peace, what joy is mine.
2. I brought Him all my bur - dens, My sel - fish way ward heart,
3. That love past mor - tal tell - ing, Dear friend may now be thine,

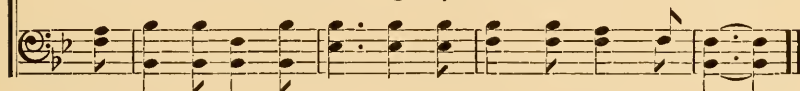


CHO.—I gave my heart to Je - sus, I har-kened to His voice,

FINE.



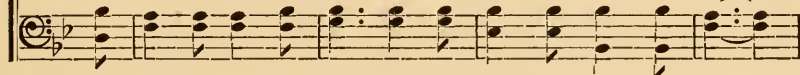
He called me, gent - ly called me, With ten - der love di - vine.  
He par-doned my trans-gres - sions, His grace He did im - part.  
Oh hear His sweet voice call - ing, "My child what love is mine."



My heart is in His keep - ing, I in His love re - joice.



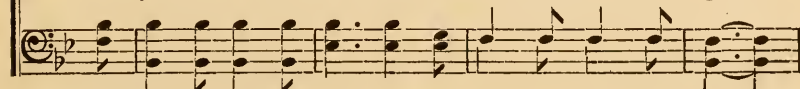
Oh! I had grown so wea - ry, I long had walked a - lone,  
And tho' sometimes I wan - der, And His dear words for - get,  
I gave my life to save thee, Oh, come to me and live,



*D. C. for Cho.*



When Je - sus called in mer - cy, And touched my heart of stone.  
His ten - der voice re - calls me, For Je - sus loves me yet.  
'Tis Je - sus now who seeks thee, To wel - come and for - give.



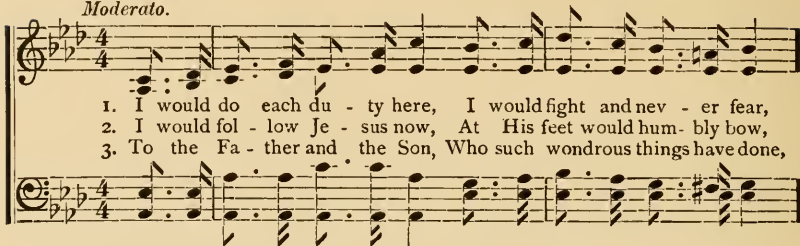
# No. 177. Crown, Harp and Song.

Words and music written at Kansas City, Mo., April 1888.

F. A. BLACKMER.

H. N. LINCOLN.

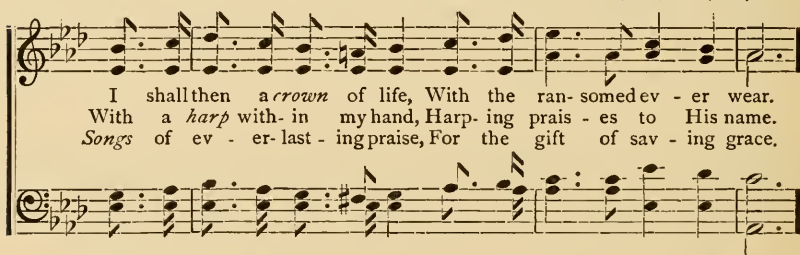
*Moderato.*



1. I would do each du - ty here, I would fight and nev - er fear,  
 2. I would fol - low Je - sus now, At His feet would hum - bly bow,  
 3. To the Fa - ther and the Son, Who such wondrous things have done,

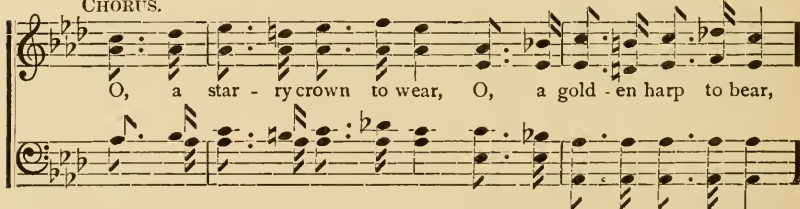


And the cross would meek-ly bear; And when past these scenes of strife,  
 Nev - er seek - ing earth - ly fame; And with Him I soon shall stand,  
 For a lost and ruin - ed race; I would sing thro' end - less days,

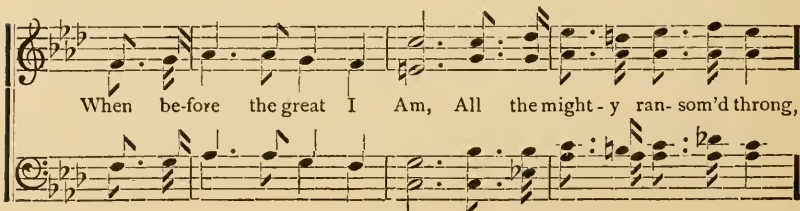


I shall then a crown of life, With the ran - somed ev - er wear.  
 With a harp with - in my hand, Harp - ing prais - es to His name.  
 Songs of ev - er - last - ing praise, For the gift of sav - ing grace.

CHORUS.



O, a star - ry crown to wear, O, a gold - en harp to bear,



When be - fore the great I Am, All the might - y ran - som'd throng,

## Crown, Harp and Song.—Concluded.

Swell the glad tri-umph-antsong, Song of Mo - ses and the Lamb,

## No. 178. The Complete Surrender. (Chant.)

F. R. HAVERGAL.

*Slowly and gently.*

H. N. LINCOLN.

1. I bring my *sins* to Thee, The sins I can - not count, That  
 2. I bring my *grief* to Thee, The grief I can - not tell; No  
 3. My *joys* to Thee I bring, The joys thy love has given, That  
 4. My *life* I bring to Thee, I would not be my own; O

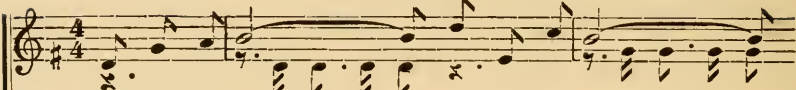
all may cleans - ed be In Thy once o - pened Fount; I  
 words shall need - ed be, Thou know - est all so well; I  
 each may be a wing To lift me near - er heaven, I  
 Sav - iour, let me be Thine ev - er, Thine a - lone, My

bring them Sav - iour, all to Thee; The bur - den is too great for me.  
 bring the sor - row laid on me, O suff - ring Sav - iour, all to Thee.  
 bring them, Sav - iour, all to Thee, Who hast pro - cured them all for me.  
 heart, my life, my all I bring To Thee, my Sav - iour and my King.

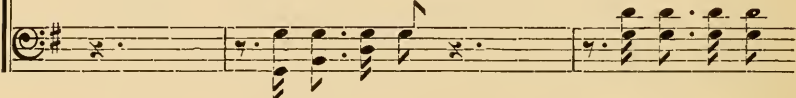



# No. 179. What Christ has Done for Me.


Words and Music by PETER BILHORN.




1. { The Lord has washed . . . . . a - way my sin,  
 { His pre - cious blood . . . . . made sin de - part,  
 2. { I'll ne'er for - get . . . . . the hap - py thought,  
 { By his own blood . . . . . my guilt - y soul,  
 3. { Soon shall I stand . . . . . be - fore my King,  
 { With loved ones who . . . . . have gone be - fore,  
 4. { Oh, hear the call . . . . . of Christ the King,  
 { Oh, broth - er, come, . . . . . he's wait - ing still,

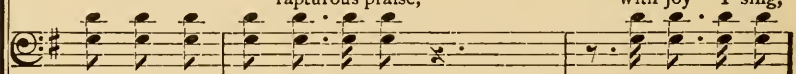

1. { For when he knocked . . . . . I let him in;  
 { And now he reigns . . . . . with - in my heart,  
 2. { When first I heard . . . . . that Christ had bought,  
 { To cleanse, to save . . . . . to make me whole  
 3. { His wondrous love . . . . . and grace to sing,  
 { In heav'n to sing . . . . . for ev - er - more,  
 4. { For per - fect peace . . . . . his word will bring;  
 { Thy heart with joy . . . . . and peace to fill.



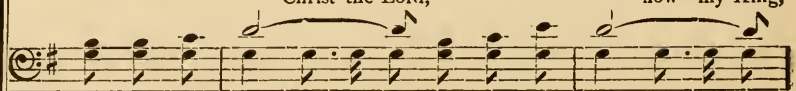
CHORUS.



Oh, rapturous praise . . . . . with joy I sing,  
 . . . . . rapturous praise, . . . . . with joy I sing,

For Christ the Lord . . . . . is now my King,  
 . . . . . Christ the Lord, . . . . . now my King,



# What Christ has Done for Me. Concluded.

I'll en - ter soon . . . . the o - pen door, .  
en - ter soon o - pen door,

And there I'll sing there I'll sing for ev - ev - more. ev - er - more.

## No. 180.

## The Gospel Call.

Words and Music by J. C. NEWMAN.

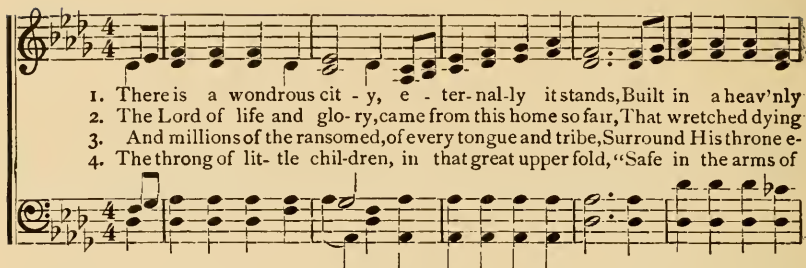
1. { There is comfort mourning pilgrim, For thy heart that throbs with pain,  
If you yield that heart to Jesus He will (Omit. . . .) cleanse it from all stain.  
2. { Will you turn and seek salvation, While the spirit still is nigh?  
At thy heart's door He is pleading, He will (Omit . . . .) heal each woe and sigh.  
3. { Still He calls you weary sinner, Can you now His love refuse?  
Do not longer keep Him waiting, And His (Omit . . . .) wondrous grace abuse.

D.S.—He is waiting to be gracious, And for - give your ev'ry sin.

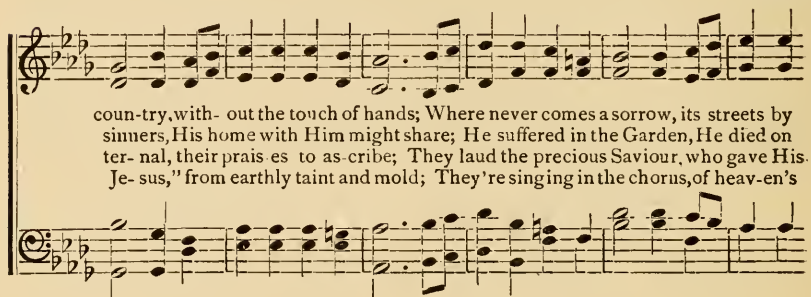
CHORUS. D.S.  
Will you give your heart to Je - sus? He will make you pure with - in,

# No. 181. The New "Home Sweet Home."

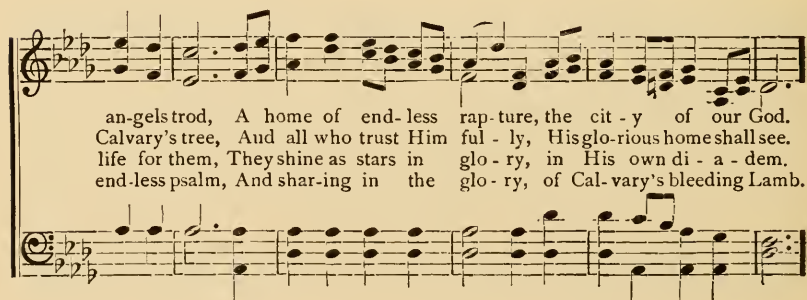
Words and Music by W. A. HALL.



1. There is a wondrous cit - y, e - ter - nal - ly it stands, Built in a heav'nly  
 2. The Lord of life and glo - ry, came from this home so fair, That wretched dying  
 3. And millions of the ransomed, of every tongue and tribe, Surround His throne e -  
 4. The throng of lit - tle chil - dren, in that great upper fold, "Safe in the arms of

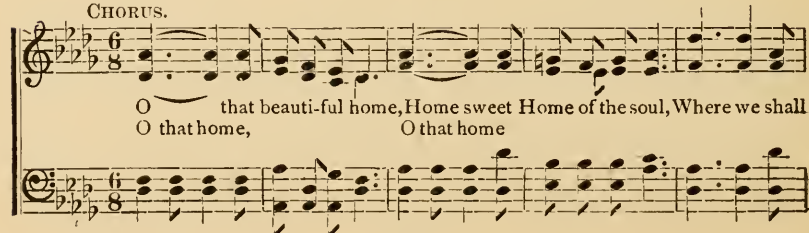


coun - try, with - out the touch of hands; Where never comes a sorrow, its streets by  
 sinners, His home with Him might share; He suffered in the Garden, He died on  
 ter - nal, their prais es to as - cribe; They laud the precious Saviour, who gave His  
 Je - sus," from earthly taint and mold; They're singing in the chorus, of heav - en's



an - gels trod, A home of end - less rap - ture, the cit - y of our God.  
 Calvary's tree, And all who trust Him ful - ly, His glo - rious home shall see.  
 life for them, They shine as stars in glo - ry, in His own di - a - dem.  
 end - less psalm, And shar - ing in the glo - ry, of Cal - vary's bleeding Lamb.

## CHORUS.



O that beau ti - ful home, Home sweet Home of the soul, Where we shall  
 O that home, O that home

## The New "Home Sweet Home."—Concluded.

ev-ermore dwell, While ages unceasing-ly roll, Where we shall ev-ermore

*Coda ad lib. Very slow and soft.*

dwell, While a-ges unceasingly roll. Home! Home! Sweet Home!  
evermore dwell,

No. 182.

## Christian Fellowship.

(Manoah.)

GREATOREX.

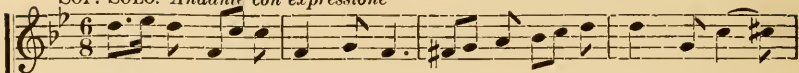
1. How sweet how heavenly is the sight, When those who love the Lord ;  
2. When each can feel his broth-er's sigh, And with him bear a part;  
3. Let love in one de-light-ful stream, Thro' ev-'ry bos-om flow,  
4. Love is the gold-en chain that binds The hap-pysouls a-bove;

In one an-oth-er's peace de-light, And so ful-fill his word.  
When sor-row flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart.  
And u-nion sweet with fond es-teem, In ev-'ry ac-tion glow.  
And he's an heir of heav'n who finds, His bos-om glow with love.

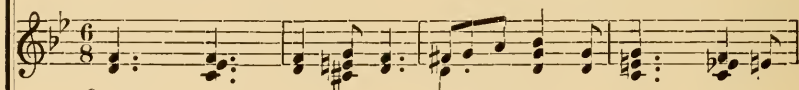
## No. 183.

## Jesus Master.

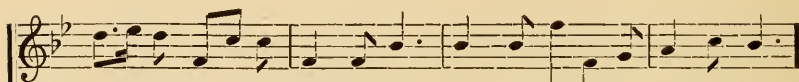
Words and Music by CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

SOP. SOLO. *Andante con espressione*

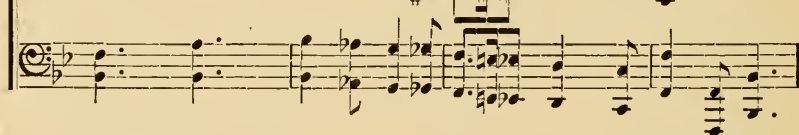
1. O'er life's dark and trou-bled sea, Je - sus Mas-ter, pi - lot me!  
 2. Storms are rag - ing wild and free, O my Sav-iour, pi - lot me!



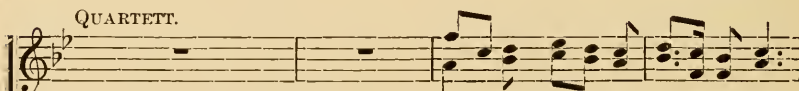
Organ.



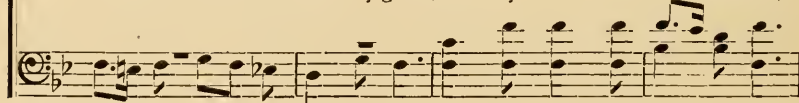
Where the rest - less bil - lows roll O - ver hid - den rock and shoal.  
 Clouds and dark - ness hide the sky, Un - seen dan - gers hov - er nigh.



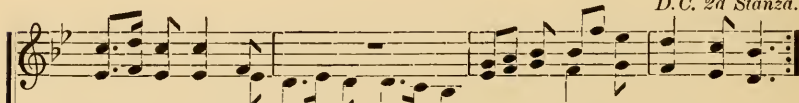
QUARTETT.



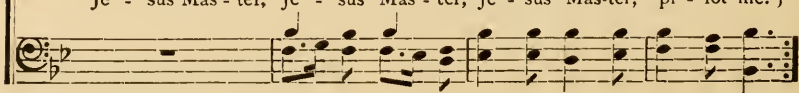
With its winds and waves unknown, I can nev er go a - lone;  
 But if Thou wilt be my guide, Safe - ly I shall cross the tide,



D.C. 2d Stanza.



Je - sus Mas - ter, Je - sus Mas - ter, Je - sus Mas-ter, pi - lot me. }  
 Je - sus Mas - ter, Je - sus Mas - ter, Je - sus Mas-ter, pi - lot me. }





## Jesus Master.—Concluded.

3. O be this my on - ly plea, Bless - ed Mas - ter, pi - lot me,

Wind and wave o - bey thy will At Thy won-drous "Peace be still,"

Thou hast conquered death and hell, O with me for - ev - er dwell.

No. 184.

## Not Yet Too Late.

W. A. W.

*With great expression.*

Rev. W. A. WILLIAMS.

{ 1. Not yet too late, there's love and pardon still, At mercy's gate, for "whoso-  
 { 2. Not yet too late, the Saviour cries from heav'n, Why long-er wait, O come and  
 { 3. Not yet too late, al - tho' the feast is spread, So free, so great! come to the  
 { 4. Not yet too late, but soon will fade the light, Then sad thy state, in ev - er-  
 { 5. Not yet too late, but soon thy lat - est breath Will seal thy fate, and end thy  
 { 6. Late, late so late, thy life is ebbing fast, Soon mercy's gate, for - ev - er

CHORUS. *Softly.*

*Repeat Cho. pp after last verse.*

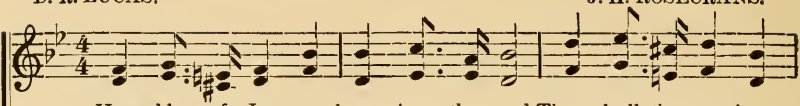
ev - er will." }  
 be for-giv'n. } Not yet *too* late, not yet *too* late, Come sinner, come, come, come.  
 liv - ing bread. }  
 last - ing night. } Not yet *too* late, not yet *too* late, Come sinner, come, come, come.  
 hopes in death. }  
 will be past. } Late, late *so* late, late, late, *so* late, Come sinner, come, come, come.

## No. 185.

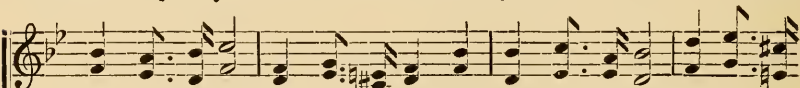
## Hear Ye the Promise.

D. R. LUCAS.

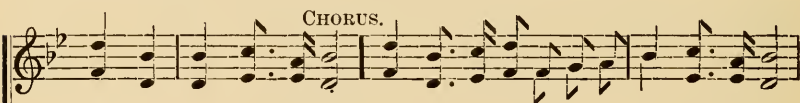
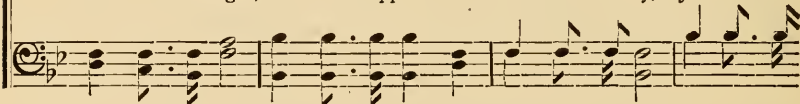
J. H. ROSECRANS.



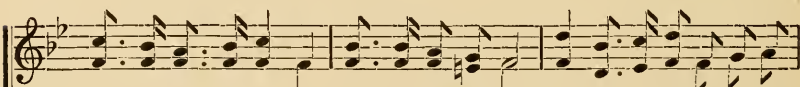
1. Her-alds of Je-sus, bear-ing the word, Through all the na-tions,  
 2. Na-tions are call-ing, heed, ye the call Je-sus is reign-ing  
 3. Na-tions are wait-ing, wait-ing for light, Ban-ish the dark-ness,



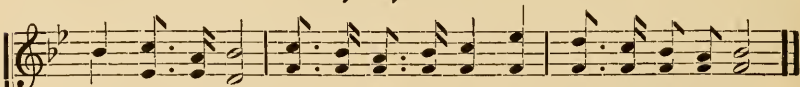
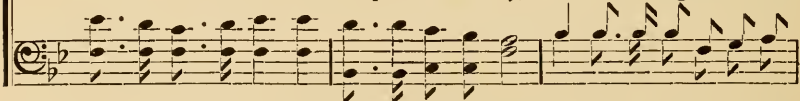
hear ye the Lord; Lift up the ban-ner, let it extend, Je-sus is  
 high o-ver all; He will be with you, ban-ish your fears, Sow ye the  
 scat-ter the night; What-e'er oppo-ses must not de-lay, Je-sus is



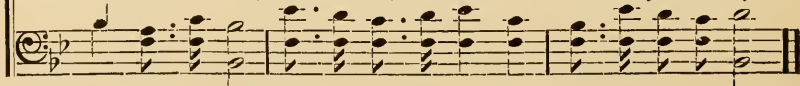
with you un-to the end,  
 seed and wa-ter with tears, } Hear ye the promise of the Sav-iour di-vine,  
 with you, with you al-way. }



To the her-alds of the Gos-pel's blessed day; All of the kingdoms of the



earth shall be mine, Fal-ter not, for I will be with you al-way.



## No. 186.

ALFRED TENNYSON

## A Lullaby.

H. N. LINCOLN.

1. Sweet and low, Winds of the west - ern sea,  
 2. Sleep and rest, Father will Come to thee soon.  
 Sweet and low, sweet and low,  
 Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,

Breathe and blow, Winds of the west - ern sea.  
 On my breast, Father will come to thee soon.  
 Breathe and blow breathe and blow,  
 On my breast, On my breast,

O - ver the roll - ing wa - ters go Come from the dy - ing  
 Fa - ther will come to his bird in the nest, sil - ver sails will

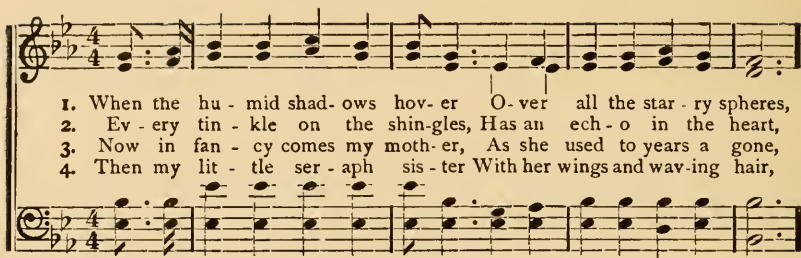
moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to me,  
 come from the West, Un - der the sil - ver moon,

*Rit e dim.*

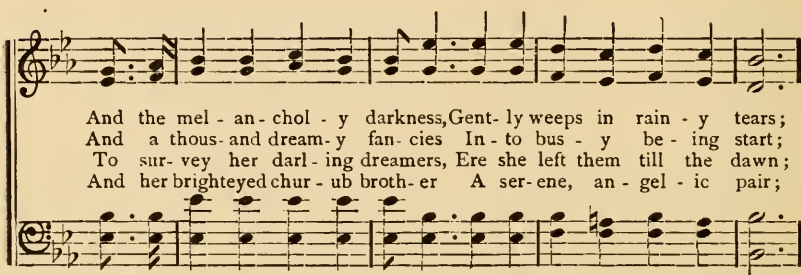
While my lit - tle one sleeps.  
 Sleep my lit - tle one sleep.  
 while my pret ty one sleeps.  
 sleep my pret ty one sleep.

## Rain on the Roof.

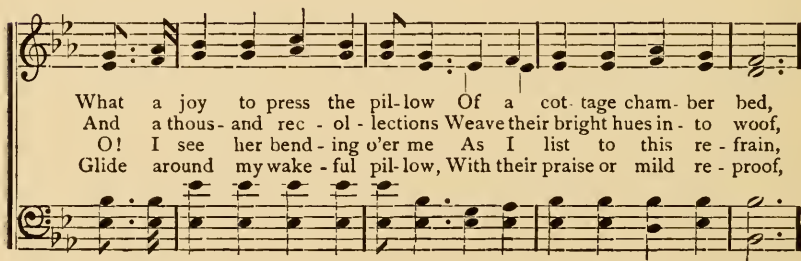
H. N. LINCOLN.



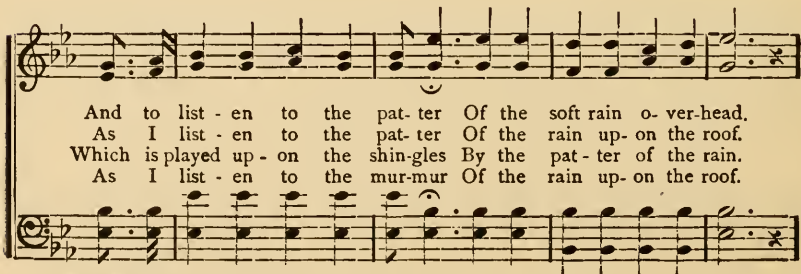
1. When the hu - mid shad - ows hov - er O - ver all the star - ry spheres,  
 2. Ev - ery tin - kle on the shin - gles, Has an ech - o in the heart,  
 3. Now in fan - cy comes my moth - er, As she used to years a gone,  
 4. Then my lit - tle ser - aph sis - ter With her wings and wav - ing hair,



And the mel - an - chol - y darkness, Gent - ly weeps in rain - y tears;  
 And a thous - and dream - y fan - cies In - to bus - y be - ing start;  
 To sur - vey her darl - ing dreamers, Ere she left them till the dawn;  
 And her brighteyed chur - ub broth - er A ser - ene, an - gel - ic pair;



What a joy to press the pil - low Of a cot - tage cham - ber bed,  
 And a thous - and rec - ol - lections Weave their bright hues in - to woof,  
 O! I see her bend - ing o'er me As I list to this re - frain,  
 Glide around my wake - ful pil - low, With their praise or mild re - proof,



And to list - en to the pat - ter Of the soft rain o - ver - head,  
 As I list - en to the pat - ter Of the rain up - on the roof.  
 Which is played up - on the shin - gles By the pat - ter of the rain.  
 As I list - en to the mur - mur Of the rain up - on the roof.

# Rain on the Roof. Concluded.

## REFRAIN.

O the mel - o - dy of na - ture, That sub -  
O the pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter,

- dued, sub - du - ing strain, Which is played up - on the shin - gles, By the

pat - ter of the rain, O the joy to press the  
pat - ter, pat - ter of the rain, O the pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter,

pil - low Of a cot - tage cham - ber bed, And to list - en  
pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter O'er my cham - ber bed,

to the pat - ter, Of the soft rain O - ver head.  
pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, O - ver head.

*Repeat pp.*

Class tap gently on the back of their books all the way through the Refrain.



# No. 188.

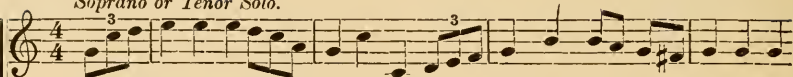
# Sweet Evening Bells.

To the Star Bell Music Co.

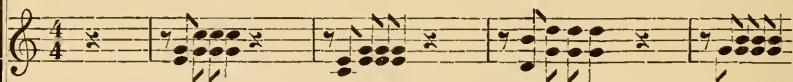
THOMAS MOORE.

*Soprano or Tenor Solo.*

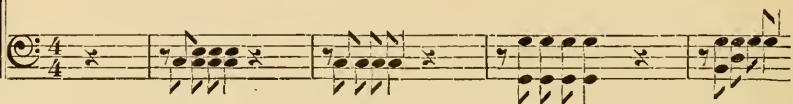
H. N. LINCOLN.



1. Sweet evening bells sweet evening bells, How ma - ny a tale their mu-sic tells,
2. Those joyous hours are pass'd a-way, And ma - ny a heart that then was gay,
3. And so 'twill be when I am gone, The tune-ful lay will still peal on,



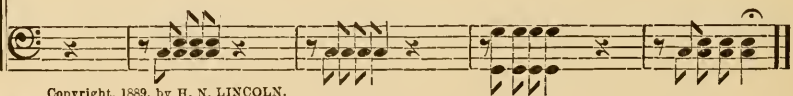
1. Sweet evening bells, Sweet evening bells, How many a tale, their music tells,
2. Those joyous hours, Are pass'd away, And many a heart, that then was gay
3. And so 'twill be, When I am gone, The tuneful lay, will still peal on



Of love and home, and that sweet time, When last I heard their soothing chime.  
With - in the tomb now darkly dwells, And hears no more sweet evening bells.  
While oth-er bards shall walk these dells, And sing your praise sweet evening bells.



Of love and home, and that sweet time, When last I heard their soothing chime.  
Within the tomb, now darkly dwells, And hears no more, sweet evening bells.  
While other bards shall walk these dells And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.



Copyright, 1889, by H. N. LINCOLN.

# No. 189.

Christmas Bells.

1 O Christmas bells! glad Christmas bells,  
A message sweet your music tells,  
Of peace and love, good-will on earth,  
To consecrate the Saviour's birth.

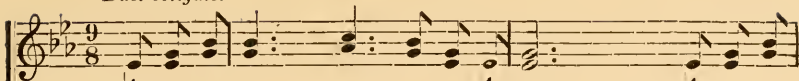
2 Ring, Christmas bells your anthem song,  
Let echoes far the strain prolong;  
By word of prayer and note of praise,  
We celebrate this day of days.

## No. 190.

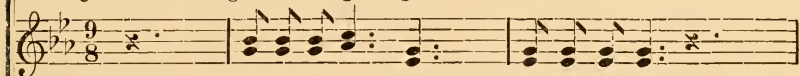
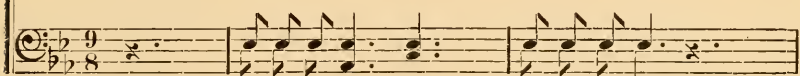
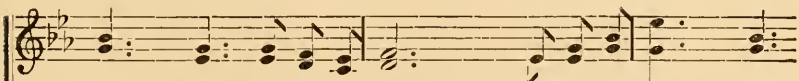
## Star of the Twilight.

To the Star Bell Music Co.

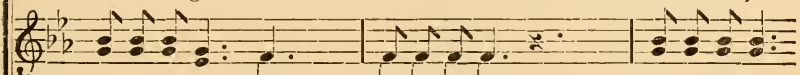
H. N. LINCOLN.

*Duet obligato.*


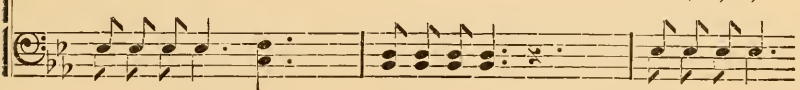

1. Star of the twi - light, beau-ti - ful star, Shine in thy  
 2. Eag-er - ly watch - ing, waiting for thee, Look we at  
 3. This is our greet - ing, signalled a - far, Star of the


*Softly.**Vocal accompaniment.* Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,



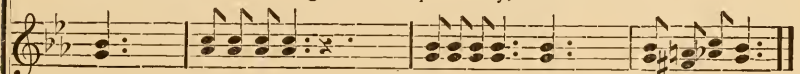
beau - ty, down from a - far ; Rest from your la - bors,  
 eve - 'ning, o'er the dark sea ; Soon as you shin - est,  
 twi - light, beau-ti - ful star ; Watch o'er us kind - ly,



Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra la, la, la,

children of toil, Night closes o'er you rest you a-while.  
 soft on the air, Borne by the night-wind, floateth our prayer.  
 home from afar, Light then our path-way, beauti-ful star.



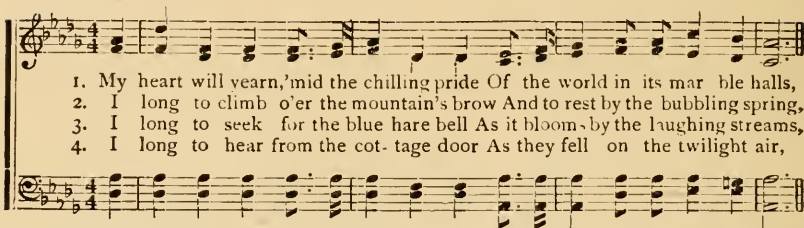
la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.



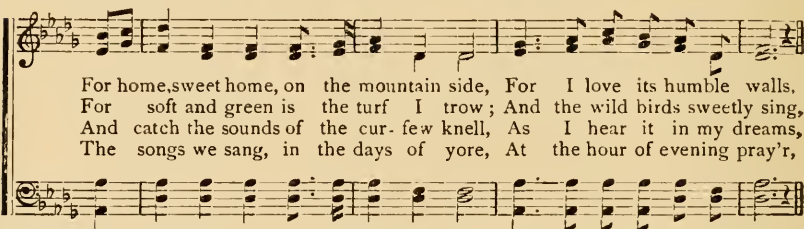
# No. 191. Away to My Mountain Home.

Mrs. T. M. GRIFFIN.

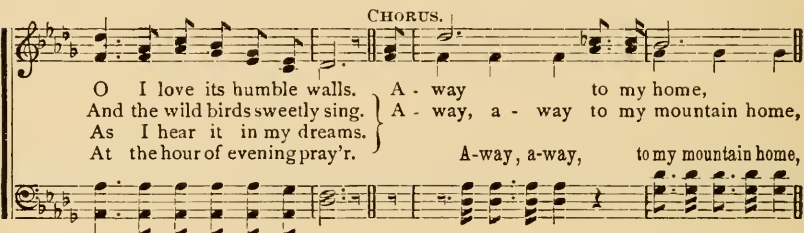
H. N. LINCOLN.



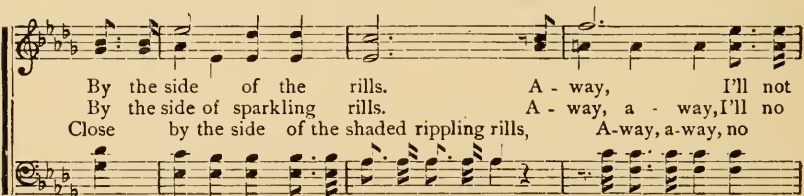
1. My heart will yearn, 'mid the chilling pride Of the world in its marble halls,  
 2. I long to climb o'er the mountain's brow And to rest by the bubbling spring,  
 3. I long to seek for the blue hare bell As it blooms by the laughing streams,  
 4. I long to hear from the cottage door As they fell on the twilight air,



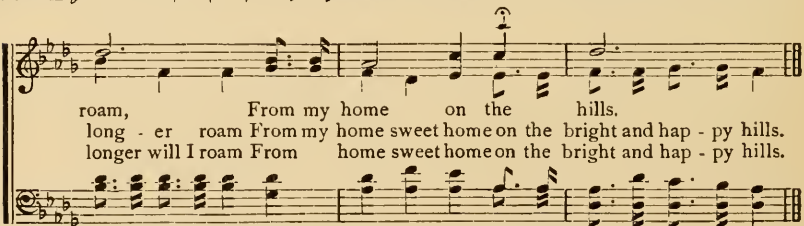
For home, sweet home, on the mountain side, For I love its humble walls,  
 For soft and green is the turf I trow; And the wild birds sweetly sing,  
 And catch the sounds of the curfew knell, As I hear it in my dreams,  
 The songs we sang, in the days of yore, At the hour of evening pray'r,



CHORUS.  
 O I love its humble walls. A - way to my home,  
 And the wild birds sweetly sing. } A - way, a - way to my mountain home,  
 As I hear it in my dreams. }  
 At the hour of evening pray'r. A-way, a-way, to my mountain home,



By the side of the rills. A - way, I'll not  
 By the side of sparkling rills. A - way, a - way, I'll no  
 Close by the side of the shaded rippling rills, A-way, a-way, no



roam, From my home on the hills.  
 long - er roam From my home sweet home on the bright and hap - py hills.  
 longer will I roam From home sweet home on the bright and hap - py hills.

This song is also published in sheet form by the Author, Dallas, Texas.  
 It has a charming Accompaniment. Price, 25 cts.

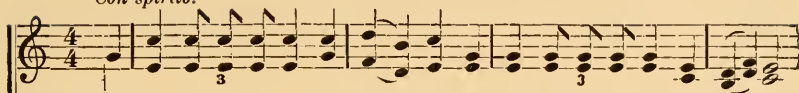
Copyright, 1887, by H. N. LINCOLN.

# No. 192.    O Sing Unto The Lord.

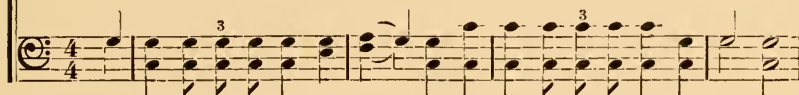
An especial contribution to this work.

F. M. DAVIS.

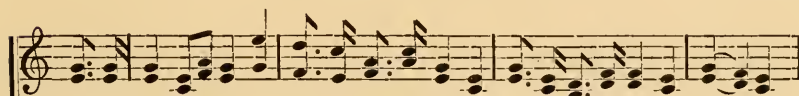
*Con spirito.*



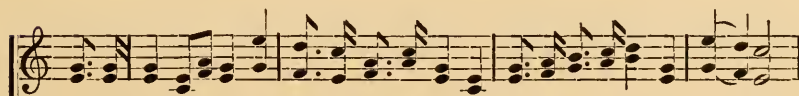
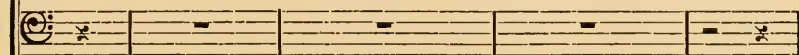
O sing un- to the Lord a new song, O sing un- to the Lord a new song.



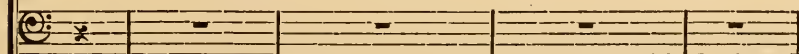
Sing un- to the Lord, all the earth, Sing un- to the Lord, all the earth.



For the Lord is great, and greatly to be praised, greatly to be praised, praised.



For the Lord is great, and greatly to be praised, greatly to be praised, praised.



# O Sing Unto The Lord.—Continued.

He is to be feared a - bove all Gods, He is to be feared a -

-bove all Gods, O wor-ship the Lord in the beau-ty of ho - li - ness.

*Sop. Obligato.*

Hon - or and maj - es - ty Are be - fore Him,

Hon-or and majes-ty, hon-or and majes-ty, hon-or and majesty are before Him,

Hon - or and maj - es - ty are be - fore Him.

Honor and majesty, hon - or and majes-ty, hon-or and majesty are before Him.



# O Sing Unto The Lord.—Concluded.

O sing un - to the Lord, Sing un - to the Lord, Sing un - to the

The first system of musical notation for 'O Sing Unto The Lord'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/2 time signature. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. There are three measures in this system, each containing a triplet of eighth notes in the treble staff.

Lord a new song, a new song, a new song.

The second system of musical notation for 'O Sing Unto The Lord'. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The treble staff includes the words 'Lord a new song, a new song, a new song.' written below the notes. The notation includes a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking over the second measure and an 'ad lib.' (ad libitum) marking over the third measure, indicating a change in tempo or a free improvisation section.

No. 193.

## The Lord's Prayer.

H. S. PERKINS, by per.

Our Father who art in heaven hallowed be thy name,  
Give us this day our dai - ly bread ;  
And lead us not into temptation, but de - liver us from evil,

The first system of musical notation for 'The Lord's Prayer'. It features a treble and a bass staff in a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 2/2 time signature. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words split across lines.

Thy Kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.  
And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass a-against us.  
For thine is the Kingdom, and the pow'r and the glory for - ever and ever. A - men.

The second system of musical notation for 'The Lord's Prayer'. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The treble staff includes the words 'Thy Kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.' written below the notes. The notation includes a 'pp' (pianissimo) marking over the second measure, indicating a soft dynamic.

# No. 194. We will Rest from Labor.

Written especially for this work.

D. Y. B.

Rev. D. Y. BAGBY, Ph. D.

The first system of music is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of a vocal melody on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The vocal line begins with a quarter rest, followed by a half note G, a quarter note A, and a half note B. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and a half-note pattern in the right hand.

We will rest from la- bor on this ho - ly day, Rest, sweet- ly

Bless- ed ho - ly day,

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The vocal line has a quarter rest, followed by a half note G, a quarter note A, and a half note B. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern in the left hand and half-note pattern in the right hand.

rest, and for wor- ship pre- pare, We will rest from trou- ble while we

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The vocal line has a quarter rest, followed by a half note G, a quarter note A, and a half note B. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern in the left hand and half-note pattern in the right hand.

praise our God, Rest, sweetly rest, from all sor- row and care.

The fourth system continues the melody and accompaniment. The vocal line has a quarter rest, followed by a half note G, a quarter note A, and a half note B. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern in the left hand and half-note pattern in the right hand.

We are safe from ev'ry dan - ger, When protect- ed by our Fa- ther's arm,

INST.

## We will Rest from Labor.—Concluded.

First system of musical notation. The treble staff contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat).

We will rest in His em-brac - es, He'll shield us from all harm,

Second system of musical notation. The melody continues with a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern.

Rest, rest, rest, rest from the world's turmoil, Rest from our trials, rest from care and toil,

Third system of musical notation. The melody is composed of eighth notes. The bass staff accompaniment consists of eighth notes and chords.

Rest, rest, rest, rest, sweet-ly from all care, Let ev'-ry heart for God's love prepare.

Fourth system of musical notation. The melody features a variety of note values including eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff accompaniment includes chords and eighth notes.

We will rest from la- bor, Rest from care, Rest from our burdens to - day.

Fifth system of musical notation. The melody concludes with a half note. The bass staff accompaniment features a final chord and some eighth notes.

Rest, rest, sweet-ly rest, Rest from our la- bors on this ho - ly day.

# No. 195. The Heavens Declare the Glory.

Dr. H. R. PALMER.

The heav'ns de - clare the glo - ry of God, And the

This system of musical notation is in 2/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are placed below the treble staff.

fir - ma - ment show - eth His han - di - work.

This system continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are placed below the treble staff.

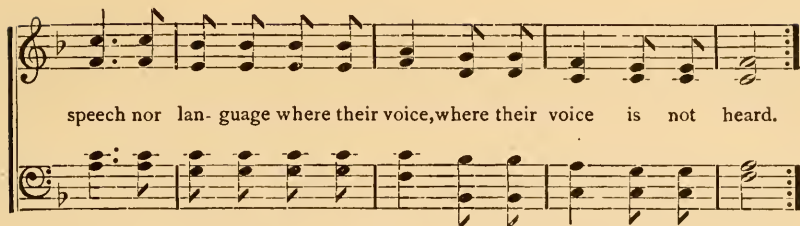
Day un - to day utt'-reth speech, Night un - to  
Day un - to day utt'-reth speech,

This system introduces a new line of the song. The melody and accompaniment continue. The lyrics are placed below the treble staff.

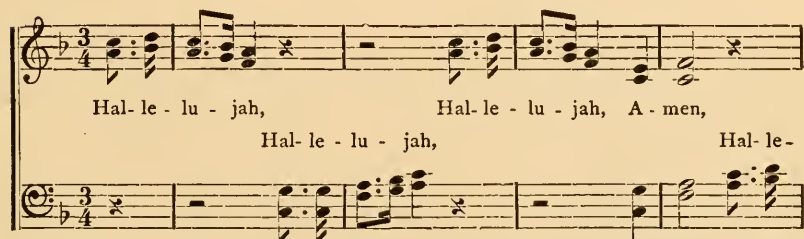
night showeth knowledge, There is no  
Night un - to night show-eth knowledge,

This system concludes the song. The melody and accompaniment continue. The lyrics are placed below the treble staff.

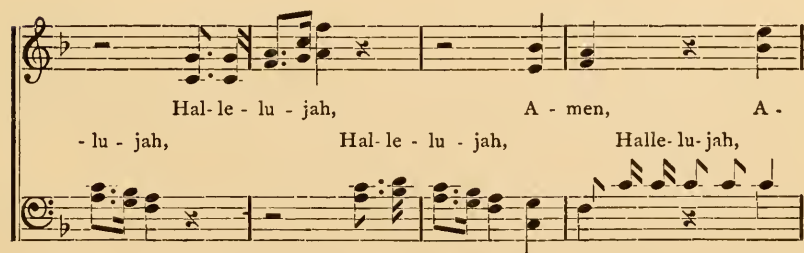
# The Heavens Declare the Glory.—Concluded.



speech nor lan- guage where their voice, where their voice is not heard.



Hal- le - lu - jah, Hal- le - lu - jah, A - men,  
Hal- le - lu - jah, Hal- le -



Hal- le - lu - jah, A - men, A -  
- lu - jah, Hal- le - lu - jah, Halle- lu- jah,



- men, A - men, A - men, and A - men.  
Hal- le - lu- jah, Hal- le - lu- jah,



## I Was Glad.

ANTHEM.

H. N. LINCOLN

*Animato. f*

I was glad when they said to me, I was glad when they said to me,

The first system of the musical score for 'I Was Glad.' It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides harmonic support. The tempo and dynamics are marked 'Animato. f'.

*Moderato. p.*

I was glad when they said to me, Let us go to the house of God, Our feet . . shall  
our feet shall

The second system of the musical score. The tempo and dynamics are marked 'Moderato. p.'. The melody continues in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

stand with-in Thy gates with-in, Thy gates, Je-ru - sa - lem,  
stand with-in Thy gates, with-in Thy gates Je-ru - sa - lem.

The third system of the musical score. The melody continues in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

*Strict tempo. m*

Je - ru - sa - lem is like a cit-y, That is compact,  
Je - ru - sa - lem is like a cit-y, That is compact,

The fourth system of the musical score. The tempo and dynamics are marked 'Strict tempo. m'. The melody continues in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

# I Was Glad.—Concluded.

compact to- geth-er, Je- ru - sa- lem is like a  
compact to- geth-er, Je- ru - sa- lem, is

cit-y That is compact, compact to- geth-er,  
like a cit-y That is compact, compact to- geth-er.

Pray for the peace of Je- ru- sa- lem, Pray for the peace,  
Pray for the peace, pray for the peace,

O pray for the peace of Je- ru- sa- lem, Pray for the peace, Peace  
Pray for Je- ru- sa- lem,  
Pray for the peace of Je- ru- sa- lem,

*p* be with-in thy walls, Peace be with-in thy walls, A-men.  
Peace be with-in thy walls, Peace be with-in thy walls.  
Peace be within thy holy walls, Peace be within thy walls, A-men.  
Peace be within thy ho- ly walls, Peace be within thy ho- ly walls.

*pp rit.*

# No. 197. Trust Ye in the Mighty God.

H. R. PALMER.

**A** 1st time—SEMI-CHORUS. 2d time—FULL-CHORUS.



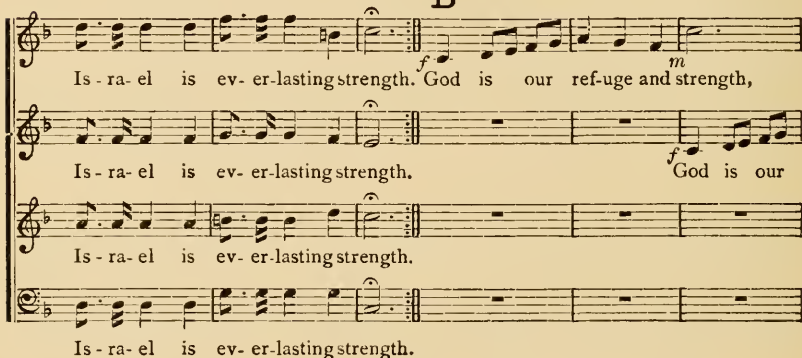
Trust ye in the might y God, the God of Ja- cob, For in the God of

Trust ye in the might-y God, the God of Ja- cob, For in the God of

Trust ye in the might-y God, the God of Ja- cob, For in the God of

Trust ye in the might y God, the God of Ja- cob, For in the God of

**B**

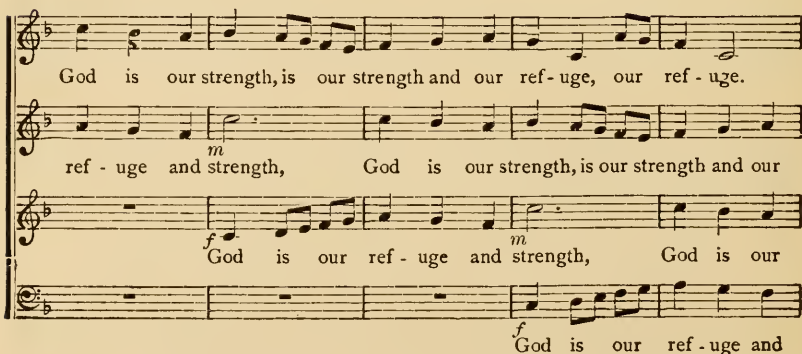


Is - ra - el is ev - er-lasting strength. *f* God is our ref - uge and strength, *m*

Is - ra - el is ev - er-lasting strength. *f* God is our

Is - ra - el is ev - er-lasting strength.

Is - ra - el is ev - er-lasting strength.



God is our strength, is our strength and our ref - uge, our ref - uge.

ref - uge and strength, *m* God is our strength, is our strength and our

*f* God is our ref - uge and strength, *m* God is our

*f* God is our ref - uge and

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# Trust Ye in the Mighty God.—Continued.

C

God is our ref - uge and strength, is our ref - uge,  
 ref - uge, our ref - uge, God is our ref - uge,  
 strength, is our strength and our ref - uge, our ref - uge,  
 strength. God is our strength, is our strength and our

God is our ref - uge, our ref - uge and strength.  
 God is our ref - uge, our ref - uge and strength.  
 God is our ref - uge, our ref - uge and strength.  
 ref - uge, our ref - uge, our ref - uge and strength.

D

A ver - y pres - ent help in time, in time of troub - le,  
 A ver - y pres - ent help in troub - le,

A ver - y pres ent help in time, in time of troub - le,  
 A ver - y pres - ent help in trou - ble,

# Trust Ye in the Mighty God.—Concluded.

**E**

There - fore will we nev - er, nev - - er

Therefore will we nev - er fear,

Therefore will we nev - er, nev - - er fear,

Therefore will we nev - er fear,      Therefore will we nev - er fear,

**F**

God is our strength,      God is our strength,      God is our strength, Our

God is our strength,      God is our strength,      God is our

**G**

strength and our ref - uge, God is our refuge and strength, Therefore will we never, strength, our

nev - er, nev - - er fear, strength,      Therefore will we nev - er, Therefore will we nev - er fear,

**H** *Slower.*

There - fore will nev - er fear.

A - - - MEN.



# ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTION.

By H. N. LINCOLN.



## INTRODUCTORY.

### CHAPTER I.

**Note 1.** *Ex.* stands for exercise, *def.* for definition, *Ill.* for illustration, *sug.* for suggestion, *prin.* for principle, *obs.* for observation.

*Sug. 1.* Begin by singing the following, and whatever you sing, always *think* it.

*Ex. 1.* One, Two, One, Two, One, Two, One.  
Do, Re, Do, Re, Do, Re, Do.

*Ex. 2.* One, Two, Three, Two, One, Two, Three, Two, One.  
Do, Re, Mi, Re, Do, Re, Mi, Re, Do.

*Ex. 3.* One, Two, Three, Four, Three, Two, One, (repeat this)  
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Mi, Re, Do, (repeat this)

*Ex. 4.* One, Two, Three, Four, Five, Four, Three, Two, One, (repeat)  
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do, (repeat)

*Ex. 5.* One, Two, Three, Four, Five, Six, Seven, Eight.  
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, , Do.

*Ex. 6.* Eight, Seven, Six, Five, Four, Three, Two, One.  
Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do.

## ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTION.

**Note 2.** Ex. 5, is the *Scale* ascending. Ex. 6, the *Scale* descending. (Sing them often.)

**Def. 1.** A *Scale* is a series of *tones*, each member differing from the other in *pitch*.

**Note 3.** Between the first and second, second and third, fourth and fifth, fifth and sixth, and sixth and seventh, members of the *Scale* we have just sung, (Exs. 5 and 6), there are *full steps*, large seconds.

**Note 4.** Between the third and fourth, and seventh and eighth members of it are *short steps* (small seconds).



**Note 5.** The above is called the musical ladder, showing the full steps and the short steps in the *Diatonic Major Scale*.

**Sug. 2.** Sing the *Scale* ascending and descending, several times from Ill. 1. first slow, then faster, then lively.

**Sug. 3.** Now sing from Ill. 1, the following, several times each, first think of the tone you are going to sing and then sing it.

**Ex. 7.** One, Three, Five, Eight, Eight, Five, Three, One.  
Do, Mi, Sol, Do, Do, Sol, Mi, Do.

**Ex. 8.** One, Four, Six, Eight, Eight, Six, Four, One.  
Do, Fa, La, Do, Do, La, Fa, Do.

**Ex. 9.** Two, Four, Five, Seven, Seven, Five, Four, Two.  
Re, Fa, Sol, Si, Si, Sol, Fa, Re.

**Note 6.**—The dash will imply that a question is to be asked and answered by the pupil.

**Obs. 1.** *Sound* is anything audible—. A *tone* is a musical sound—. *Melody* is a succession of tones—. *Harmony* is a combination of tones—. *Music* consists of melody or a combination of melodies, or of harmony or a succession of harmonies—. *The properties of tone* are *pitch*, a degree of highness or lowness, *length*, a degree of longness or shortness of duration. *Power*, a degree of loudness or softness—. *These divide musical Science unto three departments*, respectively MELODICS, RHYTHMICS and DYNAMICS—. *Musical notation* is the art of reading music, by means of characters, signs, symbols, abbreviations, etc.—

## ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTION.

**Note 7.** *Pitch, length and power* are the three *essential* properties of a tone, but there is a fourth property that every tone has, *quality*. It may here be stated that the character of the words indicate the quality of the tone, sad words, sombre quality, gay, lively words, clear quality. There are as many different qualities as there are emotions of the heart.

## CHAPTER II.

### STAFF, NOTES, RESTS, etc.

**Obs. 2.** *The staff* consists of five long parallel lines and the four spaces between them—. Each line and each space is called a *degree of the staff*—. *Added degrees* are short lines and their spaces above and below the staff—.

		1st line above.—
	—5th line.—	9th degree.—
	—4th line.—	8th degree.—
	—3rd line.—	7th degree.—
III. 2. The staff.	—2nd line.—	6th degree.—
	—1st line.—	5th degree.—
		4th degree.—
		3rd degree.—
		2nd degree.—
		1st degree.—
		1st space below.

**Obs. 3.** Notes represent relative length of duration of tones—. Rests are marks of silence corresponding in length of duration to the note from which they are named—. One dot after a note or rest, adds one half of its length to it and changes the name of the note or rest to three of the next lower denomination—. Two dots after a note or rest adds three-fourths of its length to it and changes the name of it to seven of the second lower denomination—.

III. 3. The following shows all the notes and rests in use in vocal music.

Whole note. —	Half note. —	Quarter note. ♪	Eighth note. ♪	Sixteenth note. ♪	Thirty second note. ♪
Whole rest. —	Half rest. —	Quarter rest. X	Eighth rest. γ	Sixteenth rest. ♪	Thirty second rest. ♪
Three half note. —	Three half rest. —	Three quarter note. ♪	Three eighth note. ♪	Three sixteenth note. ♪	Three thirty-second note. ♪
		Three quarter rest. —	Three eighth rest. X	Three sixteenth rest. ♪	Three thirty-second rest. ♪
		Seven quarter note. ♪	Seven eighth note. ♪	Seven sixteenth note. ♪	Seven thirty-second note. ♪
		Seven quarter rest. —	Seven eighth rest. —	Seven sixteenth rest. X	Seven thirty-second rest. ♪

# CHAPTER III.

## SCALE AND STAFF.

**Prin. 1.** When the Diatonic Scale is placed on the staff, each member of it assumes a degree of the staff, and all melodies are simply the scale or the scale with skips and variations. When one or more members of the scale are skipped, it is shown on the staff by skipping just as many degrees of the staff.

**Prin. 2.** Any degree of the staff may represent any member of the scale, but when the position of Do (Key note) is established, all of the other members of the scale, must take their respective places.

Ill. 4.

Ex. 10.	Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Sol,	La,	Si,	Do.	. .	. .	. .
Ex. 11.	. . .	. .	Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Sol,	La,	Si,	Do.	. .
Ex. 12. (a)	. . .	. .	. .	Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Sol,	La,	Si,	Do.
Ex. 12. (b)	. . .	Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Sol,	La,	Si,	Do.	. .	. .

**Sug. 4.** Sing the above exercises ascending and descending. Starting Ex. 10 on the pitch of the ordinary speaking voice and preserve the correct pitch in each Ex.

## NOTE READING RULES.

When Do is on a line, Mi is on the next line, and Sol the next line, above it.

When Do is in a space, Mi is in the next space, and Sol the next, above it,

When Sol is on a line, upper Do is on the second space, above it.

When Sol is in a space, upper Do is on the second line, above it.

The same rule applies to Re, Fa, La and upper Re.

“ “ “ “ “ Mi, Sol, Si and upper Mi.

“ “ “ “ “ Fa, La, Do and upper Fa.

“ “ “ “ “ Sol, Si, Re and upper Sol.

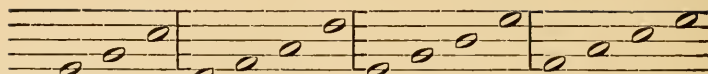
“ “ “ “ “ La, Do, Mi and upper La.

“ “ “ “ “ Si, Re, Fa and upper Si.



## ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTION.

III. 5.



Ex. 13.	Do	Mi	Sol	Do	Do	Mi	Sol	Do	Do	Mi	Sol	Do	Do	Mi	Sol	Si
Ex. 14.	Re	Fa	La	Re	Re	Fa	La	Re	Re	Fa	La	Re	Re	Fa	La	Do
Ex. 15.	Mi	Sol	Si	Mi	Mi	Sol	Si	Mi	Mi	Sol	Si	Mi	Mi	Sol	Si	Re
Ex. 16.	Fa	La	Do	Fa	Fa	La	Do	Fa	Fa	La	Do	Fa	Fa	La	Do	Mi
Ex. 17.	Sol	Si	Re	Sol	Sol	Si	Re	Sol	Sol	Si	Re	Sol	Sol	Si	Re	Fa
Ex. 18.	La	Do	Mi	La	La	Do	Mi	La	La	Do	Mi	La	La	Do	Mi	Sol
Ex. 19.	Si	Re	Fa	Si	Si	Re	Fa	Si	Si	Re	Fa	Si	Si	Re	Fa	La

*Sug. 5.* Sing the above Exs., ascending and descending. Learn the musical effect of each interval as you sing.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE LETTERED STAFF.

*Obs. 4.* Tones are named by the first seven letters of the alphabet—. Clefs determine the position of the letters on the staff—.  
The brace connects staves—.

III. 6.

BRACE.



G CLEF TREBLE STAFF.
D, E, F, G, A, B, C, D, E, F.

F CLEF BASS STAFF.
G, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C,

*Sug. 6.* Sing from the Treble Staff, calling the added line below Do and sing the scale ascending and descending, first the syllables, then numerals, then the letters, also in the same way from the Bass staff, calling the second space Do. Think as you sing.

## ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTION.

The following will aid the pupil in getting and remembering the position of the letters on the staves.

		-G-	— F —	
		-E-	— D —	
		-C-	— B —	
		-A-	— G —	
	F-logging	G irls.		
	E			
	D-eserves			
	C			
	B-oy			
	A			
	G-reedy		G	
	F			
	E-very			
	D ear		E	
			-C-	
			-G-	
			-E-	
			-C-	
	A-lways	B oys		
	F-avor	G eorge		
	D-eserve	E arly		
	B-oy	C ome		
	A lways			
	G-ood	F oolish		
-E-				
-C-				
-A-				
-F-				

ILL. 7.

*Sug. 7.* The pupil should learn the above thoroughly.

## CHAPTER V.


### MEASURE, BEAT-NOTE.

**Obs. 5.** In music there are regularly recurring groups of strong (accented) and weak (unaccented) sensations ; ( somewhat like the beating of the pulse ) these groups are called measures—.


There are two classes of measures, one in which an accented pulse is followed by an unaccented one; the other in which an accented pulse is followed by two unaccented ones—. Each pulse whether accented or unaccented is called one *part* of the measure, and measures may have as many parts as there are multiples of the figures two and three, but twelve


## ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTION.


parts are as many as we ordinarily use—. A beat is a motion of the hand—. Figures on the fourth line of the staff show into how many parts the measure is divided—. Figures on the second line of the staff indicate the kind of note that is *one part* of a measure—.


III. 8.  ; indicates two part measure which is beaten 1st part down, 2nd part *up*—. See Nos. 8, 14 and 91, of this book.

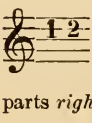
Note 8. The part marked thus ( > ) is the accented part.


III. .  ; indicates three part measure which is beaten, 1st part down, 2nd part *left*, 3rd part *up*—. See Nos. 5, 9, 27, 82.


III. 10.  ; indicates four part measure, which is beaten, 1st part down, 2nd part *left*, 3rd part *right*, 4th part *up*—. See Nos. 2, 7, 10, 19, 37 etc.,


III. 11.  ; indicates six part measure, which is beaten, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd parts down, 4th, 5th, and 6th parts *up*—. See Nos. 11, 18, 34 etc.

III. 12.  ; indicates nine part measure, which is beaten, 1st, 2nd and 3rd parts down, 4th, 5th, and 6th parts *left*, 7th, 8th and 9th parts *up*—. See Nos. 13, 128 etc.

III. 13.  ; indicates twelve part measure, which is beaten, 1st, 2nd and 3rd parts down, 4th, 5th and 6th parts *left*, 7th, 8th and 9th parts *right*, 10th, 11th and 12th parts *up*—. See Nos. 12, 16 etc.

III. 14.  ; indicates that a half-note or its value is one part of the measure—.

III. 15.  ; indicates that a quarter-note or its value is one part of the measure—.

III. 16.  ; indicates that an eighth-note or its value is one part of the measure—.

Sug. 8. Practice beating the different measures observing the accent carefully.

Obs. 6. A *measure* is shown to the eye by the distance from one measure bar (which is a light bar drawn across the staff) to the next one—. A *section bar* (a heavy bar) shows the end of a musical phrase—. A *close bar* (two heavy bars) shows the end of the piece of music—.

## CHAPTER VI.

## KEYS, SHARPS, FLATS etc.

**Def. 2.** A key is a family of tones bearing a certain fixed relation to each other—. There are twelve major keys. (See preface page).

**Obs. 7.** Place a sharp ( $\sharp$ ) on any degree of the musical staff and it introduces a tone that is a short step higher. Place a double sharp ( $\sharp\sharp$ ) on a degree already affected by a sharp and it introduces a tone that is still a short step higher. Place a flat ( $\flat$ ) on any degree of the staff and it introduces a tone that is a short step lower. Place a double flat ( $\flat\flat$ ) on a degree of the staff already affected by a flat and it introduces a tone that is still a short step lower—. A natural ( $\natural$ ) counteracts the effect of a sharp, double sharp, flat and double flat—. Sharps, flats, double sharps, double flats and naturals, introduced temporarily in a key are called *accidentals* or *Chromatics*, their effect continues through the measure in which they occur unless counteracted by the \*cancel before the measure is completed—. Sharps and flats placed just at the right of the clef are called *signatures*, (sign of the key) their effects continues through the piece unless counteracted by a new signature or by *accidentals*—. When a piece of music starts in one key and changes to another, it is called a modulation—. The model scale is the C major scale and when any other pitch is one of the major scale, it is called a transposition, that is the scale *changes* its place on the staff—. When the scale is transposed, it requires one sharp or more, or one flat or more to make the intervals agree with those in the model scale. (See notes three and four, and Illustration 1—). Pitches that are a full step apart admit of an intermediate tone between them—. The chromatic scale consists of the diatonic scale with its intermediate tones—. The tendency of a sharp is upward, and of a flat downward; so the chromatic scale ascending is introduced by sharps, or sharps in effect, descending by flats, or flats in effect—.

\* Some theorists object to the term, *natural* and suggest, *cancel* in its stead; but the writer holds that a natural is not the only character that cancels, for example, see page 122 of this book Illustration 17, the last note (1a), in the key of D $\sharp$ , (the 2d and fifth keys in the Illustration), and in the key of A, (the 3rd and 6th keys of the Illustration).

### CHROMATIC SCALE DESCENDING.

ILL. 16. CHROMATIC SCALE ASCENDING.

*Sug.* 9. The pupil should write the chromatic scale in every key, also sing it and think of each tone as you sing.

III. 17.

Key C.      Key D $\flat$ .      Key A.      Key C.      Key D $\flat$ .      Key A.

La Li La,      La Li La,      La Li La,      La Li La,      La Li La,      La Le La,

6  $\sharp$ 6 6      6  $\sharp$ 6 6      6  $\sharp$ 6 6      6 26 6      6 26 6      6 26 6

La Li La,      La Li La,      La Li La,      La Le La,      La Le La,      La Le La,

**Note 9.** A sharp or flat may be placed on any degree that is not affected by a sharp or flat; a double sharp, on a degree that is affected by one sharp; a double flat, on a degree that is affected by one flat; a natural, on a degree that is affected by a sharp, flat, double sharp or double flat.— A natural, when placed on a sharp degree, has the effect of a flat; on a flat degree, the effect of a sharp; on a double sharp degree, the effect of a double flat; on a double flat degree, the effect of a double sharp.—



## CHAPTER VII.

### MINOR SCALES.

Obs. 8. Six of every major key or scale is *one* of every minor scale or key—. The intervals of the minor scale are different from the major and there are two forms of minor, harmonic and melodic—.

#### HARMONIC MINOR.

Ill. 18.

Ex. 21. 1 2— 3 4 5 6 #7—8 8 #7 6 5 4 3—2 1  
La, Si, Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Si, La, La, Si, Fa, Mi, Re, Do, Si, La,

#### MELODIC MINOR.

Ill. 19.

Ex. 22. 1 2 3 4 5 6# #7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1  
La, Si, Do, Re, Mi, Fi, Si, La, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do, Si, La.

Sug. 10. The pupil should write both forms of the minor scale in every key also sing them. See Exs. 21 and 22, and Ills. 18 and 19.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

Obs. 9. Dots before a bar, thus: or mean to repeat the preceeding passage, after a bar, thus: or mean to repeat the following passage, when dots before the bar are accompanied with the figures 1 and 2 or 1st time,

## ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTION.

and second time, the music under 1 or 1st time is omitted when you repeat, thus :

III. 20.

Ye wan - derers come,  
why long (*Omit*). . . . . er roam.

**Obs. 10.** Repeat *Da Capo al la Fine*, means repeat from the beginning to the word *Fine* (pronounced *Fee-nay*) generally abbreviated (*D. C.*).—Repeat *Dal Segno al la Fine*, means repeat from the sign (*𝄋*) to *Fine*, generally abbreviated by (*D. S.*).—A heavy bar shows the end of a phrase or line of poetry.—Two heavy bars shows the end of the piece of music.—All the parts that move across the page once make a score.—When notes are to be performed in a shorter duration than the length that the note represents, it is indicated by *staccato* ( *˘* ) one fourth of the length, and *marcato* ( *•* ) one half the length.—*Legato* means flowing.—A Tie connects notes on the same degree of the staff that are sung to one syllable, only the first note of a tie is pronounced, dwelling on it the length of all.— A slur connects notes on different degrees of the staff that are sung to one syllable, also a sign of legato.— A triplet is a group of three notes of equal length (or their value) to be performed in the time of two, indicated by 3, over or under the group.— A prolong ( *⤿* ) placed under or over a note or rest shows that it may be prolonged at the pleasure of the leader.—

## CHAPTER IX.

POWERS, etc.

POWER.

**Obs. 11.** *ff*, stands for *fortissimo*, means very loud—  
*f*, stands for *forte*, means loud—  
*m*, stands for *mezzo* (*metzo*) means medium.—  
*p*, stands for *piano* (*pe-ah-no*) means soft—  
*pp*, stands for *pianissimo*, means very soft—  
*cres.* or *<*, stands for *crescendo* (*crashendo*) means increasing power—  
*dim.* or *>*, stands for *diminuendo*, decreasing power—  
*sw.* or *<>*, stands for *swell*, means first increase then diminish—  
*sf* or *>*, stands for *sforzando* (*sfortzando*) means suddenly decreasing, or explosive power—

MOVEMENTS.

GRAVE (Grah-vay) signifies the slowest movement—.

ADAGIO (Ah-dah-zhe, o) very slow—.

ANDANTE (Ahn dahn, ta) slow—.

ANDANTINO (te no) not so slow as Andante—.

LENTO, slowly—.

MODERATE (rah) moderately—.

VIVACE (ve vah tehay) lively—.

ALLEGRO (lay) fast—.

ALLEGRETTO, faster than Allegro—.

PRESTO, quick—.

PRESTISSIMO, extremely quick—.

RITARDO, gradually slower and slower.

ACCELERANDO, (shel) (rahn) faster and faster.

A TEMPO, back to the original movement.

Movements are best indicated by metronomical figures placed over the beginning thus: ♩ = 60 or ♩ = 90, meaning that the metronome (an instrument constructed to mark time), is to be adjusted to the figure 60 or 90, as the case may be and that a ♩ or ♩ is to be performed in the time of one stroke of the instrument.

STYLES.

CANTABILE (cahn-tah bee lay) in a graceful elegant style.

CON ESPRESSIONE (se-o-nay) with expression.

CON ENERGIA, with energy.

DOLCE (dol-chay) soft and sweet.

MAESTOSO, majestically.

OBLIGATO, indispensable, etc.

## CHAPTER X.

### VOCAL APPARATUS, TONE PRODUCTIONS.

First the air is breathed into the *lungs*, two sponge like substances composed of cells, which being filled and emptied with air cause the lungs to expand and depress.

The lungs are lowered and raised by *two muscles* abdominal and intercostal.

The air proceeds from the lungs up through the *windpipe* or *trachea* to the *larynx* which contains the *vocal chords* and *glottis*. (The outer part of the larynx is the "Adam's Apple;") then to the *pharynx*, (which may be seen above the tongue far back in the throat,) thence to the mouth.

The vocal chords are put in motion by the air from the lungs; by making a certain tension of these chords the pitch of a tone is made; the glottis opens, and lets out this tone and closes, and shuts it off. It passes through the glottis to the pharynx, where it receives its musical quality, thence to the mouth, where by the use of the tongue, the palate, the teeth and the lips, it is formed into a pure vocal tone. To produce a good tone, the singer should observe the following things:

An erect position of the body with the chest well thrown back, good breathing power and management of the breath, good articulation, good formation of the vowel and consonant elements in each word or syllable, correct phrasing (which means a proper division of words and the syllables of a word by the breath) i. e., not taking breath between closely connected words and never between the syllables of a word, and a good delivery of the voice, which is attained by opening the mouth well and keeping the tongue in a natural position.

# ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTION.

## CHAPTER XI.

### EXERCISES FOR ACQUIRING VOCAL STRENGTH.

For Daily Practice.

**FIRST.** Position, standing—body erect. Place the hands upon the pit of the stomach and press in with the fingers, followed by a vigorous expansion and depression of the chest. First, without reference to breathing; second accompanied with breath, being sure to inhale the air with the expansion, and exhale with the depression.

**SECOND.** Place one hand upon the upper part of the chest, and the other over the diaphragm; raise and depress the chest with vigor, assisting the movement with the hands, after which, first inhale and exhale quickly. Second, inhale slowly and exhale quickly. Third, inhale quickly, and exhale slowly. Fourth, inhale slowly, and exhale slowly.

Note 1. The above are taken from Dr. H. S. Perkins' Vocal Exercises by permission.

Always inhale through the nostrils and exhale through the lips. Avoid using too much breath in singing. A good test is to sing with a lighted candle near the mouth; if the flame wavers, too much breath is used. There should be a steady pressure of the diaphragm during exhalation and tone-production.

**VOWEL SOUNDS AND PRONUNCIATION.** The principal vowel sounds used for vocalizing are E, A, O, Ah. The principal syllables are He, Ha, Ho, Hah; Sce, Sca, Sco, Scah, also the Italian syllables of the diatonic scale, Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do.

Great care should be taken in forming the consonant elements, and at the end of syllables or words to avoid blending them with the next syllable or word, as lift-up, for lift up, sweet-home, for sweet home. Be sure to bring out the proper vowel sound in every word and avoid the vanishing sound of the vowel, as by ee, and by-ee for by and by. Happy dayee, for happy day, etc. Roll the r before a vowel. Suppress the hissing sound of s, ss and z and c (soft.) Are there any such words as worship, pilgrum, comfert, writtun, garmunts?, etc.—we hear them often in singing. In such words as listen, hasten, often, etc., the t is silent. In such words as again, mountain, fountain, etc., the a is silent. The before words beginning with a consonant element should be pronounced like *the*, in *never-the-less*, or give the e the sound of u in put (thu). The before words beginning with a vowel sound, give the e the sound of e in be. The indefinite article a should always have the sound of u in up. A-men is pronounced amhen.

Note 2. The above are a few hints on pronunciation and word formation.

**CONSONANT ELEMENTS.** *First.* Produce four times with great vigor the consonant element of the letter p, *labial* (with lips) p, p, p, p, then pe, pa, po, pah, peep, pape, pope, pop. *Second.* On the same plan produce the element of f—*semi-labial* (with lower lip and upper teeth), f, f, f, f, fee, fay, foe, fah. *Third.* On the same plan produce the element in each of the following—*linguals* (with tongue), t, l, r, k; t, t, t, tea, tay, toe, tah; l, l, l, l, lea, lay, low, lah; r, r, r, re, ray, roe, rah; k, k, k, k, key, quay, coe, cah. *Fourth.* Produce on the same plan the element of each of the following *laryngeals* (strictly in the larynx) with the throat shut as in the act of swallowing, b, d, g, v, after which pronounce the names of each letter with extremely great force.

**PHONETIC SPELLING.** Spell the following words by element, pronounce very clearly and distinctly. Blame (illustration) b-l-a-m, black, clip, dart, fan, glide, land, mark, not, plant, scamp, task, etc.

Note 3. The above exercises may be practiced by classes ensemble or individually. A part of the first ten lessons in vocalization should be spent in such work.

First practice exercises 1-9, pages 173-174.

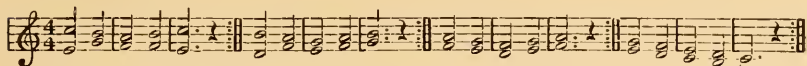
**VOCAL EXERCISES.** Practice carefully, repeat each exercise ten times.

No. 1.	(A)	(B)	(C)	(D)
	p m f m p		m f f f m	

# ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTION.

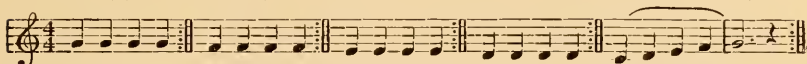
Sing the syllables of No. 1. till the tones become familiar, then sing one of each of the vowels, a, e, o, ah, to each exercise; then he, ha, ho, hah; see, sca, sco, scah.

No. 2. (E) (F) (G) (H)



Repeat each exercise of No. 2 (both parts) several times by syllables, vowels, etc., observing the same expressions as in No. 1.

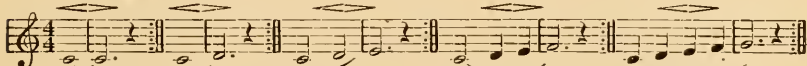
No. 3 (I) (J) (K) (L) (I. J. K. L. 5.)



- (1) e, a, o, ah, a, o, ah, e, o, ah, e, a, ah, e, a, o, e . . .
- (2) a, o, ah, e, o, ah, e, a, ah, e, a, o, e, a, o, ah, a . . .
- (3) o, ah, e, a, ah, e, a, o, e, a, o, ah, a, o, ah, e, o . . .
- (4) ah, e, a, o, e, a, o, ah, a, o, ah, e, o, ah, e, a, ah . . .

Sing see, sca, sco, scah; he, ha, ho, hah, to No. 3, then repeat it a fourth higher i. e., take C for the first tone, sing down to G, then back to C. The pupil should practice this till it can be sung very quick.

No. 4. (M) (N) (O) (P) (Q)



Sing the scale one octave (eight exercises) ascending and descending on the plan of each example above, using all the vowels with and without se, and h. This is a long lesson.

No. 5. (R) (S) (T) (U) (V)



Sing through an octave (eight exercises) the scale ascending on the plan of the example under exercise r, repeat many times using the syllables and all the above vowels with and without se and h. First without slurring, then slur the notes in groups of twos, then fours, then eights. Develop exercises s and u into eight exercises through one octave, the scale ascending—exercises t and v the same descending.

No. 6. (W) (X)



Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Si Do

(Y)

(Z)



After singing from the example given of exercise w as indicated and using the four vowels with and without se and h—sing from re to re on the same plan and in the same way, then from mi to mi, fa to fa, sol to sol. Exercises x, y, and z should be carefully practiced in every movement from grave to prestissimo. See page 185. Also practice the chromatic scale in all the keys. See page 182. Any or all the above exercises may be sung in several keys.



# ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTION.

## THE ELEMENTS OF HARMONY.

Harmony is a combination of tones. An interval is the difference in pitch between two tones. An interval is named by the number of degrees of the staff it involves, thus—

An interval that involves two degrees of the staff, is called a	second.
“ “ “ “ three	third.
“ “ “ “ four	fourth.
“ “ “ “ five	fifth.
“ “ “ “ six	sixth.
“ “ “ “ seven	seventh.
“ “ “ “ eight	octave.

Each of the above intervals are also classified with regard to size (kind of steps.)

Seconds; *minor* (1 short step), *major* (1 full step) and *augmented* (1 full and short step.)

Thirds; *diminished* (2 short steps), *minor* (1 full and 1 short step) and *major* (2 full steps.)

Fourths; *diminished* (1 full and 2 short) *perfect* (2 full and 1 short) and *augmented* (3 full steps.)

Fifths; *diminished* (2 short and 2 full.) *perfect* (3 full and 1 short) and *augmented* (4 full steps.)

Sixths; *minor* (3 full and 2 short,) *major* (4 full and 1 short) and *augmented* (5 full steps.)

Sevenths; *diminished* (3 full and 3 short), *minor* (4 full and 2 short) and *major* (5 full and 1 short.)

Octaves; *diminished* (4 full steps and 3 short steps) and *perfect* (5 full steps and 2 short steps.)

Note 1. A primo (improperly called prime) is two tones on the same degree of the staff. There are two kinds of primos; the unison, which is two tones of the same pitch but intended for two voices (or more) or two instruments—and the chromatic, which is two tones of the smallest difference in pitch (same as minor second) on the same degree of the staff.

An interval is said to be inverted when the lower of the two tones is removed upward to its octave, or when the upper of the two tones is removed downward to its octave. To find the number of degrees an interval when inverted, involves—subtract the number of degrees involved in that interval—from nine. Also a diminished interval, when inverted, becomes augmented and visa-versa; a major interval, when inverted, becomes minor and visa-versa; a perfect interval when inverted, remains perfect.

Note 2. For convenience we use the following signs; = for a diminished interval, - minor, + major, perfect 0, augmented ++, u for unison, ch for chromatic. Primos are u and ch. Seconds are - + ++. Thirds are - - +. Fourths are = 0 ++. Fifths are = 0 ++. Sixths are - + ++. Sevenths are = - +.

The pupil must know the order of the sharps and flats in the different keys. Learn to write the chromatic scale in every key, too before going further.

Note 3. In the following example each interval is considered a different exercise hence the sharps and flats in one measure have no effect in the next.

**No. 1.**

Primos.	Seconds.	Thirds.	Fourths.	Fifths.	Sixths.	Sevenths.
---------	----------	---------	----------	---------	---------	-----------

u ch. — + ++ — — † = 0 ++ = 0 ++ — + ++ = — +

Write out the above in the twelve major keys being careful to make allowance for the sharps and flats in the signature.

A *chord* is two or more tones heard together. A chord composed of three tones 1. 3. 5 is called a *triad*, or common chord. The intervals of a triad are a *third* and *fifth*, reckoning from the lowest. The lowest tone of a triad is called the *base* or *fundamental*. A triad whose third is minor and the fifth perfect is a *minor chord*. If the third is major and the fifth perfect, the chord is *major*. If the third is major and the fifth augmented, the chord is *augmented*. If the third is minor, and the fifth diminished, the chord is *diminished*. When the base has one or the lowest tone of a triad, it is said to be in its fundamental position, or direct form.

## ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTION.

One of the key is *tonic* marked for convenience I. Two of the key is *super-tonic* marked II. THREE of the key is *mediant* marked III. FOUR of the key is *sub-dominant* marked IV. Five of the key is *dominant* marked V. SIX of the key is *sub-mediant* marked VI. SEVEN, of the key is *sub-tonic* marked VII. In the major keys, the triads of I. IV. V are major, of II. III. VI are minor, of VII is diminished. In the minor keys, the triads of V, VI are major, of I. IV are minor, of II, VII are diminished, of III is augmented.

Triads built upon each  
tone of scale in the key of *C major*  
No. 2.

Triads built upon each tone of the scale in the key of *A minor*.  
No. 3.

I. II. III. IV. V. VI. VII. I. II. III. IV. V. VI. VII.

05. 05. 05. 05. 05. 05. = 5.  
+3. -3. +3. +3. -3. -3. -3.

05. = 5. + 5. 05. 05. 05. = 5.  
-3. -3. +3. -3. +3. +3. -3.

Write the triads in all the major and minor keys and indicate the intervals by the signs. A *chord* is *inverted*, when the base takes any other tone than the *fundamental*. When the base takes the third it is the *first inversion*. When the base takes the fifth it is the *second inversion*. The first inversion is a chord of the third and sixth marked  $\frac{6}{3}$  abbreviated *fi*. The second inversion is a chord of the sixth and fourth marked  $\frac{6}{4}$ .

Chords of the sixth in C major.  
No. 4.

Chords of the sixth and fourth in C major.

No. 5.

I. II. III. IV. V. VI. VII. I. II. III. IV. V. VI. VII.

-6 +6 +6 -6 -6 +6 +6.  
-3 +3 +3 -3 -3 +3 +3.

+6. -6. -6. +6. +6. -6. +6.  
04. 04. 04. 04. 04. 04. +4.

Write out all the above in the major and minor keys and figure them and indicate the interval by the sign.

When the figures are omitted in *thorough bass* it is understood that the chord is to be in its fundamental position, or the same as though it were figured  $\begin{smallmatrix} 5 \\ 3 \end{smallmatrix}$ .

Write the other two notes to the following bass and make the triad complete.

No. 6.

[illegible]

To the triad add the fundamental in one of the upper voices, and we have four parts. This is called doubling the part, using the same letter twice. When the bass has the fifth, some other part may have that *letter*, when the bass has the *third*, do not use the same *letter* in any other part, but double the first or fifth in preference. Now copy the above (No. 6) on the bass staff and add the three other parts, being careful to make the parts move in oblique or contrary motion.

# MUSICAL SIFTINGS.

NOTE 1. Teachers who use this catechism should give examples bearing on each question after it is answered and require the pupil to do so.

1. What is a Sound?

*Anything audible.*

2. What is a Tone?

*A musical sound.*

3. What is a Melody?

*A succession of tones.*

4. What is Harmony?

*A combination of tones.*

5. What is Music?

*Melody or harmony or both.*

6. What are the Properties of a tone?

*Pitch, Length, Power and Quality.*

7. What is Musical Notation?

*The art of expressing music, by means of characters, etc.*

8. How many Departments in musical theory?

*Three. Melodics, Rhythmics and Dynamics.*

9. What is an Interval?

*The difference in pitch between two tones.*

10. What is a Scale?

*A series of tones, from ONE to EIGHT, each differing from the other in pitch.*

NOTE 2. Turn now to illustration I, page 174, and learn the intervals of the diatonic major scale.

After dwelling on the above questions and answers a sufficient length of time the teacher or leader should give a lesson on Chapter I. of the elementary instructions in this book, being sure to do each exercise thoroughly, and for a review of the above, go through with obs 1, as indicated there.

11. What is a musical Staff?

*Five long, parallel, horizontal lines and their spaces. See Chapter IV.*

12. What is a Degree of the staff?

*A line or a space.*

13. What are Notes?

*Characters used to represent the relative length of tones.*

14. What are Rests?

*Characters to indicate silence during a part of the musical performance.*

NOTE 3. Refer to Chapter II, on staff, notes, rests, etc, study the single and double dot; and especially, illustration 3, page 176, also Chapter III, for note reading principles.

15. How are Tones named?

*By the names of the first letters of the alphabet, A, B, C, D, E, F, G.*

16. What is a Clef?

*A character used to determine the position of letters on the staff. There are two clefs in general use, F clef and G clef.*

17. What is a Brace?

*A character used to connect Staves.*

18. What is a Score?

*All the music that is connected by the brace and that moves across the page, once.*

19. What are Measures?

*Groups of regularly recurring accented and unaccented pulses or beats.*

NOTE 4. Measures are shown to the eye by light bars drawn vertically across the staff.

20. What are Measure Figures?

*Figures on the fourth line of the staff to show into how many Parts the Measure is divided. (See Illustrations 8 to 13 inclusive, Chapter V.)*

21. What are Beat-note Figures?

*Figures on the second line, to indicate the note value of One Part of the measure. (See Illustrations 14 to 16 inclusive.)*

NOTE 5. Now study Chapter V., in detail.

22. What is a Key?

*A family of tones, bearing a certain fixed relations to each other.*

NOTE 6. There are twelve Major Keys (See preface page.) (each having a relative Minor.) in general use. (See Chapters VI and VII.) Also study Chapters VIII, IX and X.

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